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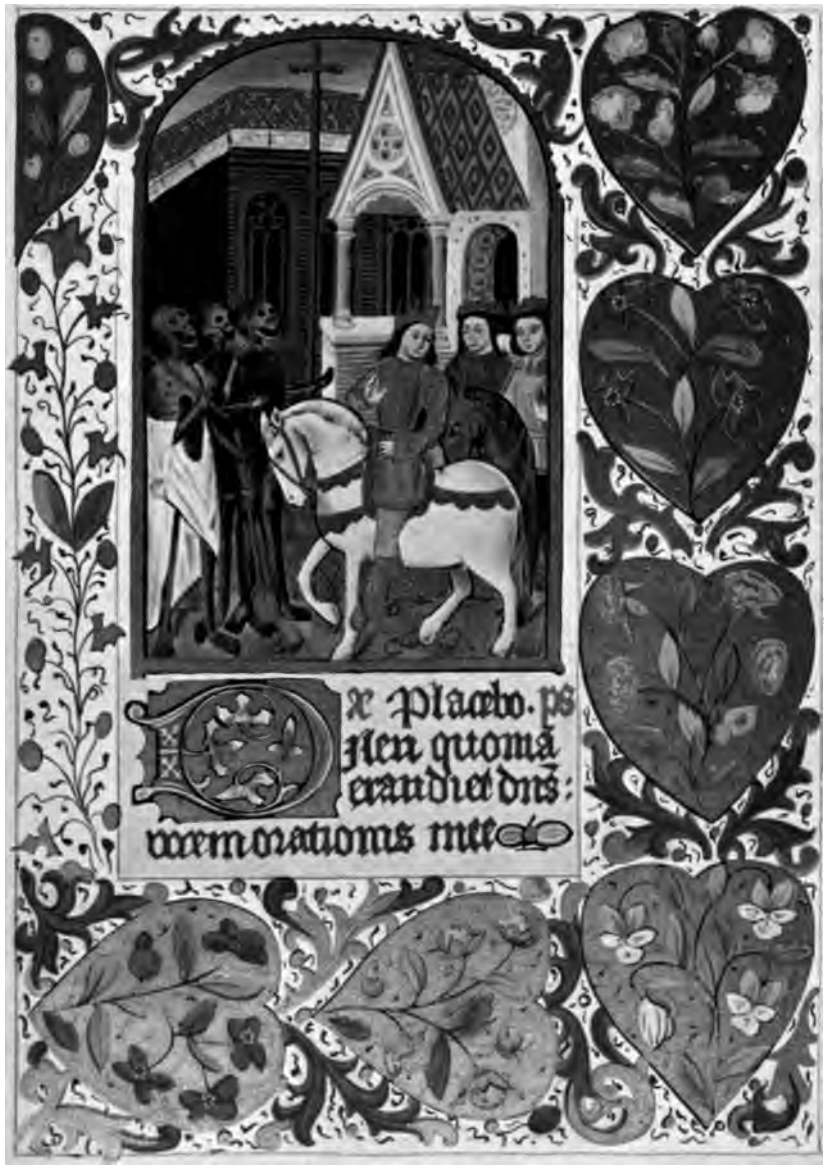
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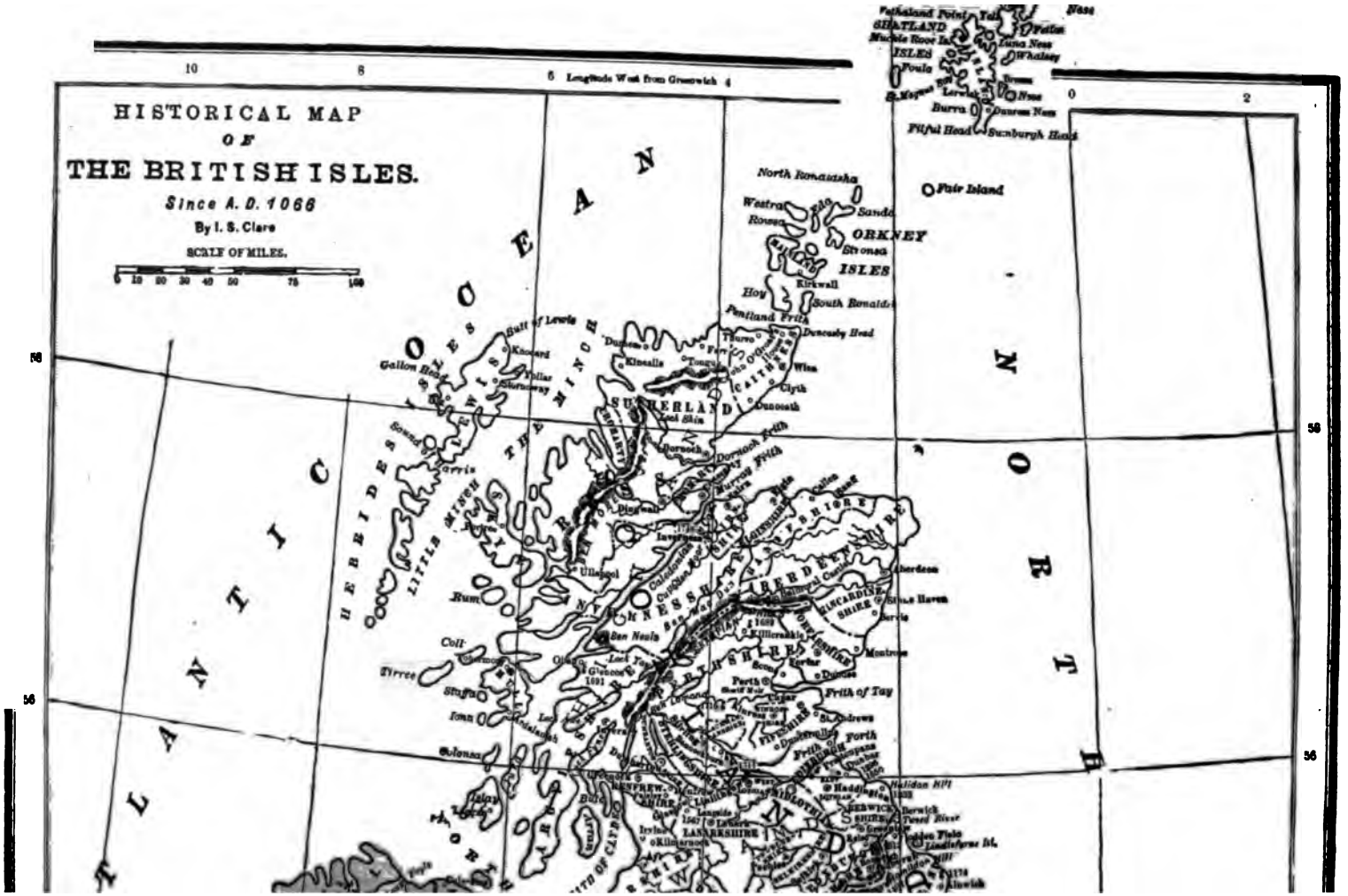
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FLINTSHIRE
CHESHIRE
DERBYSHIRE
STAFFORD SHIRE
LEICESTERSHIRE
RUTLAND
NORFOLK
SUFFOLK
ESSEX
LONDON
KENT
SURREY
SUSSEX
WARWICK SHIRE
MONTGOMERY
RADNOR SHIRE
HEREFORD SHIRE
GLAMORGAN SHIRE
MONMOUTH SHIRE
GLOUCESTERSHIRE
OXFORD SHIRE
BERKSHIRE
WILTSHIRE
HAMPSHIRE
SOMERSETSHIRE
DORSETSHIRE
DEVONSHIRE
CORNWALL
Exeter
Plymouth
Falmouth
Eddystone Light-house
Scilly Isles
Channel Isles
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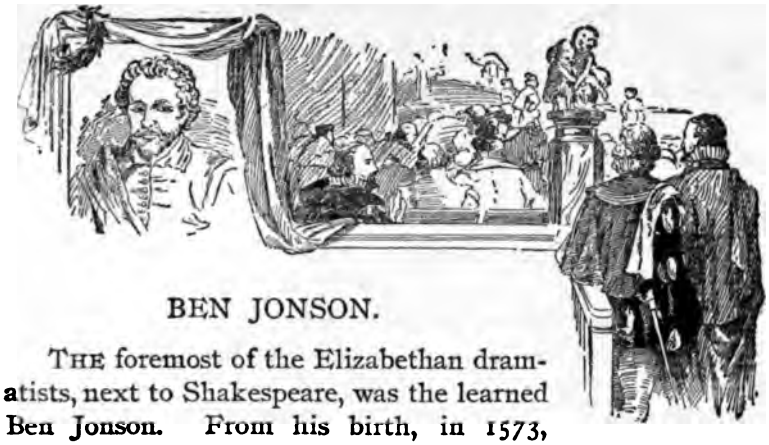
Jersey
Isle of Wight
Newport
Southampton
Portsmouth
Chichester
Hastings
Dover
Deal
Ramsgate
Canterbury
Rochester
Chatham
Maidstone
Guildford
Reading
Bristol
Cardiff
Swansea
Cherbourg
Havre
Rouen
Dieppe
Boulogne
Calais
Strait of Dover
FRANCE



BEN JONSON.

THE foremost of the Elizabethan dramatists, next to Shakespeare, was the learned Ben Jonson. From his birth, in 1573, to his first success as a play-writer, in 1598, not much is definitely known, except that he was of Scotch descent, got his schooling at Westminster and Cambridge, and did 'prentice work for his stepfather—a bricklayer. This he left for service as a volunteer with the army in the Low Countries. When back in London the stage was Ben's clear destiny, first as one of the actors, but soon as actor-author, in which double capacity Shakespeare had already earned fame and fortune. The young playwright had a few months' experience of jail-life for having killed a brother-actor in a duel,—and here he became a Catholic. His earliest comedy, or the earliest performed, was played by the Lord Chamberlain's company, and one of the characters was acted by Shakespeare. This was "Every Man in his Humor." From this sprang the friendship, none the less cordial if tinctured with envy on Jonson's side, between the genial rivals at the Mermaid Tavern. To this play succeeded sundry patchwork contributions to other men's plays; and then "Every Man Out of his Humor," which was performed in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. In 1600 Jonson sought to win her favor by a skillful piece of flattery, entitled "Cynthia's Revels," in which certain satirical passages wounded the dignity of Dekker and Marston, two of his associate playwrights, and provoked a retort from the former. Hearing that this was coming, Jonson hurried the production of "The Poetaster," ridiculing the pettiness of the versemakers. Within a year or two the jibing satirists were friends again, collaborating in other plays. The classical

tragedy entitled "Sejanus, his Fall," was performed in 1603, with Shakespeare in one of the parts.

The general run of Jonson's dramas is in the opposite direction to that of popularity: the narrative is involved, the wit bright and pungent, but hammered out too finely, and the dialogue overlaid with pedantic veneering. The intellectual strength underneath is unmistakable. His more serious plays may be described as Dekker describes their author: "Large of frame, bony, meagre of flesh (in his earlier years), pockmarked, and with eager eyes for piercing glances and for soaring up to the heights of poetry." His comedies, including "Volpone, or, The Fox;" "Epicœne, or, The Silent Woman;" "The Alchemist;" "Bartholemew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass," were written prior to 1616, when for ten years he ceased to write for the stage.

The death of Queen Elizabeth found Jonson turning to the concocting of masques and similar entertainments, which won the patronage of the king and nobility, in whose houses they were performed. He succeeded better as poet than as dramatist. Here and there in his plays—especially in the tragedy, "Catiline, his Conspiracy"—are lyrics of the true ring; and in his collections—"The Forest" and "Underwoods"—are many examples of pure poetry in various measures, on varied themes. His "Epigrams," too, of which he was tenderly proud, displayed his versatility of handiwork. In 1618 Jonson tramped from London to Scotland, where he sojourned with congenial Drummond of Hawthornden, whose recorded "Conversations" give a vivid picture of the Englishman. Despite his laureate pension Jonson was impecunious. He says his plays had not brought him two hundred pounds in all. So in 1625 he took to play-making again, without great results. On the failure of the latest comedy, called "The New Inn," Jonson published an epilogue protest against the neglect on the part of the King and Queen. To this Charles I. replied with the annual grant of £100, and a tierce of Canary wine, which long continued to be the laureate's perquisite. His latter days were gladdened by the homage of all lovers of literature. Jonson died on August 6, 1637, in his sixty-fourth year.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON.

SCENE.—*Subtle the Alchemist's House.*

Mammon. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *novo orbe.* Here's the rich Peru:
And then within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
This is the day wherein to all my friends
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
This day you shall be *spectatissimi.*
You shall no more deal with the hollow die,
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery punk for the young heir, that must
Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets;
Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign;
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punques and punquetees, my Surly:
And unto thee I speak it first, Be rich.
Where is my Subtle there? within ho—
Face (*within*). Sir, he'll come to you by and by.
Mam. That's his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals
Till he firk nature up in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change
All that is metal in thy house to gold:
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.
Surly. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you see the effects of the great medicine!
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum:*
You will believe me.
Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will.
Mam. Ha! why,
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the Sun,
The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue
Can confer honor, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valor, yea and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.
Sur. No doubt; he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done
(The ancient patriarchs afore the flood,)
By taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses and beget young Cupids.
Sur. The decayed vestals of Pickt-hatch would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.
Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturized 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve;
And of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors;
I'll undertake withal to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.
Sur. And I'll
Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.
Mam. Sir, I'll do 't. Meantime,

I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city with preservative
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—
Sur. As he that built the water-work does with water!
Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith, I have humor.
I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll show you a book, where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art!
Aye, and a treatise penned by Adam.
Sur. How?
Mam. Of the Philosopher's Stone and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
Mam. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. Cedar-board.
Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece too.
Which was no other than a book of Alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' Thigh, Pandora's Tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our *Argent-vive,* the Dragon:
The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness and the biting:
And they are gathered into Jason's helm,
(Th' Alembick,) and then sowed in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed.
Both this, the Hesperian Garden, Cadmus' Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of Midas, Argus' Eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our Stone.

CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

WHILE the comedy "Every Man in His Humor" cannot bear comparison as a whole with those of Shakespeare, yet in its broad lines, and not less so in many of its detailed characterizations, it has a power and incisiveness which few have equalled.

Captain Bobadil is a strongly-drawn type of gasconading heroes who are their own trumpeters. While living at an obscure inn he is visited by Knowell, whom he tries to make his dupe.

Bobadil. I will tell you sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay three-parts of her yearly charge in holding war and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Knowell. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadil. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules—as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto—till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practiced upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

Ode to Himself.

On the failure of his comedy "The New Inn," written after ten years' abstention from stage work, and first acted January 19, 1629, Jonson penned this contemptuous fling at the vulgar herd who could not distinguish between acorns and wheat.

Come, leave the loathéd stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Inditing and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink or swill;
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

Leave things so prostitute
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire;
And though thy nerves be shrunk and blood be cold,
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat,
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May blushing swear no palsy's in thy brain

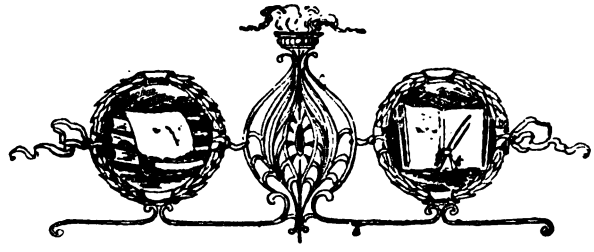
But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,

His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men;
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
As they shall cry: "Like ours
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain."

To Celia.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.



ENGLISH LITERATURE

From 1610 to 1660.

VIGOROUS expression of national life and intense patriotic enthusiasm marked the reign of the Virgin Queen. The same elements worked, though with less fervor, in the time of her pedantic successor, James Stuart, son of the rival queen, whom she had beheaded. Brought up among the Presbyterians of Scotland, he was but too well acquainted with theology, and aiming at the fame of Solomon, won for himself the reputation of "the wisest fool in Christendom." In the first year of his reign he presided at the Savoy Conference, called to settle the rising disputes of the Puritans and the Anglican clergy. The chief result of the conference was the arrangement for a new translation of the Bible. This was duly carried out, and the work being dedicated to the king, is usually called the Authorized Version (1611).

The dramatic and lyrical outburst which had given glory to Elizabeth's golden time continued with little abatement into the reign of James. Shakespeare was the greatest living writer at his accession, but his career closed with the production of "Henry VIII." in 1613. In fact, some critics think that he bade farewell to the stage in "The Tempest," which was performed in 1611, since in it the magician Prospero breaks his wand, burns his books, and departs from the magic island. Shakespeare's plays were first collected in a folio in 1623. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, the literary Damon and Pythias of England, belong entirely

to the reign of James I.; the romantic Fletcher, who survived his younger comrade nine years, produced more plays alone. They hit the popular demand better even than Shakespeare, so that Dryden declared that in his time two of their plays were "acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's." In "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," they burlesqued the high-flown chivalric romances. The other dramatists of this reign were Tourneur, Middleton, Dekker, Chapman, Heywood, Webster, and Massinger, the last of whom continued active during fifteen years of the reign of Charles I. Massinger was the best of these later dramatists, but many of his plays are lost. As the Puritan controversy waxed fierce, the court party fell into disfavor in the city of London, and in 1648 the theatres were closed by the government.

The chief writers of Elizabeth's time, with glowing insular patriotism, expressed their opposition to the supremacy of the Pope, but otherwise they accepted the mixed classical and Christian culture then recognized in the courts of France and Italy. The Puritans, who were steadily increasing in numbers, followed the lead of the Reformer Calvin, and sought to remodel society as well as the Church according to the patterns furnished by the Scriptures. They severely rebuked the attempts of the humorists to revive in song the praises, if not the actual worship, of Apollo, Bacchus and Venus. Those who had the divine gift of poetry were called to compose hymns of Zion and to versify the Psalms of David. And in large measure their earnest faith was successful in removing mountains. The established Church of England for a time inclined to Calvinism in doctrine, as the Thirty-nine Articles still attest. But under the Stuarts the bishops and clergy fell back to Arminianism. James I. hated a Puritan as one who would deny a divine right of rule in bishops, and therefore had little belief in the divine authority of the king. Bishop Richard Hooker (1553–1600) constructed in his "Ecclesiastical Polity" the chief bulwark of the Anglican Church. When the Puritans gained the upper hand Bishop Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667) preached the doctrine of toleration in his "Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying" (1648), and published devotional books of merit.

The old scholastic philosophy fell into disrepute with the national change of religion. When philosophical study revived, it turned away from the abstractions of formal logic and bewildering metaphysics, and sought to investigate the laws of the natural world and of the human mind as its interpreter. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, is honored as the founder of this Inductive Philosophy in his "Advancement of Learning" and "Novum Organum." But though he marked out noble plans, his own life was too much engaged in labors at the bar, on the bench, and in the council-chamber, to permit him to carry them into execution. His contributions to literature proper are his "Essays," "Wisdom of the Ancients," or fanciful explanations of ancient mythology, and the incomplete "New Atlantis," a description of an imaginary commonwealth.

The activity of theological controversy and philosophical discussion turned some minds back to the mediæval allegories, and perhaps helped to produce a new school of poetry which is called "the metaphysical." Donne was the acknowledged leader, but the Anglican Herbert, the Catholic Crashaw, and the more natural Cowley were noted members of the school. Their poems are marked by far-fetched "conceits," tracing curious resemblances between remote and diverse objects. Herrick, though a clergyman, was a worldly lyrist, belonging in spirit to the early Elizabethans.

But the crowning glory of the literature of this period was the Puritan Milton, of whom Wordsworth has said, "Thy spirit was a star, and dwelt apart." Overflowing with classical learning even in early life, he wrote the masque "Comus," the elegy "Lycidas," and the twin pastorals "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," whose Italian titles attest his familiarity with the poets of Southern Europe. From his travels in that region, he felt that duty called him to return to take part in the struggle between King and Parliament. In a Latin treatise he defended the beheading of King Charles, yet after the Restoration he was unmolested by Charles' lenient son. Deprived of natural light, his undaunted spirit turned to a long-meditated epic of transcendent interest, and he sang in sublime strains of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained."

Finally in his "Samson Agonistes" he presented a hero triumphant in defeat. Though produced after the overthrow of the Puritan rule, these works are the crowning monument of that ascendancy.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THOUGH Daniel was deemed worthy of succeeding Spenser as poet laureate, few of his literary rank are so little known at the present day by their works. His career is interesting. Born in 1562, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, and became tutor to the daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. His first book came out in 1592, made up of the Sonnets to Delia and the "Complaint of Rosamond." Three years later was issued the historical poem entitled "The First Four Books of the Civil Wars," which was afterwards expanded into eight books, and throughout them all the history outweighs the poetry, stately though the lines are. In 1601 he published "Epistles to Great Personages in Verse," and on petition of his brother-in-law, John Florio, translator of Montaigne, Daniel was patronized by the court. He was appointed Master of the Queen's Revels, in which capacity he produced a series of masques and pastoral comedies. In addition to his poetical stories of the wars, Daniel published a prose History of England. Other court offices were given him, enabling him to work in peace of mind. His last years were spent on his farm in Somerset, where he died in 1619.

A high level of dignity is sustained throughout all the works of "well-languaged Daniel." He gave his sanction to the sonnet, in its closing rhymed couplet form, and produced not a few that compare with the best of the Elizabethan period. Of his dramatic writings "Hymen's Triumph" is accepted as the best.

RICHARD THE SECOND'S SOLILOQUY.

WHETHER the soul receives intelligence,
  By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
  Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend;

Or whether nature else hath conference
  With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetizing dreams, what hurt is near,
  And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However it is so, the now sad king,
  Tossed here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrow gathering
  Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
  Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound,
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
  And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
  After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
  Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
And views the town, and sees how people passed;
  Where others' liberty makes him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
  Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

"O happy man," saith he, "that, lo, I see,
  Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
  That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
  Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
  To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
  And hear'st of others' harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
  Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
  Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
  For pity must have part—envy not all.

"Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
  And have no venture in the wreck you see;

No interest, no occasion to deplore
  Other men's travails, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
  To see our misery, and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
  Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil."

SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
  Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
  With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
  The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
  Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
  To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Ne'er let the rising sun prove you liars,
  To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MOST prolific of poets of that fruitful season, Drayton set himself from early youth to the business of verse-making. His perseverance equalled his ambition, as he left few forms of verse unattempted, though his happiest flights are those that involved the least prolonged labor. He was born in 1563 in Warwickshire, went to Oxford, and thence to London, where, in 1591, he published a book of religious poems, "The Harmony of the Church," which included a version of the Canticles. Except a few copies impounded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the whole edition was condemned by law and destroyed. To this followed two volumes of love-songs and pastorals, and to these a historical epic entitled "Matilda." Like Daniel, his friend and occasional co-worker, he issued successive editions of a big poetical history, "The Barons' Wars," and, in 1597, "England's Heroical Epistles," con-

taining some stirring passages, done in heroic couplets. The favor he enjoyed from Elizabeth was not continued by King James, whereupon the poet tried to find solace in a satire called, "The Owl," and a later one was, "The Man in the Moon." In 1605 Drayton issued a selection of his lyric and pastoral poems.

For a number of years he toiled at his strange task of rhyming his learned survey of England, introducing every object of antiquarian and topographical interest, with a strain of history through it all. Thirty books are filled with this famous "Poly-Olbion" (Very-Wealthy), into special portions of which local readers dip, but its ponderous Alexandrine rhymes are dreary in the extreme, despite many fine passages. In 1627 Drayton published another book of miscellanea, including "Nymphidia, the Court of Faery," his most poetical work, and the stirring "Ballad of Agincourt." He died in 1631. Few poets of his calibre have put so much solid learning and skilled workmanship into productions such as the "Poly-Olbion" as did Drayton. That poem is relied upon by historians as a safe authority upon many matters. But it is on his lighter creations of fancy that Drayton's fame rests.

The Ballad of Agincourt.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
    Longer will we tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
    Landed King Harry.

And, taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
    In happy hour,
(Skirmishing day by day
With those oppose his way)
Where the French General lay
    With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazèd!
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raisèd.

"And for myself,"—quoth he,—
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me;—
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain:
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,—
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone:
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan—
    To hear was wonder;
That, with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,—
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which didst the signal aim
    To our hid forces,
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
    Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
    Piercing the weather,—
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
    Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
    Not one was tardy;
Arms from the shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,—
    Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Into the host did fling,
    As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent
His arm with blood besprent;
And many a cruel dent
    Bruiséd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood.
With his brave brother!
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

THOMAS DEKKER.

WHETHER 1570 was the year of Dekker's birth, or 1641 the year of his death, is not known. Certain it is that in 1599 Dekker was engaged in touching up a dozen or more popular plays by various hands, besides having written "Orestes' Furies," "Truth's Supplication," and "The Shoemaker's Holiday." This latter, published in 1600, held and still holds its own by force of its photographic delineation of the London life of the day. The moral is allowed to look after itself. Dekker's ready pen found other avenues for its piquant jibes at sundry brother-poets besides that of comedy. There are poems and rhymes, with prose pieces such as "The Seven Deadly Sins of London" and the "Gull's Hornbook," which well sustain the lively sketchiness, with keen point and truth,

for which he has been compared to Dickens, and with less force, to Lamb. It was for liberties taken in his "Shoemaker's Holiday" that Ben Jonson retorted in "The Poetaster," published a few months after the former, in which Dekker is pilloried as Crispinus. To this Dekker replied with "Satiro-Mastix, or, The Untrussing of the Humorous Poets," a satire on Jonson mainly, under the name of Young Horace, as his chief aim was to depict men's humors. With John Webster he wrote "Westward Ho!" and with Middleton "The Converted Courtesan," two strong plays, owing more of their strength than their charm to his aids, for none surpassed Dekker in wit, raciness, and the dainty lyrics, sprinkled through the plays. His great value, however, is that of giving us the faithfullest realization of life as it was in that brilliant time, so remote in its domestic and city-life aspect, though so near by the largeness of its historical and literary achievements.

Fortunatus Reviews the World.

Fortunatus first obtained from Fortune a purse that is inexhaustible, afterwards from the Soldan of Babylon a hat which at his wish transports him wherever he pleases. He returns to his home in Cyprus and tells his sons of his travels.

Fortunatus. Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air; let none speak to me till you have marked me well. Am I as you are, or am I transformed?

Andelocia. Methinks, my father, you look as you did, only your face is withered.

Fort. Boys, be proud; your father hath the whole world in this compass. I am all felicity, up to the brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon; I have been this half hour in Famagosta.

And. How! in a minute, father? I see travelers must lie.

Fort. I have cut through the air like a falcon. I would have it seem strange to you. But 'tis true. I would not have you believe it neither. But 'tis miraculous and true. Desire to see you brought me to Cyprus. I'll leave you more gold, and go to visit more countries.

Ampedo. The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,
And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years
Death needs must marry you: those short lines, minutes,
That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travel; rest in Cyprus then.
Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die;
And bitter is the sweet that's reaped thereby.

And. Faith, father, what pleasure have you met by walking your stations?

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I have revelled with kings, danced with queens, dallied with ladies; worn strange attires; seen fantasticoes; conversed with humorists; been ravished with divine raptures of Doric, Lydian and Phrygian harmonies; I have spent the day in triumphs and the night in banqueting.

And. Oh, rare! this was heavenly. He that would not be an Arabian phœnix to burn in these sweet fires, let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these vanities?

Fort. Vanities! Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous, to mount up to the incomprehensible glory that travel lifts men to.

And. Sweeten mine ears, good father, with some more.

Fort. When in the warmth of mine own country's arms
We yawned like sluggards, when this small horizon
Imprisoned up my body, then mine eyes
Worshiped these clouds as brightest: but, my boys,
The glistering beams which do abroad appear
In other heavens, fire is not half so clear.
For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath
(Like to condensed fogs) do choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No; I still boldly stepped into their courts:
For there to live 'tis rare, Oh, 'tis divine;
There shall you see faces angelical:

There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose star-like eyes have power (might they still shine)
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroes,
White-headed counsellors, and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubims to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers-by being the fair workmanship.
And. Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven!
I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.
Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all courts
Beheld such glory, so majestical,
In all perfection, no way blemished?
Fort. In some courts shall you see ambition
Sit, piecing Dædalus's old waxen wings;
But being clapped on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Fantastic compliment stalks up and down,
Tricked in outlandish feathers; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate.

JOHN WEBSTER.

Of Webster's origin we know nothing, and very little of his life. He was probably a year or so younger than Fletcher (which would make his birth-year 1579), or about three and twenty when James I. came to the throne, and he had done some stage work two years before that. Whether he was the son of an established merchant-tailor, or had to take to the thimble and tape-measure for a living, is past knowing; this is how he is described on the title page of the book of words of the London city pageant for 1624, of which this literary tailor was author. He was then about forty-five, certainly no prentice hand at play-writing. Twelve years before this he had produced a remarkable tragedy, "The White Devil, or,

Vittoria Corombona," one of the most powerful compositions of its class in all literature. The next few years yield an elegy, fancifully entitled, "A Monumental Columne Erected to the Loving Memory of Henry, Late Prince of Wales," a tragi-comedy called, "The Devil's Law-Case," and miscellaneous work. Then, in 1623, appeared his master-piece, the tremendous tragedy of "The Duchess of Malfy" (Italian, Amalfi). This alone places Webster close to Shakespeare on his highest plane, to whose "King Lear" it is well compared in depth of pathos and power. "No poet," says one of the great dramatic poets of our century, "has ever so long and so successfully sustained at their utmost height and intensity the expressed emotions and the united effects of terror and pity. . . . This tragedy stands out among its compeers as one of the imperishable and ineradicable landmarks of literature." An interval of thirty years comes between the "Duchess of Malfy," and the tragedy of "Appius and Virginia," which was published in 1654, though doubtless performed much earlier. This little-read play has pages that are rich enough in Elizabethan gems to make enviable reputations. Webster looms out of the brilliant past a solitary figure, dark of countenance and mysterious in his flittings among the shadows cast by lesser forms who throng the foreground. He comes to the front at intervals, speaks in tones that roll like thunder among the hills, and then he disappears in the gloom and we know no more, but the echoes reverberate and the sense of awe remains. Speaking of the great scene in "The Duchess of Malfy," Lamb does not hesitate to award the extreme of praise to the sombre genius that could invest a terrible theme in language of such poetic beauty. He says, "To move a horror skillfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit—this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's head horrors accumulate,' but they cannot do this."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Two young men of the Elizabethan dramatic group found themselves united by a rare sympathy of ideal friendship and a like genius, which endured till death. The twinship of Beaumont and Fletcher was that of soul as well as intellect. Their work is a perfect harmony of diverse powers, and it is as unnecessary as it is difficult to apportion its beauties to one or the other of its gifted creators.

John Fletcher was born in 1579, and Francis Beaumont in 1584, or 1585. Fletcher's father ultimately became Bishop of London, but the youth had a hard struggle to live, being orphaned at seventeen. He had been through Cambridge, and thence to London, with the usual experience of a hack writer for the stage. Beaumont's father was on the bench of the common pleas, with the honors of knighthood. He left Oxford without graduating, entered the Inner Temple bar, and took to paraphrasing tales from Ovid. Very soon this pair of literary adventurers embarked upon their communistic career, sharing bed and board and clothes, as they shared in their toil and ambition. They were playwrights from necessity and poets by choice. Whether they had produced an earlier play than "Philaster; or, Love Lies a-Bleeding," is not known. It was their first success, and was performed in 1609, if not the year before; but they had both enjoyed the distinction of prefixing poems of their own to the published version of Jonson's comedy "Volpone," in 1607, when Fletcher was twenty-eight and Beaumont only twenty-two. Within eight years Beaumont died, only a few weeks before the death of Shakespeare. Their principal joint works were written between 1607 and 1612, as Beaumont wrote no more for the stage after his marriage in 1613. The best collected edition of the plays "by Beaumont and Fletcher" did not appear until thirty-one years after Beaumont's death and twenty-two years after Fletcher's, and the latter was sole author of many which bore their joint names.

Of their best plays, accepted as of their authorship, these five rank highest: "Philaster," "A King no King," "The

Maid's Tragedy," "The Scornful Lady," and "Four Plays in One." It is possible that others had some share in the "Cupid's Revenge," the "Coxcomb," and the "Captain." There are no fewer than fifty-six dramas in all in which traces, at least, of both writers are found, but chiefly of Fletcher. The "Woman Hater," and the "Masque of the Inner Temple," and "The Honest Man's Fortune," are regarded as Beaumont's work. Fletcher collaborated with Shakespeare in "The Two Noble Kinsmen." In loftiness of imagination, purity of style and strength, Beaumont surpassed the more exuberant and lighter touch of his co-worker. Their masterpieces are "Philaster" and "The Maid's Tragedy," splendid examples of poetical romance at its highest. Where Beaumont excelled in pathos, the elder sparkled in wit and drollery; yet the former produced the brilliant burlesque on the romance of chivalry (ridiculed a few years earlier by Cervantes in his "Don Quixote"), entitled the "Knight of the Burning Pestle." Fletcher's greatest comedy, perhaps his chief work, is "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife;" and not much inferior in merit, though belonging to another order of mixed comedy and romance, are "The Little French Lawyer," "The Custom of the Country," "The Wild-goose Chase," and "The Noble Gentleman,"—the last being pure extravaganza. The poetical element which informs the whole range of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramatic pieces has already been remarked upon; but, outside the plays proper, both are entitled to rank with the foremost poets of even their golden age. Though cast in dramatic form, Fletcher's famous "Faithful Shepherdess" is a lyrical gem of purest ray. His touch here is matched with the sweetest notes of Milton, whose "Comus" owes much to this first model.

Fletcher's death occurred in 1625. Where both had the gift it is ungracious to seek to draw comparisons of merit. Great as each was in the literary art, together they compounded a body of dramatic and lyric poetry which Shakespeare need not have hesitated to own. The exquisite charm of their lighter verse is not surpassed, in all that gives immortality to human work, by the more impressive volume of their writings for the theatre.

PHILASTER'S JEALOUSY.

IN the tragi-comedy "Philaster, or Love Lies a-Bleeding," Philaster finds the boy Bellario in the forest, and takes him into his service. Afterwards he gives the boy as servant to the princess Arethusa, with whom he is in love. Bellario serves both faithfully, but the prince becomes jealous. Eventually it turns out that the boy is a girl who had disguised herself to be near Philaster, whom she had loved hopelessly.

Bellario. Health to you, my lord;
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you.
Philaster. O Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me, she does show it
In loving thee, my boy; she has made thee brave.
Bell. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. O let all women
That love black deeds learn to dissemble here.
Here by this paper she does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So does she use me.
Phi. Why this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded: and such words of that soft strain,

That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bell. Are you ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bell. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceived, boy.—And she strokes thy head?
Bell. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bell. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy, ha?
Bell. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bell. Not so, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bell. No, by my life.
Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplexed when first I went to her;
My heart held augury. You are abused,
Some villain has abused you; I do see
Whereto you tend; fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you; 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to naught.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shall know all my drift. I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bell. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. O my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart

To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do know thy face.
Bell. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods,
As chaste as ice; but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it, thus; the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee; I could curse thee now.
Bell. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! fearest thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bell. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bell. Yes, I do know, my lord!
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue; I know besides
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls; think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought

Of that you charge me with; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario;
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That though I know them false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou dost: it troubles me
That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee: but, good boy,
Let me not see thee more; something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee; if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
Bell. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honored mind. But through these tears
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore;
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

THE HOME-MADE DUKE.

IN Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Noble Gentleman," an intriguing wife and her companions persuade Monsieur Mount-Marine that the king has conferred many favors on him and made him a duke. Their purpose is to keep him in the city that they may spend his money. Afterwards, in further prosecution of the same design, they pretend to have been ordered to unmake the poor dupe.

SCENE—*A room in the house of Marine.*

Longueville. Where's Monsieur Mount-Marine?
Gentleman. Why, there he stands; will ye aught with him?

Long. Yes.
Good-day, Monsieur Marine!
Marine. Good-day to you.
Long. His majesty doth recommend himself
Most kindly to you, sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favor: kneel down; rise a knight!
Mar. I thank his majesty!
Long. And he doth further
Request you not to leave the court so soon;
For though your former merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no office fall
Worthy your spirit (as he doth confess
There's none so great) but you shall surely have it.
Gent. (*aside to Marine*). Do you hear? If you yield yet, you are an ass.
Mar. I'll show my service to his majesty
In greater things than these; but for this small one
I must entreat his highness to excuse me.
Long. I'll bear your knightly words unto the king,
And bring his princely answer back again. [*Exit.*
Gent. Well said! Be resolute a while; I know
There is a tide of honors coming on;
I warrant you! [*Enter Beaufort.*
Beaufort. Where is this new-made knight?
Mar. Here, sir.
Beau. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you lord! the king will have it so:
Who doth entreat your lordship to remember
His message sent to you by Longueville.
Gent. If you be dirty, and dare not mount aloft,
You may yield now; I know what I would do.
Mar. Peace! I will fit him.—Tell his majesty
I am a subject, and I do confess
I serve a gracious prince, that thus hath heaped
Honors on me without desert; but yet
As for the message, business urgeth me,
I must begone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand kings and emperors.
Beau. I'll tell him so.
Gent. (*aside*). Why, this was like yourself!
Beau. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest fellow
That e'er was Christmas-lord! he carries it

So truly to the life, as though he were
One of the plot to gull himself. [*Exit.*
Gent. Why, so!
You sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer
Unto the king, I swear, my honored friend,
That ever any subject sent his liege.
Mar. Nay, now I know I have him on the hip,
I'll follow it. [*Enter Longueville.*
Long. My honorable lord!
Give me your noble hand, right courteous peer,
And from henceforward be a courtly earl;
The king so wills, and subjects must obey:
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his request.
Gent. Why, faith, you are well, my lord;
Yield to him.
Mar. Yield? Why, 'twas my plot—
Gent. Nay,
'Twas your wife's plot.
Mar. To get preferment by it.
And thinks he now to pop me in the mouth
But with an earldom? I'll be one step higher.
Gent. (*aside*). It is the finest lord! I am afraid anon
He will stand upon't to share the kingdom with him.
[*Enter Beaufort.*
Beau. Where's this courtly earl?
His majesty commends his love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a duke, and choose of whence.
Gent. Why, if you yield not now, you are undone;
What can you wish to have more, but the kingdom?
Mar. So please his majesty, I would be duke
Of Burgundy, because I like the place.
Beau. I know the king is pleased.
Mar. Then will I stay,
And kiss his highness' hand.
Beau. His majesty
Will be a glad man when he hears it.
Long. (*aside to the Gent.*). But how shall we keep this from the world's ear,
That some one tell him not, he is no duke?
Gent. We'll think of that anon.—Why, gentlemen,

Is this a gracious habit for a duke?
Each gentle body set a finger to,
To pluck the clouds of these his riding weeds
From off the orient sun, off his best clothes;
I'll pluck one boot and spur off. [*They pluck him.*
Long. I another.
Beau. I'll pluck his jerkin off.
Gent. Sit down, my lord.—
Both his spurs off at once, good Longueville!
And, Beaufort, take that scarf off, and that hat.
Now set your gracious foot to this of mine;
One pluck will do it; so! Off with the other!
Long. Lo, thus your servant Longueville doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.
Off with his jerkin, Beaufort!
Gent. Didst thou never see
A nimble tailor stand so in his stockings,
Whilst some friend helped to pluck his jerkin off,
To dance a jig? [*Enter Jaques.*
Long. Here's his man Jaques come,
Booted and ready still.
Jaques. My mistress stays.
Why, how now, sir? What does your worship mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off?
Mar. My slippers, Jaques!
Long. O thou mighty duke!
Pardon this man, that thus hath trespassed,
In ignorance.
Mar. I pardon him.
Long. Jaques!
His grace's slippers!
Jaques. Why, what's the matter?
Long. Footman, he's a duke:
The king hath raised him above all his land. [*Enter Lady.*
Gent. See, see my mistress!
Long. (*aside*). Let's observe their greeting
Lady. Unto your will, as every good wife ought,
I have turned all my thoughts, and now am ready.
Mar. O wife, I am not worthy to kiss
The least of all thy toes, much less thy thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with! All thy counsel
Hath been to me angelical; but mine

To thee hath been most dirty, like my mind.
Dear duchess, I must stay.
Lady. What! are you mad,
To make me dress and undress, turn and wind me,
Because you find me pliant? Said I not
The whole world should not alter me, if once
I were resolved? and now you call me duchess:
Why, what's the matter?
Mar. Lo! a knight doth kneel.
Lady. A knight?
Mar. A lord.
Lady. A fool.
Mar. I say doth kneel
An earl, a duke.
Long. In drawers.
Beau. Without shoes.
Lady. Sure you are lunatic!
Gent. No, honored duchess
If you dare but believe your servant's truth,
I know he is a duke.
Lady. Your grace's pardon. . . . .
Long. The choicest fortunes wait upon our duke!
Gent. And give him all content and happiness!
Beau. Let his great name live to the end of time!
Mar. We thank you, and are pleased to give you notice
We shall at fitter times wait on your loves;
Till when, be near us.
Long. May it please your grace
To see the city? 't will be to the minds
And much contentment of the doubtful people.
Mar. I am determined so. Till my return,
I leave my honored duchess to her chamber.
Be careful of your health! I pray you be so.
Gent. Your grace shall suffer us, your humble servants,
To give attendance, fit so great a person,
Upon your body?
Mar. I am pleased so.
Long. (*aside*). Away, good Beaufort; raise a guard sufficient
To keep him from the reach of tongues; be quick!
And, do you hear? remember how the streets
Must be disposed for cries and salutations—
Your grace determines not to see the king?

Mar. Not yet; I shall be ready ten days hence
To kiss his highness' hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I should, for his great bounty.
Set forward, gentlemen!
Groom. Room for the duke there! [*They issue forth.*
Room there afore; sound! Room, and keep your places.
And you may see enough; keep your places!
Long. These people are too far unmannered, thus
To stop your grace's way with multitudes.
Mar. Rebuke them not, good monsieur. 'Tis their loves,
Which I will answer, if it please my stars
To spare me life and health.
2 *Gent.* God bless your grace!
Mar. And you, with all my heart.
1 *Gent.* Now Heaven preserve you!
Mar. I thank you too.
2 *Gent.* Now Heaven save your grace!
Mar. I thank you all.
Beau. On there before!
Mar. Stand, gentlemen!
Stay yet a while; I'm minded to impart
My love to these good people, and my friends,
Whose love and prayers for my greatness
Are equal in abundance. Note me well,
And with my words my heart; for as the tree——
Long. Your grace had best beware; 't will be informed
Your greatness with the people.
Mar. I had more,
My honest and ingenuous people: but
The weight of business hath prevented me;
I am called from you; but this tree I speak of
Shall bring forth fruit, I hope, to your content;
And so, I share my bowels amongst you all.
All. A noble duke! a very noble duke!

PHILIP MASSINGER.

PHILIP MASSINGER was born in 1584, son of a squire to the Earl of Pembroke, educated in Oxford. Between his leaving college in his twenty-second year and having a comedy acted at court, when he was thirty-seven, we know nothing of his doings, except his borrowing five pounds for himself and others from Henslowe, the theatrical manager, whom, he tells us, "I have ever found a true, loving friend."

Massinger is a striking instance of the not uncommon inability of genius to make sure of its daily bread and butter. Allowing for many drawbacks, he comes next to Shakespeare, among all his contemporaries, in the art of working a plot with consummate mastery. His plays were not few; they were penned in the rich English of the time, and are full of strong interest; yet they did not place him beyond want. No serious reproach attaches to his conduct. If he had been a ne'er-do-weel the cautious Henslowe would not have stood friend to him so constantly. Much of his work was in association with others, notably with Fletcher, and it is further evidence of good character that the friendship between these two warranted the line in Sir Aston Cokain's epitaph on Massinger, which runs, "Plays they did write together; were great friends." Those he produced himself were less likely to win popularity in performance. He preferred elaborating some absorbing trait of character to contriving intricate situations that should amuse the average spectator. To this main passion all else was subordinated. They are dramas to be read rather than witnessed. Their thrilling interest compels a continued reading, and at the end we feel we have been mastered by unwonted power. The well known "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" can boast of being the most popular play still holding the stage, written by any Elizabethan other

than Shakespeare. The character of Sir Giles Overreach has been a favorite part with generations of great actors, and is as true to nature now as ever.

A remarkably strong tragedy is "The Duke of Milan," produced in 1623. Its interest is historical and romantic, with scenes of profound pathos and dialogue that rise to true eloquence. Massinger's own preference was for his "Roman Actor," which is a study of the tyrant Domitian. Here he gave free play to his satiric vein in exposing the seamy side of politics, of despotic rule and sycophant courtiers, working up to a stirring picture of victorious villainy, ultimately avenged in blood. Other favorite works are "The Fatal Dowry," in writing which he had the aid of Field, one of his two companions on the borrowing expedition; "The Bondman," "The Unnatural Combat," and the comedies, "Parliament of Love" and "The City Madam."

Three plays form the basis for supposing that Massinger espoused the unpopular Catholic faith, "The Virgin Martyr," in which he was assisted by Dekker; the "Renegado," and the "Maid of Honour." The first named has for theme a martyrdom under the Diocletian persecution, but the piece is little else than one of the defunct miracle plays, with the coarse features retained and realistic tortures introduced. The other two pieces turn upon the heroic conduct of a Jesuit priest who converts infidels, and a lady who takes the veil and gives her all to the church. Though the Gunpowder Plot had inflamed the populace against everything Catholic, Massinger's genius braved its censures and won its approval for his spectacular pleas for impartial judgment. He anticipated the inevitable reaction to a tolerant spirit, and so sought fortune. He died in 1640, aged fifty-six, and was buried near Fletcher, in St. Saviour's Church, as a "stranger" in the parish.

A Midnight Scene.

(From "The Virgin Martyr.")

Angelo, an Angel, attends Dorothea as a Page.

Dorothea. My book and taper.
Angelo. Here, most holy mistress.
Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is oppressed.
Ang. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some choir in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.
Dor. Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;

And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought, was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.
Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
Dor. I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begat him must do 't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.
Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Filled with bright heav'nly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heav'n: and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
Dor. A blessed day.

Sir Giles Overreach.

In "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" the extortioner, Sir Giles Overreach, offers his daughter in marriage to Lord Lovell.

Overreach. To my wish we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lovell. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?

It is well-wooded and well-watered, the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built, and she, that is mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it;
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands: but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship; and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound; I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honor,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,

Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honorable; which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on my own: for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.
Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foaming billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other peddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbor's right, or grand encloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold;
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

WITH serene consciousness of future fame, Bacon nobly said in his will: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and the next ages." No better summary of his literary merits can be made than that of his friend Sir Tobie Matthew, who wrote thus: "A man so rare in knowledge of so many several kinds, endued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all in so elegant, so significant, so abundant, and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors, of allusions, as perhaps the world hath not seen since it was a world." This estimate has been endorsed by each successive generation as regards Bacon's style in the "Essays" and the lighter writings, such as the "New Atlantis." A different, but not less emphatic, stamp of approval has been put upon his contributions to philosophy and science, allowing for defects in his own vast intellectual powers as well as in his character. Burke fairly interprets the judgment of mankind when he asks, "Who is there that upon hearing the name of Lord Bacon does not instantly recognize everything of genius the most profound, everything of literature the most extensive, everything of discovery the most penetrating, everything of observation of human life the most distinguished and refined?" Yet the world will not forget the pithy character given by the satirist Pope when he styles Bacon "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Francis Bacon, afterwards Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, was born in London, January 22, 1561, son of Queen Elizabeth's lord keeper of the seals. His studies at Cambridge satisfied him that the methods of scientific investi-

gation were all wrong. The system as applied to sciences, "many mechanical arts, . . . and even moral and civil philosophy and logic, rises but little above the foundations, and only skims over the varieties and surfaces of things." Hence his advocacy of the inductive method, to which progress owes so much. His philosophic temper brought him into early favor with his seniors, and through his uncle, Lord Burleigh, with the queen. Leaving the university in 1576, he became a law student, and spent some time abroad. His resolve to devote his life to the discovery of truth through study of natural law, and also to serve his country in some public capacity, was early frustrated for a time by the sudden death of his father in 1579, which left Bacon restricted in means. He took up the practice of law, but was under the necessity of borrowing money, a necessity which became a habit, possibly a vice, and it never left him. The powerful Cecils were not of much service to him at first. After his abilities had brought him success, and his parliamentary gifts made him prominent before he was twenty-five, patronage added to his fortune. At thirty Burleigh gave him the reversion of the clerkship to the Star Chamber, though it did not fall vacant till nearly twenty years had lapsed. In 1597 the publication of his "Essays" added to his fame, but political promotion was refused. His order of mind was too radical to suit the temporizing devices of the politicians, who distrusted his principles. They were afraid of their wisest and greatest man of state, and doubted his moral honesty. His share in the religious controversy, and especially his opposition to a measure directed against a certain conspiracy, damaged him as a good patriot in the eyes of the country. These matters and personal enmities militated against his advancement. The quarrel between the queen and Essex led many to blame Bacon for influencing Elizabeth, and for a time his life was in danger from popular violence. After her death he published a statement to allay that prejudice, and claimed the knighthood which his status had earned.

In 1605 Bacon published in English his "Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human." It formed an introduction to the larger work in Latin, which was

issued seventeen years later. By dedicating this to King James he hoped to gain substantial honors, but that realization was deferred. Two years had passed, during which he married, before he was appointed solicitor-general. The king would not act upon Bacon's counsels, coldly wise as they mostly were. It illustrates the fatal weakness which vitiated Bacon's moral nature, that he set about ingratiating himself with the king by complying with the royal whims against which his intellect rebelled. More promotions came in due course, for which he had to pay by such acts of dishonor as conniving at the torture of suspected persons, one a clergyman of seventy, for the purpose of humoring the king's revengeful designs against any who dared to criticise his schemes for extorting money from Parliament. He obtained more promotions and rewards by this lamentable subserviency, including the humiliation of great men who stood in his way. In 1617 Bacon held the lord-keepership, formerly the office of his father, and in 1618 he became lord chancellor, with the peerage. At last no fewer than twenty-eight charges were brought against Bacon for having taken bribes, and for other acts of corruption, to which he pleaded guilty in May, 1621. His confession was in writing, most abject in its completeness. It failed in its object, the remission of penalties, as Bacon was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000, to remain in prison until it was paid, and be forever excluded from office. After four days in the Tower he was set free, and the rest of his life was spent in seclusion and comparative poverty. He busied himself with writing his "History of Henry VII," the "Apothegms," a partial translation of the Psalms, and with the revision of his "Essays." He died in April, 1626.

His great work, the "Instauratio Magna," which includes the "Novum Organum," was left incomplete. Of the value and influence of the sections issued it is superfluous to speak. It has been well said of his accomplishment in this, the worthier fruit of Bacon's strangely checkered life-work, that "it was he above all who gave dignity to the slow and patient processes of investigation, of experiment, of comparison, to the sacrifice of hypothesis to fact, to the single aim after truth, which was to be the law of modern science."

Of Marriage and Single Life.

(From the "Essays," No. VIII.)

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men; which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who, though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences; nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges; nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer; for, perhaps, they have heard some talk, "Such an one is a great rich man," and another except to it. "Yea, but he hath a great charge of children;" as if it were an abatement to his riches: but the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles.

Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects, for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage among the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base.

Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they may be many times

more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, "vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati" [he preferred his old woman to immortality]. Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husbaud wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous.

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a quarrel [reason] to marry when he will; but yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question when a man should marry:—"A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience; but this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent, for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

SOLOMON'S HOUSE.

(From the "New Atlantis.")

YE shall understand, my dear friends, that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the preeminence. It was the erection and institution of an order or society which we call Solomon's House, the noblest foundation, as we think, that ever was upon the earth, and the lantern of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God. Some think it beareth the founder's name a little corrupted, as if it should be Solomona's House. But the records write it as it is spoken. So as I take it to be denominate of the King of the Hebrews, which is famous with you, and no stranger to us; for we have some parts of his works, which with you are lost; namely, that Natural History which he wrote of all plants, "from the cedar

of Libanus, to the moss that groweth out of the wall," and of all things that have life and motion. This maketh me think that our king, finding himself to symbolize [agree] in many things with that king of the Hebrews which lived many years before him, honored him with the title of this foundation. And I am the rather induced to be of this opinion, for that I find in ancient records this order or society is sometimes called Solomon's House, and sometimes the College of the Six Days' Works; whereby I am satisfied that our excellent king had learned from the Hebrews that God had created the world, and all that therein is, within six days; and therefore he, instituting that house for the finding out of the true nature of all things, whereby God might have the more glory in the workmanship of them, and men the more fruit in the use of them, did give it also that second name.

When the king had forbidden to all his people navigation into any part that was not under his crown, he made nevertheless this ordinance: that every twelve years there should be sent forth, out of this kingdom, two ships appointed to several voyages; that in either of these ships there should be a mission of three of the fellows or brethren of Solomon's House, whose errand was only to give us knowledge of the affairs and state of those countries to which they were designed; and especially of the sciences, arts, manufactures and inventions of all the world; and withal to bring unto us books, instruments and patterns in every kind; that the ships, after they had landed the brethren, should return; and that the brethren should stay abroad till the new mission. These ships are not otherwise fraught than with store of victuals and good quantity of treasure to remain with the brethren, for the buying of such things and rewarding of such persons, as they should think fit. Now, for me to tell you how the vulgar sort of mariners are contained [kept] from being discovered at land; and how they that must be put on shore for any time color themselves under the names of other nations; and to what place these voyages have been designed; and what places of rendezvous are appointed for the new missions, and the like circumstances of the practique, I may not do it; neither is it much to your desire. But thus you see we main-

tain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels; not for silks; nor for spices; nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was light; to have light, I say, of the growth of all parts of the world.

ATALANTA, OR GAIN.

(From "The Wisdom of the Ancients.")

ATALANTA, who was reputed to excel in swiftness, would needs challenge Hippomenes at a match in running. The conditions of the prize were these: that if Hippomenes won the race, he should espouse Atalanta; if he were outrun, that then he should forfeit his life. And in the opinion of all the victory was thought assured of Atalanta's side, being famous as she was for her matchless and inconquerable speed, whereby she had been the bane of many. Hippomenes therefore bethinks him how to deceive her by a trick, and in that regard provides three golden apples or balls, which he purposely carried about him. The race is begun, and Atalanta gets a good start before him. He, seeing himself thus cast behind, being mindful of his device, throws one of his golden balls before her, and yet not outright, but somewhat of the one side, both to make her linger and also to draw her out of the right course; she, out of a womanish desire, being thus enticed with the beauty of the golden apple, leaving her direct race, runs aside and stoops to catch the ball. Hippomenes the while holds on his course, getting thereby a great start, and leaves her behind him; but she, by her own natural swiftness, recovers her lost time and gets before him again. But Hippomenes still continues his sleight, and both the second and third time casts out his balls, those enticing delays; and so by craft, and not by his activity, wins the race and victory.

This fable seems allegorically to demonstrate a notable conflict between art and nature; for art, signified by Atalanta, in its work if it be not letted and hindered, is far more swift than nature, more speedy in pace, and sooner attains the end it aims at, which is manifest almost in every effect; as you may see in fruit trees, whereof those that grow of a kernel are long ere they bear, but such as are grafted on a stock a

great deal sooner. You may see it in clay, which, in the generation of stones, is long ere it becomes hard, but in the burning of bricks is very quickly effected. Also in moral passages you may observe that it is a long time ere, by the benefit of nature, sorrow can be assuaged and comfort attained; whereas philosophy, which is, as it were, art of living, tarries not the leisure of time, but doth it instantly and out of hand; and yet this prerogative and singular agility of art is hindered by certain golden apples, to the infinite prejudice of human proceedings; for there is not any one art or science which constantly perseveres in a true and lawful course, till it come to the proposed end or mark, but ever and anon makes stops after good beginnings, leaves the race, and turns aside to profit and commodity, like Atalanta.

"Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit."

Who doth her course forsake,
The rolling gold doth take.

And therefore it is no wonder that art hath not the power to conquer nature, and by pact or law of conquest to kill and destroy her; but, on the contrary, it falls out that art becomes subject to nature, and yields the obedience as of a wife to her husband.

Of Travel.

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young man travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little.

It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use.

The things to be seen and observed are: the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the

courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours; antiquities and ruins; libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armouries, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes, cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go: after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masques, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected.

If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long. Nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

Of Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels,

and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament is affectation, to make judgment only by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtile, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. "Abeunt studia in mores." Nay, there is no stone or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

GEORGE HERBERT.

In the gentle author of "The Temple" we have a distinctive stamp of poet, as in his elder brother, who outlived him—Lord Herbert of Cherbury—we find a new type of philosopher. George was a younger son, without prospect of fortune, except through worldly-wise use of the advantages his opportunities as a poor courtier might offer. From his birth, in 1593, until he was appointed public orator for Cambridge University in 1619, his life was that of the average gentleman of the period. His frail constitution decided his mother to devote him to the church. The king had given him a sinecure to support his attendance at court. The death of King James and other titled patrons overcame Herbert's hesitation to take holy orders, and in 1626 he was appointed prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in Huntingdonshire. He married while here, and in 1630 was given the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, made famous in Izaak Walton's charming biography. Herbert died in 1633, in his fortieth year.

As a poet he holds his place by the serene beauty and purity of thought, which shines through much overlying verbiage, wrought into conceits affected by his inferiors in verse-making. His early poems charm with quaint freshness of fancy, despite their lack of ease. But when later he sang in his own proper note, meditative, aspiring after the higher Christian life, the full force of his genius expressed itself in measures that have not yet lost their power to cheer and solace. Herbert allures from the showy world to the truer delights of the contemplative life, lived in the quiet of a

country village, sweetened by closer contact with nature, whose works he loved to sing about. And in the glory of Salisbury Cathedral, hard by his parsonage, he saw the emblem and possibilities of the nobler arts in their mission to lift the mind. His unaffected piety is still that of a pronounced Church of England devotee. He was an ideal parish parson, beloved by the poor, sparing no labor to promote their happiness or the advancement of the Church, and his flowing lines show his passion for the cathedral music. His chief work, called "The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," is made up of detached poems strung together, and often blending the sacred and secular in a way characteristic of himself.

AARON.

HOLINESS on the head,
Light and perfections* on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest:
Thus are true Aarons dressed.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor priest, thus am I dressed.

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live, not dead,
Without Whom I could have no rest:
In Him I am well dressed.

Christ is my only head,
My alone-only heart and breast,
My only music striking me ev'n dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new-dressed.

*The symbolical Urim and Thummim. See Exodus xxviii., 15-30.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine tuned by Christ, Who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest,
Come, people; Aaron's dressed.

THE QUIP.

THE merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he:
"I heard in Music you had skill;"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allowed me half an eye;
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, "I am Thine,"
And then they have their answer home.

IZAAK WALTON.

THE author of "The Complete Angler" was a prosperous business man of London, a linen draper in the wholesale trade. He was six years old when Queen Elizabeth died, in 1603, and he himself passed away, at the age of ninety, in the early part of the reign of James II. Of the record of his life it may be said as was said of another: "He lived only for himself and his friends, and amongst his friends he was able to name almost every man of his time whom wit or elegance had raised to reputation." Walton wrote the lives of five of these great men, among others that of his brother-in-law, Bishop Thomas Ken (1637-1711), the author of the long metre doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

But his reputation as an author does not rest on these "Lives," however felicitously they may have been written. His fame is found on that inimitable work, "The Complete Angler," which has been the pocket companion of so many wits, and the delight of many a quiet philosopher, contented and obscure. The first edition of this celebrated book was published in 1653, when the author was sixty years of age, and he lived to see it go through five editions. The practical part of the work seems to have been suggested by a tract, written in 1496, by Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, and entitled, "The Treatyse of Fysshinge with an Angle." This tract was part of a book known to the curious in typographical antiquities as "The Book of St. Albans." The work was of extreme rarity until lately reprinted, but was doubtless well known

to Walton. His moral reflections and quotations were evidently suggested by Montaigne; and in the one modest volume which forms the bulk of the work there are citations from no less than forty-four authors, classic, mediæval, and what was then modern.

"The Complete Angler" gives minute instructions concerning the selection and preparation of bait, the location of trout streams and of gentle English rivers, filled with larger fish, suitable weather, the auspicious month, the timely hour, the artful lure. Nay, more, it condescends to cookery, until our nostrils are tantalized with the smell of frying trout, or "pike baked very leisurely and basted with claret wine and anchovies and butter mixed together."

But the chief charm of the book lies not in its fisherman's lore, its quaint erudition, nor even its happy selections. Its fascination consists in the unveiling of a quiet mind. Here was a man who lived in the heart of London during the most stirring epochs of English history, yet nothing is more remarkable about his delightful book than the absence of all allusion to heated debate, civil strife, battles, bloodshed, the overthrow of a dynasty, the beheading of a king, the founding of a commonwealth, the death of Cromwell, the return of Charles. Its pages breathe only of quiet lawns, dewy lanes, still streams, the hearty human satisfaction of congenial companionship, rustic shelter, simple fare,—cheerfulness, contentment, benevolence, faith in the goodness of man, and the goodness of God, a sustained serenity, an abiding peace. As we close the volume our involuntary farewell to the gentle fisherman is—

> "Oh, be my friend!
> And teach me to be thine."

"The Complete Angler" passed through five editions in the author's lifetime. To the last (1676) a Second Part was added by his adopted son, Charles Cotton (1630-1687), the translator of Montaigne.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

I WOULD you were a brother of the Angle, for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule, you may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast:" and such a companion you prove; I thank you for it. But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be so well liked.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk:
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court:
    But these delights I neither wish
    Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love
    Is fettered in fond Cupid's snare:
    My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
    My hand alone my work can do,
    So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:

In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
Who is more welcome to my dish,
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make:
For so our Lord was pleaséd when
He fishers made fishers of men:
Where, which is in no other game,
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was, that he on earth did taste.
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

Nothing Better than Angling.

No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation, than angling.

THE BLESSING OF CONTENTMENT.

WELL, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you may also join with me in thankfulness to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," for our happiness. And, that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me, how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy: and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunderstruck; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money have ate and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money.

Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbor, that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh: the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was

wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do; loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THIS typical gay cavalier presents the most pitiful example of the irony of fate in the chronicles of the poets. Suckling was born rich—enormously rich—and he possessed all the natural gifts that insure a man good friends and true. He had a handsome person, was free-handed with his money, a gay wit, the best athlete and gamester in court circles, and displayed an enviable proficiency in verse. With these rare endowments Suckling scorned poetic fame, and yet it is by his careless verse that his name will live.

He was born near London in 1609. At nineteen he scoured Europe in quest of adventure, and fought for the King of Sweden in Silesia. Real war bored the fickle young poet. He returned to London, and was fairly successful in his mad endeavors to dissipate his fortune, one of the largest of the time. Masques were losing their popularity, and the idea occurred to Suckling to adapt their spectacular adjuncts to the ordinary drama; hence he wrote the play "Aglaura," which is said to be first that was produced with elaborate scenery. There is little besides Suckling's easy versification to attract the modern reader. His comedy, "The Goblins," is a livelier

piece in every respect. Two serious plays remain, one incomplete; but their only charm is in the songs they contain. In the Civil War Suckling equipped a troop of a hundred horsemen at his own expense, and led them to fight the Scotch Covenanters in 1639. Next year he was elected member for Bramber in the Long Parliament; but a few months later a charge of treason was raised against him, alleging his share in a plot for Strafford's escape and to call French aid. He fled the kingdom, and is believed to have fallen into the clutches of the Spanish Inquisition; his suicide, by poison, in 1642, being attributed to enfeebled sanity, resulting from the tortures inflicted on him. The play of his lightsome genius is seen at its best in his airy but manly lyrics, a few of which are among the most felicitous examples of English verse at its best.

A Ballad Upon a Wedding.

The wedding was that of Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill (afterwards Earl of Orrery), with Lady Margaret Howard.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
    Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
    Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay
    There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
    Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
    Walked on before the best:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
    Should he go still so dressed.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing,
The parson for him stayed:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance), as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But Oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);

But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
    Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
    That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
    And are not spent a whit.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice
And all the waiters in a trice
    His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
    Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
    To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
    The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
    Nor was it there denied:
Passion o' me, how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
    (I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
    The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
    And who could help it, Dick?

On the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again and sigh, and glance:
    Then dance again and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wished her place,
    And every man wished his.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THIS cavalier poet was born in 1618, to wealth and high station. As a boy he was a pet of royalty. He was of fine presence, being nicknamed Adonis, was proficient in manly sports, could sing and play, and was conversant with the classic poets. He served as a soldier, and in his abundant leisure wrote plays and poems, the latter to please his Queen, Henrietta. When Parliament quarreled with the King Lovelace presented a petition to the Commons in Charles's interest and was therefore thrown into the Westminster jail. He immortalized that short experience by writing in his cell the famous verses to Althea. He had to find £40,000 bail, on which he was liberated on parole for the duration of the war. He was imprisoned again in 1648 for having raised a regiment for the French king. The next year he published a collection of his poems as "Lucasta," his pet name for his mistress. After this we are in the dark as to his life. He had spent his fortune in the interest of the king. Lucasta, otherwise Lucy Sacheverell, married another lover on being misinformed of the poet's death in the siege of Dunkirk. Certain it is that Lovelace ended his days in a slum, short of the necessaries of life. This was in 1658, when he was only forty. Yet he had adorned lyrical poetry with a few gems which suffice to distinguish his name among the brightest.

GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
  To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore,—
I could not love thee, dear, so much
  Loved I not honor more.

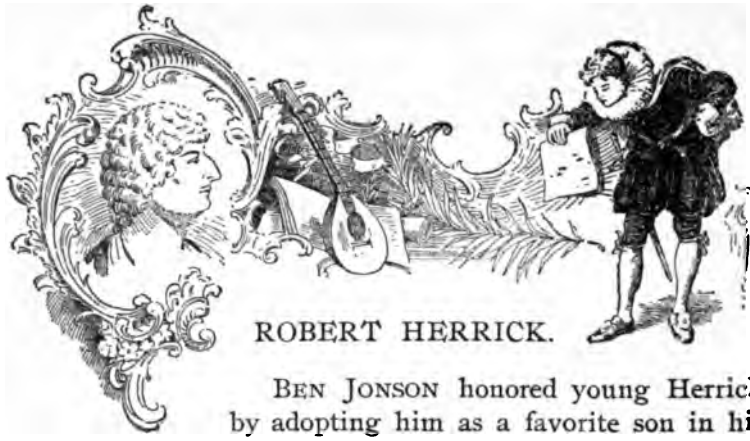
To Althea from Prison.

When love with unconfinéd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds that curl the flood
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.



ROBERT HERRICK.

BEN JONSON honored young Herrick by adopting him as a favorite son in his poetic family. He was born in London in 1591, and trained at Cambridge for the Church. After ten years probably spent more in the service of the world than the Church, he settled as a country parson in Devonshire for twenty years, and was then ejected by the Puritans in 1648. He was restored to his old vicarage in 1662, and there stayed till his death in 1674, aged eighty-three.

Never was a less fit worldling given the cure of souls, yet many a holy man would have proved a worse parson than this spiritually "empty singer of an idle day." Herrick was a typical man of the world, a cavalier by temperament and purpose, a convivial enjoyer of variegated life up to the limits of his Arcadian environment. When he was turned out of his rural parsonage, he went up to London and there published the "Hesperides: or, Works both Human and Divine," for his music had her serious moods. There are some thirteen hundred pieces in his lyrical output, most of them short, many of them unworthy of his art, and some unfit to appear. But after the weeding of these there remains a nosegay of choicest blooms, sparkling with the pure dew of May mornings in the country, as fragrant, fresh, and delightful as can be gathered from the world's garden.

TO THE VIRGINS.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may:
  Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
  To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
  The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
  The nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
  Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
  And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
  You may for ever tarry.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee
  Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be
  They vowed to ask the Gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
  And for their boldness stripped them;
And taking then from each his flame,
  With rods of myrtle whipped them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
  When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
  And gave the bag between them.

THE LITANY.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,

Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

JOHN MILTON.

"PARADISE LOST" is the greatest poem in the English language. Founded on a theme of universal interest—the entrance of evil into this world—ranging in scene from Heaven to Hell, introducing as actors their inhabitants, from the Almighty Father to the Arch-rebel Satan, harmonious and dignified in structure and style, this poem must be acknowledged to be the greatest of the world's epics. Other sweet and lofty poems by the same author would suffice to give him fame and high rank in the singing tribe. Yet he was not only a noble bard, but a participant in public affairs in one of the greatest crises in English history, and a champion of free thought and open discussion. Though his party was overthrown, and his merits were long looked at askance, his enemies have been compelled to do homage to his genius.

John Milton was born in London in December, 1608, the son of a scrivener, who had originally been a Roman Catholic. He received an excellent classical education, and went to Christ's College, Cambridge, where seven years were spent in delightful studies. From his personal beauty, as well as the strict purity of his morals, he was known as "the Lady of Christ's College." His early poems were chiefly in Latin, and among the English were a magnificent Christmas ode and some sonnets. Finding that he could not subscribe the oaths required in order to become a clergyman, Milton took his degree of M. A. in 1632, and retired to Horton, near Windsor, where his father then resided. His intense enjoyment of this rural retreat is shown in his exquisite companion-pieces, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." His love of music

and the drama led to his composing the pastoral masques, "Arcades" and the more fanciful "Comus" for representation at castles in the vicinity. The graceful elegy "Lycidas" was called forth by the untimely fate of Edward King, a fellow of his college. These brilliant poems of his early manhood were enough to prove that a star of the first magnitude had arisen in the English literary heaven.

In 1638 Milton visited Italy, which was still the centre of culture and refinement, and was cordially received by the learned. There he saw the aged Galileo, and enjoyed the friendship of the venerable Marquis Manso, who had been the protector of Tasso. Rumors of war summoned the wanderer home, yet on his return he did not immediately take part in the stirring controversies of the time. Settling in London, he taught his orphan nephews while he sketched plans for sacred dramas, one of which was to be "Paradise Lost." The poet's dreams were disturbed by Parliamentary struggles over reforms in church and state, and he descended into the dusty field of strife to advocate the abolition of episcopacy. For twenty years of middle life his writing was entirely in prose, the most famous example being "Areopagitica," the eloquent plea for liberty of the press. Others were tracts in favor of greater freedom for divorce, in defence of the action of Parliament establishing the Commonwealth, and in reply to the "Eikon Basilike," written by Dr. Gauden, but published in the name of King Charles as his dying testimony to his rebellious subjects. Milton's name was made widely known on the Continent by his reply in Latin to the scholar Salmasius, who had arraigned England before the civilized world for murdering her king. Milton was one of the secretaries to the Council of State, and even after his total loss of sight he was Latin secretary to Cromwell.

The fabric held together by the might of the great Protector fell after his death. Milton had urged a republican government, but the nation gravitated back to royalty. Though the republican pamphleteer was arrested and prosecuted and some of his books ordered to be burnt by the hangman, the new king disdained to take vengeance on an "old blind schoolmaster." Within a few years this disregarded

scholar, though fallen on evil times, was to confer new glory on his country by composing the greatest of his works, in which he essayed "to justify the ways of God to men." "Paradise Lost" was published in 1667, and for two editions of it the author received altogether £10, but he won immortal fame. In the poem there are evident traces of the author's acquaintance with Cædmon's Paraphrase (doubtless through his friend Francis Junius) and with the Dutch poet Vondel's attempts at the same scriptural theme. But none the less, it is thoroughly original, embodying the intense Biblical religion of the time, as Dante's "Divine Comedy" presents the mediæval Catholic faith. In this noblest literary monument of the Puritan period the great theme of the Fall of Man is treated with the utmost grandeur of imagination. Heaven, Earth, and Hell are all concerned, and all are freely opened to the poet's vision. The early Christian view of the Fall of Satan, already poetized by the Saxon monk Cædmon, is again presented, impressed with all the wealth of classical allusion and mythology. Adam, newly created, and his brief sojourn in Paradise with his lovely consort Eve are depicted with the sweetly picturesque power of Milton's youth. The tremendous tragedy of the expulsion is relieved by the Archangel Michael's vision of the Future, which includes the Redemption of Man through the coming of Christ.

Yet Milton's Quaker friend Elwood suggested that the Redemption should be separately treated, and the poet, perhaps unwilling to attempt this greatest of all conflicts in full, chose to present part of Christ's battle with Satan by taking as a new theme the Temptation in the Wilderness. He is even said to have preferred his "Paradise Regained" to its great predecessor. But the sequel, though full of proofs of his poetic skill, is felt to be but an episode, not a complete epic. In the same volume with it appeared his tragedy "Samson Agonistes." In this last great product of his genius the author had worked out his early idea of a sacred drama, formed on the principles of the Greek tragedians. It was a parable of himself, sightless, with the Philistines revelling in their strength at his impotence, and those of his own household failing him in his helpless age. It was also an

allegorical presentation of his belief in the Divine judgment awaiting the leaders of the nation who had defeated and put to shame the champions of God and truth. After having delivered this warning message to his countrymen, Milton died in 1674, aged sixty-six.

SHAKESPEARE.

(An epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, William Shakespeare.)

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving:
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

L'ALLEGRO.

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
  And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed

Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
  These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE FALLEN ANGELS.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book I.)

ALL these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, t' have found their chief
Not in despair, t' have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard; that proud honor claimed
Azazel at his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed
Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host upsent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth unmeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,

Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved,
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and statures as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes, through all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco, or Trebizond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander; he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,

Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered: as when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak: whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs, found out their way.

Eve's Account of Her First Day.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book IV.)

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade of flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went
With inexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,

A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy,
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turned;
Thou following criedst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
Whom flyest thou? whom thou flyest of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone: to give thee being I lent,
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
  So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction, unreproved,
And meek surrender, half embracing leaned
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure.

On His Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
  Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
  My hasting days fly on with full career,
  But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
  That I to manhood am arrived so near,
  And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
  That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
  It shall be still in strictest measure even
  To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
  All is, if I have grace to use it so,
  As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

On His Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
    Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
    They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON'S COTTAGE.

COMUS

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS, with his crew.
The LADY.
First BROTHER.
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA, the Nymph.

The chief persons which presented were

The Lord BRACKLY.
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

The attendant SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

Before the starry threshold of Jove's Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindfull of the crown that virtue gives.
After this mortal change, to her true servant,
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity;
To such my errand is, and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and neather Jove,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep;

Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By course commits to severall government,
And gives them leave to wear their saphire crowns
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair off-spring, nurs't in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted scepter. But their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring passinger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Soveran Jove
I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bowr.
  Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush't the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:
Who, ripe and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,

And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offring to every weary travailer
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Ther'fore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likenes of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of lesse faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hatefull steps; I must be viewles now.

COMUS *enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistring; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;

And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and soure Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull sphears
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move,
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves;
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deckt with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night had better sweets to prove:
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come, let us our rights begin,
'T is onely day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, Goddesse of Nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wher'in thou ridst with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out

Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn on th' Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round.

. . . . .

The LADY *enters.*

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; me thought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment.
Such as the jocond flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudenesse and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd wood?
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts: 't is likeliest
They had ingag'd their wand'ring steps too far;
And envious darknes, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light

To the misled and lonely travailer?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfe't in my list'ning ear;
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strongsiding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish't form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine inchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidd'n residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the Raven downe
Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades,
Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madnes rob'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unlesse the Goddes that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,

Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darknes, and this leavy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly Spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less then if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
And as I past, I worshipt: if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heav'n
To help you find them.

Lady Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find that out, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.
Comus. I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodg'd
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thach't pallet rouse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my triall
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.—

Enter THE TWO BROTHERS.

Elder Brother. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou fair moon,
That wontst to love the travailer's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darknes and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.
Second Brother. Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,

Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'T would be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that haples virgin, our lost Sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat.

Elder Brother. Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite,
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipl'd in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodnes bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffl'd, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;

Himself is his own dungeon.
Second Brother. 'T is most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senat house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an out-law's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

. . . . .

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an inchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue; or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
Lady. Fool, do not boast:
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled while Heav'n sees good.
Comus. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?

Here dwel no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies farr: See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixt.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'T will not, false traitor,
'T will not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic Tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestudd with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
Unsavoury in th' injoyment of it self;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts:
Think what, and be adviz'd; you are but young yet.

Lady. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispenc't
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
And then the giver would be better thank't,
His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity.
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happines then this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not: I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more!
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 't is but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The attendant* SPIRIT *comes in.*

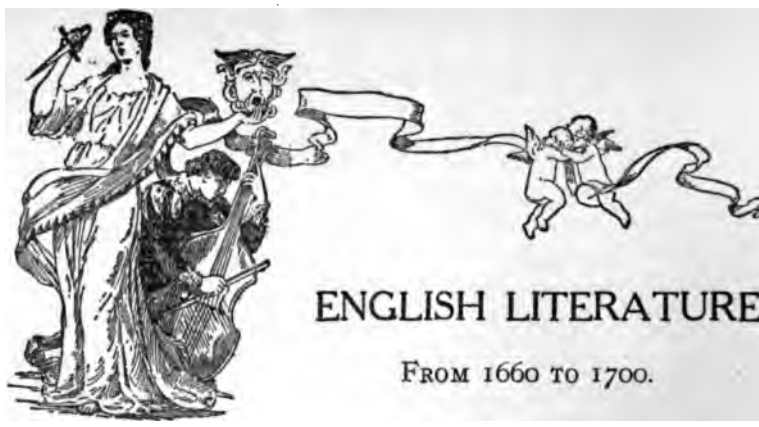
Spirit. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand,
And bound him fast: without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;

Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
  There is a gentle nymph not farr from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the scepter from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsell, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the River: still she retains
Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signs
That the shrewd medling Elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodnes loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok't in warbled song;
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was her self,
In hard besetting need; this will I try,
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

MILTON COMPOSING "SAMSON AGONISTES."



ENGLISH LITERATURE

From 1660 to 1700.

POETRY and the drama continued to flourish in England through the reign of James I., though not with the vigor and spontaneity which had marked the palmy days of Queen Elizabeth. The national life had grown cool, and the feelings of the poets were also cool. Yet from the great exemplars of the past they had learned much about the art of poetry, the rules and methods practiced unconsciously by men of the highest genius. But they also imitated the faults of their predecessors, and sought by far-fetched conceits and fanciful expressions to excite the same results which had once been produced by ardent feelings. To such extravagance was this pedantic style carried that a school of poets arose which is called the "metaphysical." The name refers to their searching for ingenious analogies between things seen and things unseen, between what is natural and tangible and what is apprehended only by the spirit. The fashion indeed was not confined to England; it prevailed also in France and Spain, and was a reflex of the later classics of antiquity and of their Italian imitators.

Meantime powerful social forces had begun to operate to the detriment of literature, and their effects became manifest during the reign of Charles I. Questions of government and reform in Church and State usurped public attention. Religious and political controversy overwhelmed the land. When the Civil War broke out, there was little leisure for cultivating the Muses, save in occasional songs. Even the transcendent

genius of the self-consecrated Milton was withdrawn for many years from its chosen and predestined work. Yet when the power of the new Commonwealth was lodged in the hands of Oliver Cromwell, his heroic figure called forth tributes of praise from several poets who afterwards excused their panegyrics as faults of youth. Cowley, Marvell and Dryden were conspicuous instances of this class.

The apparently great change in English life and manners, which came with the Restoration of the Stuarts, was not due merely to the personal tastes and prepossessions of Charles II., though undoubtedly fostered by these. The English Royalists who had shared his exile in France had acquired a liking for the pleasures and fashions of that country. When they returned to court, eager to compensate themselves for past sufferings and privations by new enjoyments, they found verse-makers and play-wrights ready to minister to their wishes by imitating French models. The theatre underwent a marked change; elaborate costumes and varied scenery were introduced. Rhymed heroic plays were produced on the model of Corneille; and comedies of intrigue were presented in which the coarser English spirit transgressed the limits of decorum observed by the light-hearted French.

Of the poets who adhered more closely to the Elizabethan traditions the most noted was Abraham Cowley, who translated Pindar and wrote Pindaric odes with considerable ability. His learning was also shown in Latin verse in imitation of Virgil, Horace and Catullus. His lighter verses and admirable prose essays are more esteemed in our day. Though Milton produced his greatest works after the Restoration, he belonged in spirit to the earlier period and has been considered in connection with it. But Dryden was in full accord with the change of the times, though his mighty genius was degraded in trying to conform to it. He had been among the eulogists of Cromwell, but hailed the return of Charles in heroic verse, wrote rhymed heroic plays full of rant to please his audience, and even boldly recast Shakespeare and turned Milton's sublime epic into a lyrical drama. But his real greatness was displayed in his severe satires on his inferior rivals, who had badgered him, and on the politicians who

opposed the accession of the Catholic Duke of York to the throne. Dryden's attempts to instruct his countrymen are seen in his argumentative "Religio Laici," and in "The Hind and the Panther," an allegory to vindicate the Church of Rome, whose communion he had joined. In his old age his genius still bore fruit in able versions of Chaucer and Boccaccio.

It might have been expected that Samuel Butler's burlesque satire of the Presbyterians in "Hudibras" would be handsomely rewarded by the "Merry Monarch," but though the king quoted its couplets, and the book was most in fashion, as Pepys declares, neither king nor court did anything for the author, who died in 1680, almost starved.

The Puritans, though banished from conspicuous positions, still exerted a powerful influence throughout the land. The various sects of the Dissenters, in spite of severe persecution, remained steadfast in their faith. Richard Baxter and others of this class did much to support their views by writings. George Fox and William Penn defended the views of Quakers in books still read. But far above these shines the name of John Bunyan, the Baptist preacher of Bedford. While imprisoned, this homely genius, inspired by fervent belief in Scripture truth, wrote what has become the favorite religious book of the English common people, "The Pilgrim's Progress." This picturesque allegory of the Christian life and its battles with sin, temptation and sorrow, and its final triumph and reward, has made the author's name immortal. The Established Church had also its great preachers and religious writers of considerable ability. The most eminent was Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whose "Holy Living and Dying" is still a favorite book of devotions. Among the others were two archbishops, Tillotson and Leighton. Several noblemen of Charles' court displayed some literary ability. The most distinguished was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1627–1688), who, in "The Rehearsal" (1671), forcibly satirized Dryden and his plays, but was himself attacked by the poet as Zimri in "Absalom and Achitophel." The other noblemen who may be mentioned only were Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset (1637–1706); Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Ros-

common (1633–1686), who imitated Boileau in his "Essay on Translated Verse;" and John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire (1649–1721), who wrote poetic essays on "Satire" and "Poetry."

To this period belong the two entertaining diarists, the gossipy Samuel Pepys and the pious and gentlemanly John Evelyn, who give faithful pictures of the daily life of the times. Lady Rachel Russell's "Letters" show the culture and affection of an English noblewoman, but are of less importance historically. "Clarendon's History of the Civil Wars," begun in 1641, was not published till after his death. Though carefully written, it belongs rather to the class of memoirs than to the great histories of the language. Less meritorious, though useful to students, is Bishop Burnet's "History of His Own Times."

THOMAS FULLER.

ANY praise from Coleridge places its subject upon a pedestal the best writers may envy. It may surprise many, to whom Fuller is no more than a name, to learn that Coleridge writes of him, "Next to Shakespeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotions of the marvellous." His versatility and quaint turns of humorous fancy justify the estimate, independently of the solid worth of his many books.

Fuller, like Dryden, was born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, in 1608. He became a popular Church of England divine and author. He was a firm but moderate royalist during the stormy years of the Civil War, and once had to fly from popular resentment of a sermon satirizing the Church reformers. His "Good Thoughts in Bad Times" was issued in the besieged city of Exeter, in 1645, to cheer the Cavaliers.

Other fugitive publications came out from time to time, while he was leading a fugitive life, glad to find his dinners at tables of patrons who enjoyed his sprightly wit as an equivalent. On the Restoration of Charles II. Fuller also regained his offices of emolument, and became chaplain to the king. He died in 1661, aged fifty-four. All of his writings abound in wit well applied. In the best sense of the term Fuller was a man of the world, presented a well-rounded nature to the jostlings of adversity, and he never lost his cheerfulness. His reading was larger than his learning, varied though that was. His two greatest works—and it is not too much to call them great—are the "Church History" and "The Worthies of England." After these come "The Holy State," and the "Good Thoughts," already referred to. Whether as biographies, or sketches of character-types, Fuller's pages glistened with wit and wisdom; they lend themselves, as those of few authors do, to casual reading, and every point is illustrated with some charming conceit, which sinks into the mind with the crispness of a proverb.

The Good Schoolmaster.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which, in some places, they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession.

Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skillful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabrics thereof may say: God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God moldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (save some few exceptions) to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their masters whip them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterward prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterward as the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself,

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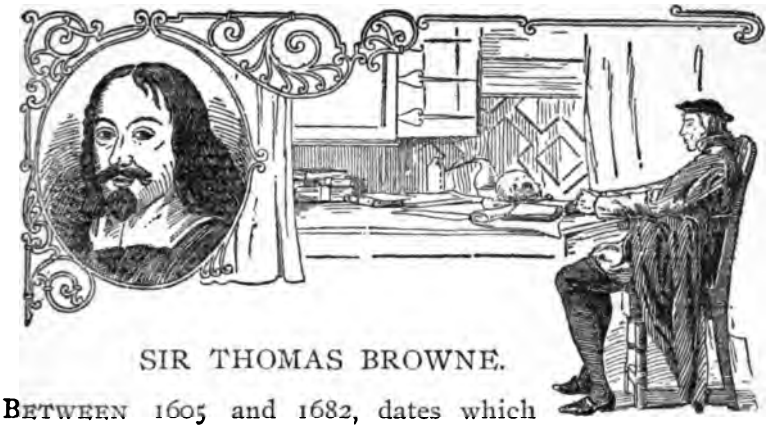
who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teachings; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons' exemption from his rod—to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction—with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom, in some places, of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*,—rather tearing the scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shape of fiends and furies. Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence, and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.



SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

BETWEEN 1605 and 1682, dates which mark the birth and death of this most singular doctor of medicine and meditative Diogenes, England was racked with conflicts of intellect, interests, and armies in the field. Every man of passion and wisdom found himself whirled by the elements to this side or that, every man except this cool-witted country physician-philosopher. He passed through Oxford with credit, traveled a little, studied medicine at the School of Padua, read omnivorously, and ultimately settled down to practice in Norwich in 1637. He won success by his skill in doctoring and in marrying well. Browne argued against marriage, but his record of eleven children born during his forty-one years of wedlock sufficiently refutes his theoretical objections. He was averse to taking sides in questions of Church or State, but showed his royalist bias when neutrality was out of question. While the country was convulsed with violent passions Browne busied himself with pondering every conceivable question that could arise out of a given conception. His prying mind roams over the whole range of possible existence. But for an undercurrent of humor Browne's rambling contemplations might seem like vague metaphysical searchings for the unexpected. Whatever the immediate topic may be, he pursues it with a wealth of lore, of fancy, of subtle speculation, of metaphor and of ingenious words, until we are mystified as to which is poetry and which prose, or whether the writer is philosophizing or joking. In the "Religio Medici" he unclothes his mind of the trappings gotten in the schools and gives it free course to find safe footing, if it can, in the middle ground

between Catholicism and Protestantism, faith and unfaith, realism and mystery. This came out in 1643, and set men thinking. It was followed in 1646 by the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Vulgar Errors," in which he treats of witchery and superstition with considerable boldness for one who yet could not dismiss a few pet absurdities of his own. Other works of a whimsical kind followed, but the best of all is the exquisite "Hydriotaphia," 1658, urging the now popular substitution of cremation for burial. In this treatise on "Urn Burial," Browne's style rises to a pitch of sustained grandeur which, not less than its learning, originality, and boldness, ensures it a place among the immortal writings.

IMMORTALITY.

(From the "Hydriotaphia, or Urn-burial.")

OBLIVION is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina* of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death [sleep] daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To

* The Roman goddess who assisted in child-birth.

weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the mind and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts, whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives [telescopes] begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end;—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot

destroy itself;—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustrations; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

ANDREW MARVELL.

MARVELL was privileged with the friendship of Milton, was courted by Charles II., and his pen won the admiration of Swift. His multifarious life is notable for its high level of ability and sterling honesty. He was born in a parsonage in 1621. After five years at Cambridge, he served with the embassy at Constantinople. His sympathies were always with the monarchy, but he accepted the Commonwealth loyally, and was for five years assistant to Milton, when he was Latin secretary to Cromwell. Marvell was elected to Parliament in 1660, and served as member for Hull until he died, suddenly, in 1678.

His diversified satires are usually clumsy, and sometimes coarse, but his prose is distinguished by dignity, purity and wit. In the year of his death he published anonymously a powerful attack upon the king, whom he had heretofore treated with banter. A reward was offered for the author's name, at which Marvell laughed. He was never above the necessity of accepting modest wages from his constituency, with presents of ale and salmon. His incorruptibility, in the face of many strong temptations, was unchallenged, and his personal character shone with rare whiteness amid his mottled surroundings. His "Whimsical Satire on Holland"

preceded "Hudibras," which, in some ways, resembles it. Among his minor poems are not a few true gems, enough to make it cause for regret that his circumstances or tastes forbade his cultivation of the gentler muse. The extract which follows is supposed to be the song of the Puritan exiles, driven from England to America by Charles I. It is conjectured by some to have suggested the idea and measure of Moore's "Canadian Boat Song."

The Emigrants in Bermudas.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat they rowed along,
The list'ning winds received their song,
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters racks,
That left the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;

And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh, let our voice His praise exalt,
Till we arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexic bay."
Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the mussel-shell.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labor, fished the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreece;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transferring into them their dunghill soul.
How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles;
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forcéd ground;
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To catch the waves than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their *mare liberum;**
A daily deluge over them does boil;
And earth and water play at level-coyl;†

* A free ocean, for which the Dutch jurists were then contending with the English.

† An old indoor game, in which the players contended for a seat.

The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau;*
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring, pickled Heeren† changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake:
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings;
For as with pigmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drownèd he that drains.
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands;
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak.
To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

COWLEY, the favorite poet after the Restoration, scarcely deserves the oblivion that has overtaken him. He was born in 1618, the son of a rich shopkeeper. On leaving Oxford, after having passed through Cambridge, he took to deep studies and the writing of verse. After the battle of Marston Moor he identified himself with the royalists, and accompanied Queen Henrietta to France, remaining for twelve years as the queen's secretary. In 1656 he endeavored to live quietly, as belonging to neither party, and published a volume of poems. When Cromwell died, two years later, Cowley fled

* Fresh cod, boiled. † Gentlemen.

to France again, and stayed until the restoration of Charles II., by whom he was pensioned. When he died in 1667 his fame as a poet was at its height, as shown by his interment with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey. His "Anacreontics" comprise some of the most spirited of his lines. His "Love Verses" are very artificial, the "Pindaric Odes" contain many choice passages, as does the "Davideis," an ambitious epic on the life of David. Some of his elegies are worthy of his gifts. His prose style is usually admirable in force, clearness, and frequent racy touches. He ranks among the earliest writers of excellent prose. His comedy, "The Cutter of Coleman Street," enjoyed popularity when played. The essay on Cromwell, allowing for the point of view, is a good specimen of Cowley's prose at its best. It is entitled "A Vision Concerning His Late Pretended Highness, Cromwell the Wicked." Cowley died aged fifty, a man of great gifts and qualities, who fell short of greatness as a poet.

The Vision of Oliver Cromwell.

Cowley represents himself as having seen on the day of Cromwell's funeral an apparition of the Protector which spoke as follows. The author afterwards confutes these statements.

What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors, when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to

serve all parties patiently for awhile, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too limited for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?

A LOVER'S CHRONICLE.

MARGARITA first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast,
  Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
  Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
  Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
  To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
  Fundamental laws she broke,

And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
  And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
  Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
  And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
  A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
  Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free.
'Twas then a golden time with me:
  But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
  And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
  Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
  And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
  And the artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
  She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid;
  To whom ensued a vacancy:

Thousand worse passions than possessed
The interregnum of my breast;
  Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
  Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
  And then a long *et cætera.*

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
  The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
  That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
  The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
  (Numberless, nameless mysteries!).

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
  I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
  Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
  A higher and a nobler strain
My present Emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first of the name;
  Whom God grant long to reign!

DAVID'S ADDRESS TO HIS LYRE.

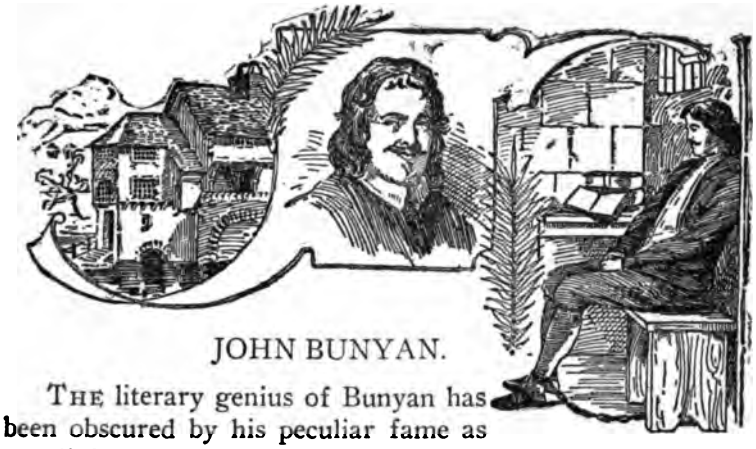
IN the following lyric, from the "Davideis," David tells his love for Saul's daughter.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony!

Hark! how the strings awake!
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make:
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound;
And she to wound, but not to cure:
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail;
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie;
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! and let thy master die!



JOHN BUNYAN.

THE literary genius of Bunyan has been obscured by his peculiar fame as a religious writer. His character is largely misunderstood to-day, even by his readers, though the "Pilgrim's Progress" is said to circulate in larger numbers than any book next after the Bible. He was not a tinker, nor a reprobate in youth, nor a fanatical pietist; nor was he twelve years in prison as we understand it, nor did he originate the religious allegory. Bunyan was born in 1628, the son of a plumber, established in a prosperous business, which John carried on for many years in the town of Bedford with marked success. Under religious conviction he took to earnest preaching of Baptist doctrines, against the law suppressing Dissenters. His fervor and homely wit gained him popularity, which was not lessened by the spice of persecution. After five years of this illegal course, he was sentenced for contumacy, yet the agents of the law used every means of persuasion to induce their distinguished prisoner to liberate himself by a simple promise to abstain from preaching.

Bunyan rather chose the jail, in which for twelve years, off and on, he dwelt as a prisoner on parole, preaching regularly to his fellow-prisoners, attending to his business and family affairs, and finding leisure to cultivate literature as it came to him in the form of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," sundry romances of the period, as "Sir Bevis of Hampton," and perhaps versions of allegories like the "Faery Queen." The mediæval French production of Guillaume de Guileville, "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," is thought by some literary investigators to have suggested the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Bunyan regained full freedom under the act of Charles II., of 1671, annulling the penal statutes against Catholics and nonconformists, on which he printed his thanks to the king for the return to toleration. The "Pilgrim's Progress," written mostly in jail, was not printed until 1678, and the second part in 1684, though other of his sixty separate publications had appeared as early as 1650, being mostly sermon-pamphlets. His secular and racy "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," interspersed with preaching, published in 1680, shows his power of laying bare the heart of a debased man of the world, and his perfect acquaintance with the tricks of trade. He combined the duties of a stated ministry with itinerancy during his last years, without neglecting his town business, and died in 1688, leaving his affairs prosperous and well-ordered.

Bunyan's mastery of "the well of English undefiled," is his sure title to fame, quite independently of his theme. Few great writers approach him in clearness, strength, simplicity and humorous suggestion. He knew human nature through and through. His "Pilgrim's Progress" is a portrait gallery in which each character labels itself in the frankest manner, and in words so clear-cut that they are grasped at once by the least literate of any generation or nationality. He did not write the doggerel lines which were so long credited to him. His verse is homely, but true and direct. He has no superior in the use of English at its best, rich because unadorned.

THE PILGRIMS AT VANITY FAIR.

THEY presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long: it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity, and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are;

and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity; and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there are at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain-row, the French-row, the Italian-row, the Spanish-row, the German-row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair: only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day too; yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town: yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities:

but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved; and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons; for,

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools; some, they were bedlams; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world: so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;" and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, said, We buy the truth. At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more, some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last, things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the Great One of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them

asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let [hinder] them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them, and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the object of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge; the Great One of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But, the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied, that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm: and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak

in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

EDMUND WALLER.

THOUGH Waller ranks among the poets, his importance is mainly derived from the singular combination of circumstances which gave him a prominence he would scarcely have earned. He was born rich, in 1605, and was nursed, as Clarendon expressed it, in Parliament, in which he sat before he was seventeen. His mother was a Royalist, but was related to Hampden and Cromwell. Waller took the Parliamentary side, but was caught in a plot to help the king, and was therefore imprisoned and fined £10,000. The next eleven years he spent in Paris in luxury, issuing his first volume of poems meanwhile. Cromwell, becoming Protector, allowed him to return to England in 1654, on which Waller published a gushing "Panegyric on the Lord Protector," and another on Cromwell's death. When Charles II. came to the throne Waller was to the fore with an equally gushing ode "Upon His Majesty's Happy Return." On Charles' remarking that it was not as good as the ode to Cromwell, the courtier had the wit to reply, "Poets, sire, succeed better in fiction than in truth." He entered Parliament, and soon became the funny man of the House. At his death, in 1687, in his eighty-third year, Waller was regarded as a really good poet, if not a great one. The truth is, he was a master of the art of versification. He set the fashion of polished phraseology, making much showy verse out of small subjects and thin ideas. Occasionally a fine figure dignifies the piece, as this one, from the "Divine Poems:"

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

Waller dedicated his amatory poems to his "Saccharissa," Lady Sydney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he courted ardently, but in vain. His influence on verse-making, in the direction of polish and dignity, was admitted by Dryden and Pope. The musical flow of his lines is their principal charm.

Go, Lovely Rose.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired.
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time thy share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Old Age and Death.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes,
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

PANEGYRIC ON CROMWELL.

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

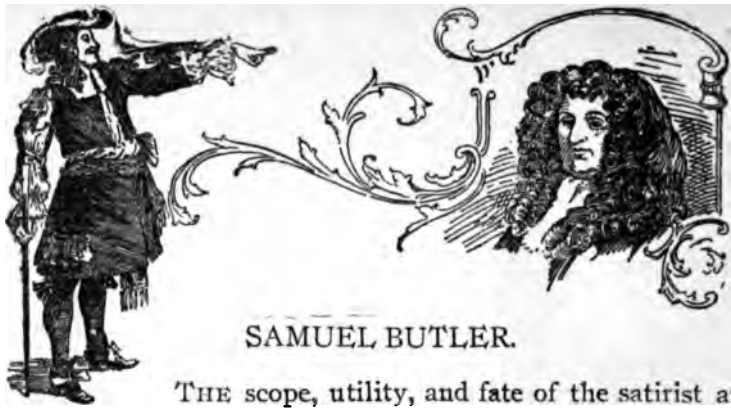
Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you is made a glorious state,
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe;
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succor at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.



SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE scope, utility, and fate of the satirist are well illustrated in the story of the author of "Hudibras." He was born in 1612, and after gaining an ordinary education he spent thirty years, first in the service of a lawyer, afterwards as secretary and companion in the mansions of the Countess of Kent and Sir Samuel Luke. The latter was a prominent Puritan and Parliament man, and served as model for the ludicrous figure of Hudibras, painted in undying colors by his disloyal servitor, who was an ardent royalist. Butler was in his fiftieth year when his satire was published. Whether the king rewarded the ridiculer of Puritanism with a gift of £300 and a political post, as is asserted, or whether it be true that Butler was allowed to pine in neglect is not clearly established. Certain it is that his wife's modest fortune was lost in bad investments, and that from the appearance of the first part of "Hudibras," in 1662, until his death, in 1680, two years after the issue of the third part, Butler lived in poverty, embittered by the pangs of hope deferred.

Satirists make few friends. Butler wrote from experience when he suggested that

> Poets by their sufferings grow,
> As if there were no more to do
> To make a poet excellent,
> But only want and discontent.

"Hudibras" is a burlesque of Don Quixote, as the work of Cervantes burlesques the old romances. Butler's purpose is to heap ridicule on the Puritans by fair means and foul, to make their doctrine ugly and their practice contemptible for

its hypocrisy. The story relates the misadventures of Sir Hudibras and his squire as they set out to wage war against the amusements of the people. As a scathingly witty exposure of religious and political quackery the poem has remarkable strength. If its fun is elephantine in its movements, the quick play of fancy in the endless conceits which embody now profound sense, and now brilliant wit, intermingled with the quaintest bits of outlandish learning, redeems the poem as a whole from flatness, though it is impossible to read it as a whole. A larger proportion of the couplets in "Hudibras" has been absorbed in the common speech than from any other single composition. Its proverbial wit and wisdom are familiar to the multitude who never had the poem in their hands. Here and there occurs a fine thought, worthily expressed, but there is little poetry in the interminable string of ingenious and often whimsically forced rhymes. The poet employs the eight-syllabled line of the old rhymed romances. Butler survives in quotations, and as a gloomy figure, unhappy in his loneliness, the result of his misuse of high talents to vex instead of allaying the passions of those times, still troubled after the storm had passed. His prose writings include several masterly studies of public characters.

The Accomplishments and Religion of Hudibras.

When civil dudgeon first grew high
And men fell out, they knew not why:
When hard words, jealousies and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him, mirror of knighthood;

That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great on the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace.
(So some rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain:
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they 're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And, therefore, bore it not about;
Unless on holydays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted,
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints—whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross and splenetic,
Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

The apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.

HUDIBRAS PUT IN THE STOCKS.

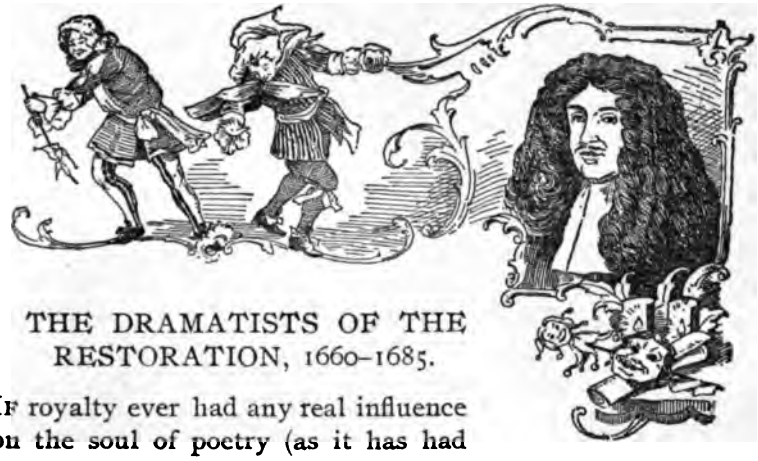
HUDIBRAS and his squire Ralpho having set out to reform the world, encounter an assemblage of rustics amused by a fiddler and a dancing bear. They rout the clowns and carry the fiddler to the stocks. But the crowd gather again and renew the fight, which has various turns until the maid Trulla appears, who vanquishes the knight. She decides that Hudibras and Ralpho must be punished in the stocks.

This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet;
Next he disrobed his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
Take that and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French we conquered once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Arrayed and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, erst
In hurry of the fight dispersed,
Arrived, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honor and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be satisfied;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower;
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandished o'er her head his sword,
And vowed they should not break her word:

Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast;
Where to the hard and ruthless stones
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolved that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
  This stopped their fury, and the basting
Which toward Hudibras was hasting.
The Knight and Squire then they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid;
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho pressed,
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle [the stocks],
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither, with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquered foes
Do use t' allow, or than the bears
Or pageants borne before Lord Mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arrived
In order, soldier-like contrived;
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanced, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skillful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort;
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all entered at;

And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they release from durance base,
Restored t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage:
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut:

Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confined and conjured into narrow
Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanced, they marched away.
But Hudibras who scorned to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.



THE DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION, 1660–1685.

If royalty ever had any real influence on the soul of poetry (as it has had upon its form and mission) that of the Stuarts was depressing, as was the effect of Puritanism. The latter, in some instances, attempted to shift it upon a new and higher line, as the noble strains of Milton show. The transition period after the death of Shakespeare was marked with the contrasts inevitable in all such developments, especially when a forcing process has been at work. The decline of the Shakespearean school was partly due to natural causes and partly to changes in public taste, and to the grim phase which politics assumed. The people grew weary of plays which stirred horror and loathing rather than pleasure. Even the harmless masques in court and castle lost their power to amuse. The so-called "metaphysical school" of poets catered with some success to the sober fancy of the time. George Herbert and others of his kind did their best to enshrine pious aspirations and reflections in verse not wholly destitute of poetry. The broader-minded Puritans thus strove to reconcile culture with simplicity, no easy task when bigotry was making sure of getting the upper hand, with the aid of well-meaning ignorance. Herrick kept the lamp of true lyric poetry flickering in his remote Pagan parsonage; yet if his dainty trifles were known at all to the masses, their only influence was to embitter the feeling against all who used their gifts, as was believed, in the devil's service.

When the political and religious strife was at white heat a thunderbomb was fired that recoiled on its Puritanical author and temporarily revived the drama. This was the famous

book, "Histrio-Mastix; the Player's Scourge or Actor's Tragedie," by William Prynne, an able constitutional lawyer, but a rancorous foe to the stage, and, logically, to the right of merrymaking in any guise. He furiously denounced actors as ministers of Satan, theatres as his chapels, and upbraided people who hunted, played cards, danced, enjoyed music, or hung their houses with holly at Christmas, as idolaters and worse. It was perhaps this atrocious assault on liberty that inspired Milton, Selden and others, to write their masques in defiance of the bigots. The king was not content to let the thing find its level in public contempt. The persecuting spirit was quite as active on the worldlings' side. Prynne was arrested and condemned by the Star Chamber to pay £5,000 fine, to stand twice in the pillory and lose his ears while his book was publicly burned. This was in 1633, and Milton's "Comus" appeared in the year following. The reaction in favor of the drama did not last long. Milton himself merged the serene gaiety of his masque in the grand gravity of his Puritan verse and militant prose. The dramatists and poets in the wake of Shakespeare produced then no commanding works.

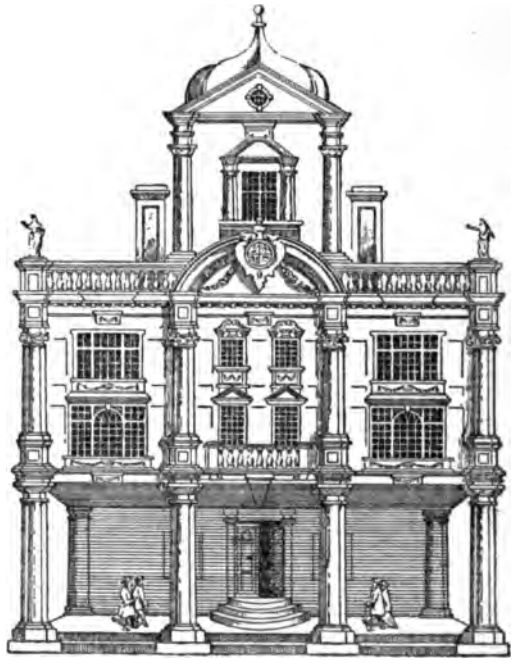
Parliament, in September, 1642, ordered the closing of theatres "as a becoming measure during the season of public calamity and impending civil war." Six years later it was decreed that all theatres were to be dismantled, and all dramatic entertainments were forbidden. This severity was not relaxed until 1656, but its failure to complete suppression was inevitable. Licentious literature began to be surreptitiously circulated, and coarse farces, played at country fairs during these years, contributed not a little to the outburst under the new king.

When the theatres resumed in 1660 the native plays that had last been in fashion, those of Shakespeare and his successors proved to be stale and heavy. Charles and his courtiers had come home from France imbued with its gayer spirit, and the high poetry and penetrating philosophy of the great dramas made too severe demands on their intellectual powers. They had brilliant gifts of their own, which had not been dulled by contact with the versatile-witted French, but the

ponderous gaiety of English writers was to them intolerable. They had been under the spell of Molière. That supreme master of comedy had created a model which every dramatist since has followed, but has come far short of equalling. His delineation of character, his tender grace alternating with scathing satire, his portrayal of manners and unfailing natural humor were destined to influence all future stagework, and that of England in particular, through the accident of the Restoration. If, on the one hand, the advent of the second Charles marked an impressive advance in philosophic, scientific and social views, which made for the future welfare of the race through the nation, on the other it produced an outbreak of corrupt humors which did not eradicate the mischief within. Stiff and slow as the flow of English fancy had been in poetry and drama during the beclouded days, it was at least genuinely English. Now came a French invasion of poetical forms and fancies, spiced with the prurient suggestiveness in which that people delight. The new fashion, imported under royal auspices, was bound to be adopted and heightened in the imitation, if possible; but the clumsier English manner only stripped the vulgarity of the airy wit which made it at all tolerable. We may listen to the French critic, Taine, on this: "Debauchery in a Frenchman is only half disgusting (*i.e.*, to a Frenchman); with them, if the animal breaks loose it is without abandoning itself to excess. The foundation is not, as with the Englishman, coarse and powerful. . . . The Frenchman is mild, naturally refined, little inclined to great or gross sensuality, affecting a sober style of talk, easily armed against filthy manners by his delicacy and good taste. . . . It is quite the contrary in England. When we scratch the covering of an Englishman's morality, the brute appears in its violence and deformity." Restoration comedy, destitute of poetry and romance, gave the English "an exact picture of ordinary life . . . Comedy will give him the same entertainment as real life, he will wallow equally well there in vulgarity and lewdness . . . filthy words will make him laugh through sympathy, shameless scenes will divert him by appealing to his recollections. . . . By representing nothing but vice, it authorized their vices. . . . Rochester

and Charles II. could quit the theatre edified in their hearts, more convinced than ever that virtue was only a pretence, the pretence of clever rascals who wanted to sell themselves dear."

The helpless state into which English drama had fallen is effectively illustrated by the absurd tinkering with the great plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, to make them presentable to Restoration audiences. Dryden was a true poet, the greatest in his day, and must



THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

have scorned public taste and his own humiliating prostration before it, as he condescended to make coarse and clumsy travesties of plays like "The Tempest" and poems like "Paradise Lost," which latter he actually degraded into an acting opera, entitled "The State of Innocence." Wycherley and other dramatists followed suit in mutilating and infecting noble English plays in the French manner. Tragedies were in more or less demand, but they had to be made of fustian to suit theatres that were schools of gallantry for coarse

minds. "Antony and Cleopatra" was another Shakespeare play which Dryden made over, and patched up into a new piece of his own.

The restoration of the drama under Charles II. was largely due to the skillful devices of Sir William Davenant (1605-1669), who succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate. He wrote a large number of plays, poems and masques, but his success is most marked as the reviver of the theater. Four years before this form of entertainment was re-legalized he boldly produced his own play, "The Siege of Rhodes," as a spectacular opera, a technical evasion of the law. Soon after the arrival of the king two theatrical companies were granted patents under the management of Davenant and Killigrew. New theatres were built, elaborate stage costumes introduced, and actresses fully employed, as had never been done in Shakespeare's time. For the next thirty years or more the actor's art flourished, and clever plays were written, but the licentious drama of the period, artificially captivating for a considerable time, was finally banished from the stage.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

WYCHERLEY lived longer, wrote more, and wrote more viciously, than any of his fellow-dramatists of the Restoration of whom he is the accepted representative. His merit, and that of his class, consists in the brilliance of dialogue and witty repartee, not in subtleness of plot, and still less in loftiness of purpose. Born in 1640, near Shrewsbury, he was schooled in France, where he exchanged Protestantism for the Catholic faith. On returning to England he returned to his national church, which he once more renounced under the patronage of James II. In 1672 his play, "Love in a Wood," was produced in London, in outrageous defiance of public decency. A rhymed account of a sea fight between the English and Dutch in which the author took part, serves to show that Wycherley followed the fashion by enlisting for a spell of patriotic service. "The Country Wife," played in 1675, and "The Plain Dealer" are his cleverest productions, but both are condemned for indecency. Students of contemporary

manners find them mirroring much which cannot be treated in general terms, and their other value lies in their literary smartness, which influenced subsequent comedy-writers down to the present. After saying this much, little remains but disgust at foulness introduced without in any way contributing to either the plot or entertainment. Pope in his youth sought Wycherley's company and was permitted to touch up some of his plays, but found the task too arduous. The brief friendship between the ardent poet and the battered rake ended in mutual estrangement. The success of one of his plays led to Wycherley's unfortunate marriage with the Countess of Drogheda, whose jealous watching of her inconstant and debauched spouse ruined his peace, until she died and left him a fortune. So he supposed, but the title was faulty, which caused his arrest for debt and detention in jail for seven long years. At last the king bought him out. In his seventy-fifth year Wycherley married a young adventuress to spite his nephew and died embarrassed in 1715.

As Wycherley is the typical Restoration dramatist, and drew, as did the rest of his compeers, liberally upon the French for inspiration, it is fitting to turn once more to M. Taine for a Frenchman's estimate of his soiled genius. The French critic says, "His nature, genuinely English, that is to say, energetic and sombre, rebelled against the easy and amiable carelessness which enables one to take life as a pleasure-party. His style is labored and troublesome to read. His tone is virulent and bitter. He forces his comedy to get at spiteful satire. . . . We find in him no poetry of expression, no glimpse of the ideal, no system of morality which could console, raise, or purify men. He shuts them up in their waywardness and uncleanness, and settles himself along with them. . . . He expects them to breathe this atmosphere . . . as if it were their natural element. . . . I can understand that an author may dare much in a novel. It is a psychological study, akin to criticism or history, having almost equal license, because it contributes almost equally to explain the anatomy of the heart. . . . But transport it to the stage . . . is it possible that a public. a select public, could come and listen to such scenes?"

WIDOW BLACKACRE AND HER SUITORS.

(From "The Plain-Dealer," Act II., Scene I.)

Enter Widow Blackacre, led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green bags.

Widow. 'Tis an arrant sea-ruffian; but I am glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, major; for the last service was not good in law. Boy, duck, Jerry, where is my paper of memorandums? Give me, child: so. Where is my cousin Olivia now, my kind relation?

Freeman. Here is one that would be your kind relation, madam.

Wid. What mean you, sir?

Free. Why, faith (to be short), to marry you, widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude person we saw at Captain Manly's?

Jerry. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What would you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ah, faith; for I am a younger brother, and you are a widow.

Wid. And you are an impertinent person; go about your business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, widow.

Wid. But I have other business, I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no business a-nights, widow; and I'll make you pleasanter business than any you have. For a-nights, I assure you, I am a man of great business; for the business—

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle fellow.

Free. Try me but, widow, and employ me as you find my abilities and industry.

Oldfox. Pray be civil to the lady, Mr. ———, she is a person of quality—a person that is no person—

Free. Yes, but she's a person that is a widow. Be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend only to be her squire, to arm her to her lawyer's chambers: but I will be impudent and bawdy; for she must love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you saucy familiar Jack! Gad forgive me! nowadays every idle, young, hectoring, roaring companion, with a pair of turned red breeches, and a broad back, thinks to carry away any widow of the best degree. But I'd have you to

know, sir, all widows are not got, like places at court, by impudence and importunity only.

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young man, and not fit—

Free. For a widow? yes sure, old man, the fitter.

Old. Go to; if others had not laid in their claims before you—

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, sir? sure I am a much more proportionable match for her than you, sir; I, who am an elder brother, of a comfortable fortune, and of equal years with her.

Wid. How's that, you unmannerly person? I'd have you to know, I was born in *Ann' undec' Caroli prim'*. [Eleventh year of Charles I.]

Old. Your pardon, lady, your pardon: be not offended with your very humble servant.—But I say, sir, you are a beggarly younger brother, twenty years younger than her, without any land or stock, but your great stock of impudence: therefore what pretension can you have to her?

Free. You have made it for me: first, because I am a younger brother.

Wid. Why, is that a sufficient plea to a relict? how appears it, sir? by what foolish custom?

Free. By custom time out of mind only. Then, sir, because I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty years younger than her, and having a sufficient stock of impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me in her widow's law or equity.

Old. Well, she has been so long in Chancery, that I'll stand to her equity and decree between us. Come, lady, pray snap up this young snap at first, or we shall be troubled with him. Give him a city widow's answer, that is, with all the ill-breeding imaginable.—[*Aside to the Widow.*] Come, madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish wooing, for nothing interrupts business more: first, for you, major—

Old. You declare in my favor, then?

Free. What, direct the court! come, young lawyer, thou shalt be a counsel for me. [*To Jerry.*

Jer. Gad, I shall betray your cause then, as well as an older lawyer; never stir.

Wid. First, I say, for you, major, my walking hospital of an ancient foundation; thou bag of mummy, that wouldst fall asunder, if 'twere not for cerecloths—

Old. How, lady!

Free. Ha! ha!—

Jer. Hey, brave mother! use all suitors thus, for my sake.

Wid. Thou withered, hobbling, distorted cripple; nay, thou art a cripple all over: wouldst thou make me the staff of thy age, the crutch of thy decrepitness? me—

Free. Well said, widow! Faith, thou wouldst make a man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibbling, driveling, feeble, paralytic, impotent, fumbling, frigid nincompoop!

Jer. Hey, brave mother, for calling of names, i'fac'!

Wid. Wouldst thou make a caudle-maker, a nurse of me? can't you be bedrid without a bedfellow? won't your swan-skins, furs, flannels, and the scorched trencher, keep you warm there?

Old. O heavens!

Free. I told you I should be thought the fitter man, major.

Jer. Ay, you old fobus, and you would have been my guardian, would you, to have taken care of my estate, that half of 't should never come to me, by letting long leases at pepper-corn rents?

Wid. If I would have married an old man, 'tis well known I might have married an earl, nay, what's more, a judge, and been covered the winter nights with the lamb skins, which I prefer to the ermines of nobles. And dost thou think I would wrong my poor minor there for you?

Free. Your minor is a chopping minor, God bless him!

[*Strokes Jerry on the head.*

Old. Your minor may be a major of horse or foot, for his bigness; and it seems you will have the cheating of your minor to yourself.

Wid. Pray, sir, bear witness:—cheat my minor! I'll bring my action of the case for the slander.

Free. Nay, I would bear false witness for thee now, widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter man for you.

Wid. Fair and softly, sir, 'tis my minor's case, more than my own; and I must do him justice now on you.

Free. How!

Old. So then.

Wid. You are, first (I warrant), some renegado from the inns of court and the law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the law, that is, be hanged.

Jer. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, madam—

Old. Hear the court.

Wid. Thou art some debauched, drunken, lewd, hectoring, gaming companion, and wantest some widow's old gold to nick upon; but I thank you, sir, that's for my lawyers.

Free. Faith, we should ne'er quarrel about that; for guineas* would serve my turn. But, widow—

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouthed boaster of thy lust, a mere bragadochio of thy strength for wine and women, and wilt belie thyself more than thou dost women, and art every way a base deceiver of women; and would deceive me too, would you?

Free. Nay, faith, widow, this is judging without seeing the evidence.

Wid. You are a cheating, cozening spendthrift; and, having sold your own annuity, would waste my jointure.

Jer. And make havoc of our estate personal, and all our gilt plate; I should soon be picking up all our mortgaged apostle-spoons, bowls, and beakers, out of most of the ale-houses betwixt Hercules-pillars and the Boatswain in Wapping; nay, and you'd be scouring amongst my trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling watchmen at midnight; would you so, bully?

Free. Nay, prithee, widow, hear me.

Wid. No, sir; I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-backed fellow, if I would have married a young man, 'tis well known I could have had any young heir in Norfolk, nay, the hopefullest young man this day at the King's-bench bar; I that am a relict and executrix of known plentiful assets and parts, who understand myself and the law. And would you have me under covert-baron again? No, sir, no covert-baron for me.

Free. But, dear widow, hear me. I value you only, not your jointure.

Wid. Nay, sir, hold there; I know your love to a widow is covetousness of her jointure: and a widow, a little stricken in years, with a good jointure, is like an old mansion-house in a good purchase, never valued, but take one, take t'other; and, perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of necessary repairs or expenses upon 't.

Free. No, widow, one would be sure to keep all tight, when one is to forfeit one's lease by dilapidation.

* Guineas were then new coins, made of gold brought from Guinea.

Wid. Fy! fy! I neglect my business with this foolish discourse of love. Jerry, child, let me see the list of the jury: I'm sure my cousin Olivia has some relations amongst them. But where is she?

Free. Nay, widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, sir, no more, pray. I will no more harken to your foolish love-motions, than to offers of arbitration.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

It was no slight honor for this English playwright to receive a visit of homage from the brilliant Voltaire, to whom he offensively said, "I am not a literary man, I am a gentleman." This incident throws light on the social status of the man of genius then as compared with that of the man of rank. The possibility of being both could scarcely have occurred to superfine danglers on the court, but they did not foresee how "Time, Life's fool," would play topsy-turvy with their misconception as to which was the gentleman. Congreve is entitled to precedence as a literary man over all his contemporary countrymen in his particular line, for he was not too grand to drive bargains in the vulgar market-place.

Where the wittiest of comedy writers was born is not certain, but the date was 1670, and he was educated in Kilkenny and Dublin. Dryden helped to get his first play, "The Old Bachelor," performed in 1693, which was as once hailed as equal to Etherege's best piece, which had outshone the best of Wycherley's popular but gross comedies. This won him patronage at court. "The Double-Dealer" came next, which Dryden warmly defended against adverse criticism, and a year later came a master-piece, "Love for Love," a sparkling play, overflowing with genuine wit and comedy spirit, though soiled by the inevitable vulgarity. His attempt at tragedy in "The Mourning Bride," showed more versatility than power, but won high praise from Dr. Johnson. Then in defiance of the severe but reasonable censures of the nonjuror bishop, Jeremy Collier, on the vicious drama of the time, Congreve issued his master-piece, "The Way of the World," which stands at the head of all English comedies by sterling literary quality and absolute insight into human nature. Still,

on the stage it was a comparative failure, and it ended his dramatic career when he was only thirty. From then until his death, in 1729, Congreve published only a volume of poems. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

SCANDAL AND LITERATURE IN HIGH LIFE.

(From "The Double Dealer.")

Lady Froth. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called "heaven's charioteer."

Lady F. Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. (*Pulls out a paper.*) Let me see here; you know what goes before—the comparison you know. (*Reads.*)

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

Lady F. No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

For as the sun shines every day
So of our coachman I may say,
He shows his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady F. (*Reads.*)

> And when at night his labor's done,
> Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Aye, charioteer does better—

> Into the dairy he descends,
> And there his whipping and his driving ends;
> There he's secure from danger of a bilk;
> His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make: don't you think *bilk* (I know it's a good rhyme)—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

Lady F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our John was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answered, if John was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes; though to prevent criticism, only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, "John was formerly a hackney coachman."

Lady F. I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honor, let me perish!

Lord F. Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr. Sneer.

Lady F. Aye, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F. O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

Lord F. Foh!

Lady F. Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

Cynthia (*aside*). Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady F. Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that pants so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

Lady F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk!

Brisk. Her, egad! so I did. My lord can sing it.

Cynthia. O good, my lord; let us hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a song neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. (*sings*).

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
  Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one.
  Where's the wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in 't. My way of writing, egad!

THOMAS OTWAY.

HERE is a brief life flickering against the clouded horizon of the Restoration like a candle in an April gale. Otway left his father's village rectory, after his training for the Church in Winchester and Oxford, to become an actor in London. He was only twenty, having been born in 1651, and his acting was a failure. He went back to the university, but after three years' further study he refused holy orders and enlisted in the army. Within a year he sold out and began his literary

vagabondage in London. In 1675 a play of his was produced, and being a disciple of Dryden, he needs must follow with a rhymed tragedy in the master's most robustious manner. This was "Don Carlos," which made a great hit, though poor stuff indeed as literature. To this succeeded a licentious comedy taken from Molière and a drama from Racine. After a wild turn at soldiering with the army in Flanders Otway came back and wrote "The Soldier's Fortune." Next year, 1680, he wrote "The Orphan," and for the first time it was seen that a true genius and great poet was wearing his heart out in battling with evil fate. His supremacy in natural and profound pathos was heightened by his own deep draughts of the bitter cup. All was not gold, nor golden illusion, in the glitter of city life. Whether his was the temperament that impatiently flies to worse ills to drown those of the moment, or the desponding sort that shuns the crowd to brood in concealed despair over unconquerable impediments to success, we cannot know. He was in utter poverty, that is certain, and kindred miseries flocked around him. He was thirty-one when his "Venice Preserved" asserted itself as one of the great master-pieces of the poetical drama. In it the best gifts of a much-troubled mind took wing above the fogs of London into the clear expanse of poetry. The tragedy was broken with episodes of licentious comedy to meet the theatre demand, but since these have been eliminated it has commanded, and will long command, the enthusiasm of lovers of the sublime in pure pathetic verse. Otway's greatness here is discounted by his mediocrity as a depicter of character for dramatic purposes, and his humorous attempts are ghastly. His life was made up of hollow gaieties and a gnawing core of remorse that turned all to gloom. Tender-hearted beyond most his home letters show him to have been, and the one woman whose reciprocal love might have transformed everything for good refused it and spurned him. She was one who acted in his plays. After the "Venice," by which he profited little or nothing, he wrote nothing worthy of his talent, but sank lower and lower, from actual privation, perhaps because of weak-spiritedness, and perished in some undecided miserable way on Tower Hill, April 14, 1685, aged thirty-four.

JAFFIER AND BELVIDERA.

(From "Venice Preserved.")

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more! begone and leave me!
Jaffier. Not hear me! by my sufferings, but you shall!
My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
Pri. Have you not wronged me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you?
Pri. Yes, wronged me! in the nicest point,
The honor of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you,
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavors,
You treacherously practiced to undo me;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh! Belvidera!
Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless had you been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you; your unskillful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat

You made for safety: entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter, and grievous still!
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grand-sire,
And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness and want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by Heaven!

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she, too, with thee;
For, living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers
I once was happy!

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.

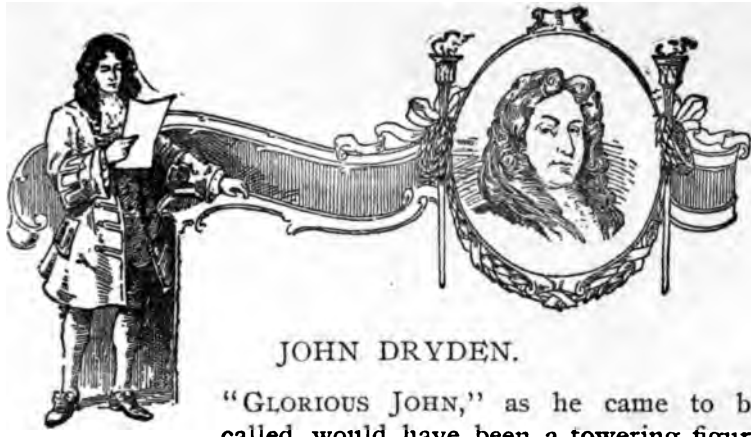
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?
Pri. You dare not do 't.
Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years have passed since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature),
The world might see I loved her for herself,
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.
Pri. No more.
Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu forever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than me; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.
Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome lige; get brats and starve.
Home, home, I say! [*Exit.*
Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart; home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world.
Yet still I am in love and pleased with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh, she is my wife—

And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more. [*Enter Belvidera.*
Belvidera. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile, as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!
Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbor?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?
Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.
Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love!
Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre friend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad

(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succor, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,—
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel. Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head;
And as thou sighing, liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the morning.

Jaf. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world:
Busy rebellion ne'er would let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark, already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that:
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.



JOHN DRYDEN.

"GLORIOUS JOHN," as he came to be called, would have been a towering figure in any historical period. His was a strong intellect, affected in the direction of weakness by the tremendous currents of those strange times. If he could have kept the poet clear of the politician, or the dramatist distinct from the theological controversialist, he might have scaled the heights to the summit, instead of alighting on the lesser peaks to show how easily he might soar if he chose. John Dryden (1631–1700) was the grandson of a Puritan baronet, and though he turned Catholic in later life he kept his Puritan mode of thought and fondness for religious discussion to the last. His advent as a poet dates from his "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell," of genuine power and beauty, according to the stilted fashion that prevailed. His hero-worship of the Protector changed two years later into an equally gracious panegyric, welcoming the king, in which he protested his disgust with the "rebels." For this poem, "Astræa Redux," and another in the year following "To His Sacred Majesty," Dryden, then twenty-nine, received a royal grant.

After other literary work, some of it drudgery, he took to writing plays, in compliance with the prevailing fashion. The first was a comedy, "The Wild Gallant," its partial success leading to his agreement to furnish three plays a year to the King's Company. Twenty-seven were thus concocted. Dryden confesses that his taste and talent did not go in that direction. "To the stage my genius never much inclined me." He had to live, and as long as the public demanded this sort of work he would do it. "I know I am

not so fitted by nature to write comedy; I want that gaiety of humor which is required to it. My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. So that those who decry my comedies do me no injury, except it be in point of profit; reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend." He joined Sir Robert Howard in producing a tragedy in heroic verse, "The Indian Queen," which took the town by storm, and may be regarded as the first of the spectacular melodramas with battles, flying spirits, real Oriental costumes and scenic effects, which are still popular. His other plays were cast in the supposed heroic vein in rhyme, the propriety of which form he had to defend against the advocates of blank verse. To touch the sublime was not only beyond his reach as an artist in expression, but he had not the conception. Hence the inflated verbiage, the ranting, roaring, imitation of passion, and the falsetto of his pathos in these dramas. His "Conquest of Granada," though not without good points, provoked the Duke of Buckingham to voice the literary judgment of the day in his racy burlesque "The Rehearsal," which ridiculed Dryden in the character of Bayes, the poet. His next play, "Aurungzebe," was his last in rhyme. When he was fifty-seven he set himself to write "All for Love, or the World Well Lost," to prove the superiority of his interpretation of the story of Antony and Cleopatra over Shakespeare's. Apart from its purpose to improve upon the master by restricting the interest to the dominion of passion alone, Dryden's play is a noble work. Meanwhile several of his comedies were suppressed or failed because of their obscenity, yet in his own conduct the author was strictly moral.

In 1681 Dryden showed his great gifts as a satirist in his poem, "Absalom and Achitophel," directed against Lord Shaftesbury, then under arrest for treason for conspiring to exclude the Duke of York from the throne as a papist. This was the first great English satire. In it the Duke of Monmouth, the rebel, who was really a natural son of the king, appears as Absalom, Charles as the Hebrew King, Shaftesbury as the tricky Achitophel, who inspired the revolt. Dryden lashed the hated Shaftesbury, and his personal enemy, Buckingham of "The Rehearsal," called Zimri in the satire,

with all the force of genius, and nine editions were sold in a year. While he admitted and condemned the "Popish Plot," Dryden was out of sympathy with those who would again have plunged the country into civil war. The "Religio Laici," written soon after this, indicated his revulsion from the Puritanism which seemed to encourage unrest. But his final religious change is shown in "The Hind and Panther," which is a strong poetical argument, in the form of fable, for Catholicism. It was written after he joined the Roman communion. A quatrain from this poem has twofold interest, first as being an expression of his feelings on making the change, and also, as a literary singularity, in its close resemblance of spirit and structure to a stanza in Cardinal Newman's exquisite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light:"

> "My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
> My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
> Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
> My pride struck out new sparkles of her own."

When the Revolution of 1688 came, Dryden lost his laureateship and other sources of emolument. Again he turned to the stage and miscellaneous literary work. He published translations of the classical poets, from Homer to Virgil. In his sixty-seventh year he wrote the noble ode on St. Cecilia's day, known as "Alexander's Feast;" still later came his versions of tales from Boccaccio and Chaucer, published as "Fables." Despite his versatility, industry, and popularity, Dryden had to struggle for bread to the end. The devotion of his disciple, Alexander Pope; greatly contributed to the growth of his posthumous fame. He died in 1700, the acknowledged head of literary England, if not among the elect poets, still a mighty wielder of verse in serious satire, and capable of poetical flight as lofty as in the ode. Yet his enviable epitaph is found in the tribute of a great modern writer, who says: "It was by no mere figure that the group (of his fellow-authors) called itself a republic of letters, and honored in Dryden the chosen chief of their republic. He had done more than any man to create a literary class. It was his resolve to live by his pen, that first raised literature into a profession."

ABSALOM.

IN this portrait is delineated the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II.,who was the chosen leader of the Protestant party that wished to exclude James, the Duke of York, from the throne. He actually headed a rebellion in 1685.

Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon:
Whether, inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust,
Or that his conscious destiny made way
By manly beauty to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown;
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed;
To all his wishes nothing he denied
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er;
And Ammon's murder by a specious name
Was called a just revenge for injured fame.
Thus praised and loved, the noble youth remained,
While David undisturbed in Sion reigned.

ACHITOPHEL.

THIS character is intended for the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was charged with instigating the Duke of Monmouth to rebellion.

Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages cursed;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin [judge]
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the Plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears,
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.

ZIMRI.

GEORGE VILLIERS, the Duke of Buckingham, is here wittily satirized. He criticized Dryden and was the enemy of Clarendon.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;

Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

MILTON.

(Lines printed under the engraved portrait of Milton, in Tonson's folio edition of the "Paradise Lost," 1688.)

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

THIS ode, in honor of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697, had for its secondary title "The Power of Music." The last four or more lines of each stanza were repeated as a chorus.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound

(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thaïs, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musicians sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed!
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Cymon and Iphigenia.

The story of Cymon and Iphigenia is taken from Boccaccio. The oldest son of Aristippus, a wealthy lord of Cyprus, though tall and comely, was stupid, so that people called him Cymon, which is said to mean "beast." Finding he could be taught nothing, his father sent him to a farm to live with slaves. Cymon, walking through the woods, found, near a spring, a maiden asleep and attended by two women and a man-servant. The sight of her beauty awakened love in the idiot's heart, and also a resolve to become worthy of her. Returning to his father's court, he applied himself diligently to his studies and made astonishing progress. At length he sued for the maiden's hand, but found she was already promised to Pasimond of Rhodes. Determined still to win her and tell her what she had done for him, he fitted out a vessel and captured her, while sailing to her future husband's home. Scarcely had he taken her when a storm arose and drove his vessel out of its course. The ship was stranded on the shore of Rhodes close by the ship of Pasimond. The latter, after a fight, recovered Iphigenia, and Cymon was cast into prison. But there Lysimachus, the ruler of Rhodes, made friends with Cymon, and they plotted to recapture Iphigenia. Lysimachus was in love with Cassandra, the promised bride of Pasimond's younger brother, who was to be married on the same day as Pasimond. In the midst of the feast Lysimachus and Cymon entered the hall; Cymon, having killed Pasimond and his brother, fled with Iphigenia in a vessel which was waiting for them. Together with Lysimachus and Cassandra they sailed to Candia, where both pairs of lovers were married and lived till peace was made with the friends of the slain. Then they settled in their respective homes.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every Grace and all the Loves resort;

Where either sex is formed of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There lived a Cyprian lord above the rest,
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd;
But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excelled the rest in shape and outward show.
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion joined,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground
He looked like Nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece designed,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were joined.
  The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercised in vain on wit's despair;
The more informed, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorned of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus changed his name,
And Cymon called,—which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
  His father, when he found his labor lost,
And care employed that answered not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loathed to see what nature made him love.
So to his country farm the fool confined;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went.
  It happened on a summer's holiday,
That to the greenwood shade he took his way.
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrained,
The deep recesses of the grove he gained;
Where in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid,
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,

Her body shaded with a slight cymar;
Her bosom only to the view was bare:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind and purling streams continue her
repose.
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fixed on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witnessed with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and feared offense.
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound,
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepared the future way
To knowledge, and disclosed the promise of a day.
What not his father's care nor tutor's art
Could plant with pains in his unpolished heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspired,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired:
Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
He would have waked her, but restrained his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught.
An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood;
For such she seemed by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race:
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart;
Fixed as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night for fear to stray.
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.
At length awaking, Iphigene the fair

(So was the beauty called who caused his care)
Unclosed her eyes and double day revealed,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were sealed.
The slavering cudden, propped upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill-sorted with his face.)
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fixed regard on her new opened eyes,
And in his breast received the envenomed dart,
A tickling pain that pleased amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and feared his brutal lust.
This to prevent, she waked her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty took a short adieu.
Then Cymon first his rustic voice essayed,
With proffered service to the parting maid
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confined.
The father wondered at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully received, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his altered will.
Nor was he long delayed: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dressed,
And, as his birth required, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorned, he next designed
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorred.
Thus the man-child advanced, and learned so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpassed:

His brutal manners from his breast exiled,
His mien he fashioned, and his tongue he filed;
In every exercise of all admired,
He seemed, nor only seemed, but was inspired,
Inspired by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenced, he moved with graceful ease,
More famed for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

LORD CLARENDON.

CLARENDON'S "History of the Rebellion" has the honor of being the first English example of the best kind of historical writing, that which elucidates causes as it chronicles results, and portrays the characteristics of the men who made history. This is the chief title of Clarendon to literary immortality. The historical literature of the seventeenth century largely consists of records of events deeply tinged with partisan feeling on both sides, so that to arrive at the truth it is necessary to read both sides.

Edward Hyde, who became the first Earl of Clarendon, was born in 1608. He was educated at Oxford for the Church, and studied law under his uncle, Nicholas Hyde, who was afterwards chief justice. Entering Parliament in 1640, he acted at first with the popular party, but soon espoused the royalist cause and became a confidential adviser of the king. He was the author of able state papers issued by the king at the beginning of the civil war. He accompanied the Prince of Wales in his flight and remained in exile until the Restoration. He had already been made Lord Chancellor by Charles II., and now became prime minister. In 1661 the value of his services was acknowledged by his being made Earl of Clarendon. Still further honor awaited him, for by his daughter's marriage to James, Duke of York, he became grandfather of two future queens, Mary and Anne. For some time no minister was ever possessed of more absolute authority, yet his power was of short duration. His long exile had unfitted him for the chief direction of affairs. "His virtues and vices alike contributed to his ruin." In 1667 he was deprived of the great seal and impeached by the

Commons. Before the case was decided he retired to France, but Parliament doomed him to perpetual exile. He died at Rouen in December, 1674. In the controversies of the age he was a staunch adherent of the Church of England and of the royal prerogatives. In his public career he yielded to temptations that served his personal interest. Yet in the end he lost the favor of both king and people.

Allowing for the author's leanings toward the royalist cause, the "History" is as fair, perhaps, as was possible for a contemporary. The great value of his work consists in its literary charm and penetrating portrayals of character. His descriptive power is unsurpassed, both of men and scenes. His style might be more compact, yet there is beauty in the slow-rolling sentences, which befit the time and gravity of incident. The work was not published until 1704–7.

The Character of Charles I.

It will not be unnecessary to add a short character of King Charles, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation underwent in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation than the most strict laws can have.

He was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except that it was so disguised to him that he be believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and, therefore, he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence; and then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities.

He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices in the ecclesiastical courts against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humors made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but in his riper years not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This

made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not harken to severe councils, how reasonably soever urged. . . .

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men; and afterwards the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their masters, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been.

To conclude: He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy, who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

THE LITERATURE OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

QUEEN ANNE, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, gave her name to a literary period in English history, as Elizabeth had done in the sixteenth, and Victoria has done in the nineteenth. Yet Anne had little regard for literature or for authors. The great conflict of the previous century which had closed with the Revolution of 1688, gave way to the less important, yet hardly less bitter, struggle between Whigs and Tories, and between the Church and Dissent. Anne, though personally inclined to the Tories, long upheld the Whigs, to whom she owed her throne. Appeal was made to the people by both parties and in every possible way—by pamphlets, songs, ballads, satires and newspapers. London was the centre of this stirring strife, and there every writer was compelled to be an active participant. Men of the highest talent were thus politicians by necessity, and their works bear the stamp of their party. The great leaders enlisted for their respective sides the best poets and prose-writers, and rewarded them for their contributions of praise for their patrons or their fierce attacks on their enemies; personal satire flourished. The general result was the lowering of the ablest writers, who abused their gifts for paltry ends, and the starvation of the meaner scribblers, who have bequeathed the name of Grub Street, as indicative of their class.

Yet other effects can be seen which were of permanent

value in English literature. The fierce personal contest among the writers led to a close study of form and style. This study was assisted by the corresponding change which had taken place in France. The labors of Malherbe and Boileau and the French Academy were of indirect benefit to the English language. The prose of Swift and Steele and Addison owes much of its simplicity and clearness to the example of their French predecessors. Still another result, partly due to the French influence, can be observed. The varieties of city life and character came to be closely studied and depicted. Entertainment had formerly been sought by the representation of remote scenes and ideal life, whether of courts or shepherds or fairy land. Now attention was turned to the actual life of towns and to the variety of character developed under its influence. Something of this had been seen in the Elizabethan dramatists, still more in the dramatists of the Restoration, who followed the lead of Molière. Now the portrayal of characters, whether by way of satire and censure, or of genial and picturesque description, became prevalent in various forms of literature, but especially in the essay, whether prose or poetical.

Although essays, brief discussions of themes, more or less important, had already appeared in English literature, dignified by the names of Francis Bacon, Abraham Cowley and others, yet this form of writing was but an incidental part of their works. In the reign of Queen Anne arose a class who gave to the essay a prominence and importance which it has never since lost. Addison and Steele are generally regarded as deserving the most credit for this innovation, but practically it was a result of the rise of the newspaper into literary importance.

Newspapers began in England during the Parliamentary war, though there had been news-letters and pamphlets of foreign news before that exciting period. Among the earliest newspapers were official gazettes, while others were the results of private enterprise. The *London Gazette*, commenced in 1665, has appeared regularly twice a week since that time. Roger L'Estrange, otherwise noted in literary history, was appointed "surveyor of the press" after the Restoration.

Newspapers increased in number and importance under the reign of Queen Anne. Then first did they become vehicles of genuine literature. Daniel Defoe, in his *Weekly Review*, commenced in 1704, occasionally discussed questions of literature and manners. Following this example, Sir Richard Steele, in 1709, started *The Tatler*, treating only of social topics suited for general conversation. It appeared thrice a week, until January, 1711, and was speedily succeeded by *The Spectator*, which was conducted as a daily by Steele and Addison, until December, 1712, when it was extinguished by a stamp-tax. In his contributions Addison exhibited that easy polished style which was long a standard and model for writers of English. These papers did much to raise and refine the tone of conversation in English society.

The great prose writers of the reign of Queen Anne were Addison, Steele, Swift and Defoe. While Addison is best known as a genial essayist, he was highly regarded by his contemporaries as a poet and dramatist. Steele was a social humorist, and paved the way for Addison's finer genius. Dean Swift, though a prominent churchman, was a fierce and truculent politician and savage satirist. Defoe, immortalized by his "Robinson Crusoe," was a busy pamphleteer, who wrote many fictions which passed as facts.

The great poet of the age of Queen Anne, Alexander Pope, began writing verse at the age of twelve, and published his "Essay on Criticism" when he was twenty-three. In a few years he gained fame and profit by his translation of Homer, which still remains the most popular English version, in spite of many defects. Pope's sharpest satire is the "Dunciad," in which he takes his revenge on the poetasters who had seriously annoyed him. During this part of his career Pope was associated with Swift, Gay, Parnell, Prior, and others, who formed the Scriblerus Club. To the influence of Lord Bolingbroke is due Pope's "Essay on Man" and his "Moral Essays." In most of his poetry he used the heroic couplet which he polished to the utmost perfection. For a long time he remained as supreme in poetic style as Addison was in prose.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

THE literary partnership between Steele and Addison did much for each of these differently gifted men, and more for literature than either of them perceived. Steele was born in 1672, met Addison as a schoolmate in the Charterhouse, enlisted in the army, and was disinherited in consequence, sought pleasure as a man of the town, and then as a help in reforming himself wrote "The Christian Hero." When his comrades ridiculed him for it, he tried to retrieve his reputation as a gallant by composing comedies. These had fair success, though their moral tone was higher than had been customary on the stage. King William approved them, and in 1707 appointed the author to edit *The Gazette*. This journal was necessarily the dryest of periodicals, until it occurred to Steele to enliven it with items of political news and coffee-room gossip. In imitation of Defoe's *Review* he next issued a paper of his own, and thus the famous *Tatler* was born on April 12, 1709. His pseudonym, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., was borrowed from Swift, and the invaluable aid of Addison made the *Tatler* the mouthpiece of the leading wits, politicians, and social censors of the time. The credit of originating and establishing the new organ belongs solely to Steele, as Addison did not contribute until seventeen numbers had appeared, and wrote only in forty-two of the two hundred and seventy-one numbers that had appeared when Steele's political patrons went out of office, and he lost his appointment. Within two months appeared the *Spectator*, March 1, 1711, projected by Addison. In this Steele wrote the first sketch of Sir Roger de Coverley, but Addison took it up and transformed it from the commonplace into the exquisitely sympathetic and humorous study of

quaint character which still delights all readers. A stamp-tax extinguished the *Spectator*, but its place was filled by the *Guardian*, March, 1713, of which Steele wrote eighty-two and Addison fifty-three numbers, and with its short career ended the journalistic association of the two friends.

Steele was a sympathizer with the Revolution of 1688, and being as versatile as he was unbusinesslike he launched many periodicals, political and social, without regard to probabilities of success. It is interesting to note some of the titles he originated: *The Englishman*, *The Lover*, *The Reader*, *Town Talk*, *Chit Chat*, *The Tea Table*, *The Plebeian* and *The Theatre*. Paine's famous pamphlet during the American Revolution, "The Crisis," was anticipated by the one so named by Steele, which led to his expulsion as a member of Parliament because of its seditious character. After years of struggle with self-inflicted poverty, the death of Queen Anne led to a change in his fortunes; lucrative offices were given him, and he was knighted by King George in 1715. When he was fifty years of age he wrote the best and most successful of his comedies, "The Conscious Lovers." Still money troubles pursued imprudent and generous Steele, so that in 1724 he retired to Wales, where he died in 1729. "His temper," says Macaulay, "was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak." It is no less true that Steele was the first of our entertaining writers (as Thackeray points out) who really seemed to admire and respect principles.

THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or

obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioued widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as a matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay and hearty; keeps a good house, both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich; his servants look satisfied; all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is Justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great ability; and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorous father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land,

and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his most intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business they are most of them fit for publication. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in. He has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic; and the time of the play is his hour of business. Exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins. He has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's, as you go in to the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man), he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than

valor; and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though, at the same time, I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew Freeport in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but of invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him. Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be

backward in affecting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, Time has made but a very little impression upon him, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces on his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, or that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered with such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten; another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or blow of the fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. . . .

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but

seldom; but when he does, he adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and such business as preferments in his function would oblige him to. He is therefore among divines what a chamber counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers; as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world; as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

THE MARRIAGE OF SISTER JENNY.

(From "The Tatler.")

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit and pleasing conversation: but I being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her that if she kept her honor, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's "Epistles." That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon. . . . "Acilianus," for that was the gentleman's name, "is a man of extraordinary vigor and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty: he has very much of the gentleman, with a lively color, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality; which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no

means to be overlooked, and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity."

A woman that will give herself liberties need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have, in the genealogy of our house, the descriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of King Arthur, in whose days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph, for that was his name, was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age, though the complexion of the family was obscure till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework and fine skins. In the male line there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard III., the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with a hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish, nor indeed was there any in the neighborhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders and a Roman nose; what made the nose the less excusable was the remarkable smallness of his eyes. These several defects were mended by succeeding matches: the eyes were open in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and a half, but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the nose, which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of the reign of Henry VII., or rather the beginning of that of Henry VIII.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into chin, which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features, till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindle-shanks and cramps in our bones; insomuch, that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milkmaid, of whom the then Garter King-at-Arms, a facetious person, said pleasantly enough, "that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions."

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humors. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skillful gardeners blot a color out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth on melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into a house and see such different complexions and humors in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikestaff, from what mixture it is that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen with an eye to her being a wit, and provided that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue, for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into ob-

servation what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus, my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotion, sits with her nose full of snuff and a man's nightcap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction, therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often, with my spectacles on, lacing her stays, for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see that to be well dressed, in good humor, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six, but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had entirely been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of the city, town or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

INKLE AND YARICO.

(From "The Spectator.")

MR. THOMAS INKLE, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs in the good ship called the "Achilles," bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instill into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigor in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course

of the voyage, that the "Achilles," in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went on shore upon this occasion. From their first landing, they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamored of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its color to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-colored feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him, in the dusk of the evening, or by the favor of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him asleep in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated

to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and, in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him; but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THOUGH the early years of the eighteenth century were not entitled to be regarded as the Augustan age of literature, as claimed, they enjoy the honor of marking the transition from the licentious characteristics of the Restoration period to the purer taste, ethical and literary, which owes so much to the influence of Addison. His standing is not merely that of a poet, nor even of an essayist. In both capacities he has left an enviable record, yet there is a personal quality which towers above the graceful charm of his literary creations; an Addisonian influence, to sum it briefly, which distinctly raised the tone of public writing to the courtly level as to style, and to that of gentlemanliness in spirit. He owed his rise to his poetry, but his fame rests on his dignified yet easy prose.

Addison, born in 1672, came from a clerical stock, and spent his earliest efforts in penning Latin and English verse, beginning with an address of homage to Dryden. This he followed with "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," interesting only as showing how little even educated people then knew or cared about old English poetry. An opportune laudatory ode to the king won him a pension of £300 a year, on which he went traveling on the Continent. The "Poetical Letter from Italy" narrowly escaped being a great poem, and is the most pretentious of all he wrote. "The Campaign," his poem on the victory of Blenheim, has been justly called "a rhymed gazette," yet it won him a political office of emolument as a solace for the stoppage of the pension on the king's death. Addison was now launched on the sea of politics. He became Under-Secretary of State in 1706, entering Parliament in 1708, where he failed as a debater, though he held his seat for life. Next year he went to Ireland as secretary to

the lord-lieutenant, where he met Swift. He wrote but little until his friend Steele brought out *The Tatler*, in 1709, to which Addison contributed largely, and raised its character to the highest pitch of literary excellence. "Never, not even by Dryden, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace and facility." It was by these dainty essays that Addison won Dr. Johnson's hackneyed tribute, counseling, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." *The Tatler* fluctuated in quality and appearance, and *The Spectator* took its place; the pair of friends writing the papers, each in his characteristic vein, the most famous of their creations being "Sir Roger de Coverley," forever the typical "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time." Steele struck the outline, but to Addison the full-length portrait owes its exquisite fidelity and charm. This and the gallery of companion portraits, be it remembered, were produced before the novel had made its appearance.

In the *Tatler*, *Spectator* and *Guardian* the contributions of Addison numbered nearly four hundred, not counting those written in collaboration with Steele. These form the body of his best work. In 1713 his tragedy of "Cato" was produced, its marked success being due to the Whigs, who hailed it as a timely argument for an extension of constitutional freedom. Its merits lie solely in the smooth diction and the loftiness of its moral reflections. Addison's critical articles on Milton are among his strongest essays. After Queen Anne's death, in 1714, Addison accepted another political appointment. His secretary was Tickell, a poet of some note, who published a translation of the "Iliad," disclaiming in his preface any rivalry with that of Pope. Addison had expressed his preference for Tickell's as the more faithful version, which enraged Pope into perpetrating the severe attack on Addison in the well-known lines on "Atticus." In 1716 Addison married the dowager Countess of Warwick, but it proved an unhappy venture. A handsome pension was given him in 1718, but in the next year he died, aged forty-seven, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Despite the moral

weakness which ruined his latter years (over-indulgence being a fashionable vice of the day) Addison lived a pure life in a corrupt age, and his "noble numbers" could not have emanated from a heart untuned to noble aspirations. The favorite hymns, "When all Thy mercies, O my God," and "The Spacious Firmament on high," with the paraphrases of the Psalms, are of themselves no ordinary monument to an exalted poetical taste expressing itself on sublime themes.

A Country Sunday.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship the immortal gods.—*Pythagoras.*

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger [de Coverley], being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave

every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year, and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Sir Roger de Coverley in Love.

Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

—*Virgil.*

It may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this

evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year, I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man, who did not think ill of his own person, in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rode well and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me,

a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for the destruction of all who beheld her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed, like a great surprised booby; and, knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf, as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and, upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turn-

ing to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind; and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature. ——But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said?—after she had done speaking to me she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet; and, as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men——"

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English, *Dum tacet, hanc loquitur;* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition. . . .

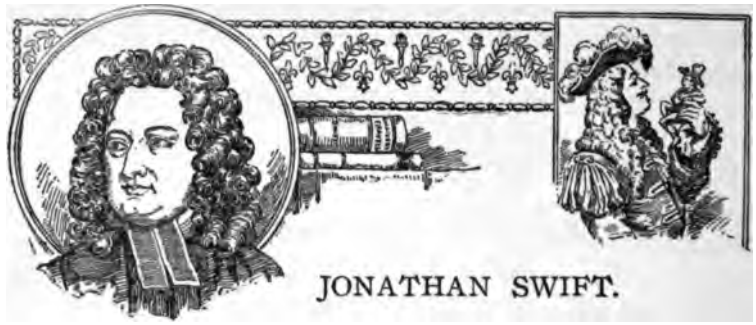
Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;

Let him eat, drink, ask questions or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM.

(From "The Campaign.")

BEHOLD, in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.
But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.



JONATHAN SWIFT.

GREAT as he was intellectually and as a supreme master of argumentative and satirical writing, Swift became the sport of a perverse and tragic destiny. No lover in history or fiction can be classed with the grim tyrant of Stella and Vanessa. No writer can be named who produced so strange a medley of strong originalities. He gave the rein to his impetuous will and genius, upon every subject in every style of composition, except the sublime and beautiful, and left the stamp of unequaled power upon all.

What mystery hovers around the birth of Swift, in Dublin, in 1667, adds an element of romance without explaining anything. His youth was spent as an orphan under the roof of patrons, which deepened his innate cynicism. After leaving Dublin University he entered the household of Sir William Temple as literary secretary, and, off and on, remained in this service until Temple's death in 1699. During this period Swift not only acquired intimate knowledge of politics and leading politicians on the Whig side, but he read everything within reach and tells how he had "written and burned, and written again, more on all manner of subjects than perhaps any man in England." His first important work was, "The Battle of the Books," written in support of Temple's views on the merits of the ancient writers. This was published in 1697, and brought the young author's talents for satire into prominence. In 1704 he issued the "Tale of a Tub," which had been written several years earlier, a piquant allegory, satirizing the Roman Church and the dissenting bodies, but dealing more graciously with the Church of England, of which he was an ordained minister. It increased his fame, but hindered preferment. He occupied the vicarage of Laracor,

in Ireland, where he induced to accompany him a young lady, Esther Johnson, who like himself had been a dependant of Sir William Temple, and his companion during his stay in Moor Park. With her came Mrs. Dingley as chaperon. As early as 1694 Swift had exchanged letters with a young lady named Waring, who is better known as "Varina," his pet name for her. Later he flung her aside for "Vanessa," as he named Esther Vanhomrigh, whom he had allowed to become infatuated with him. He was still leading Esther Johnson, his "Stella," to believe he was about to marry her. When the Deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was given him in 1713, Swift allowed himself to trifle with the love of both these women. At last he consented to a private marriage with Stella, on condition that it should never be made known. Meanwhile he wrote his best verses, in the guise of faithful lover, to Miss Vanhomrigh, entitled "Cadenus and Vanessa," "Cadenus" being an anagram of the Latin "Decanus," Dean. Not until 1723 did she nerve herself to write, asking Stella if the alleged marriage was a fact. Stella acknowledged the fact. Then followed a visit from the enraged Dean, who without a word flung her letter to Stella on the table and then walked out. Vanessa, broken-hearted, died within a few weeks, leaving their correspondence for publication. Five years later died Stella, heart-starved by treatment which to her was refined cruelty, but which is susceptible of more charitable explanation if matters which are conjectures rather than evidence could be proved true.

STELLA.

Swift had turned Tory in spite against his party, which had neglected their best champion. He accepted the Deanery with the sense of wounded dignity, won at the price of life-long expatriation. He was frequently in England, most active

of politicians, and busy at political pamphleteering, mixing humor, sarcasm and invective with masterly reasoning. Exiled and fettered as he was, Swift settled down to his clerical duties, soured at heart and eager to strike his sham friends with whatever might hurt them most. He found a weapon to hand in the misrule of the Irish people, and when he wrote in 1720 his anonymous "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures," urging the Irish never to buy English goods, the Government prosecuted the pamphlet for sedition, though its authorship was an open secret. When, in 1724, the Government made a contract with one Wood, to make copper coins for use in Ireland, on terms which yielded an unfair profit, half of which was to go to the king's mistress, Swift penned the "Drapier Letters," which at once made him the hero of the Irish people, who showered popular honors on the champion whose wit and vigorous English defeated that scandalous proposal.

Two years after this, in 1726, Swift printed "Gulliver's Travels." Few books have afforded more diversion to young and old, yet his purpose in making it was "to vex the world rather than divert it." His purpose was to satirize the Whigs and Tories, royalty, and the great statesmen of the time, and in the last part humanity itself. The greatness of the book has defeated its ends, as it has always been read for the story it tells, in which the most extravagant absurdities are narrated with the convincing air of truth. Wit, humor, and the spirit of fun endow it with the graces which ensure long life, and it deserves to be classed with the best works in its department of literature as a model of natural and easy style.

Among the most readable of his minor works are his satirical, but equally amusing, "Directions for Servants" and "Polite Conversation," in which will be found many expressions, some slangy, which pass for contemporary inventions. Scattered in Swift's writings may be found the originals of many ideas and phrases commonly credited to later writers who were wise enough to hunt in his preserves for their best things. Here can be found the "clothes philosophy" of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," and Matthew Arnold's famous phrase, "sweetness and light."

Swift's chief solace for a spoiled life was the interchange of thought and literary recreation with Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, Addison and others of their calibre. By 1742 his faculties gave way, and he sank gradually until his death in 1745, at the age of seventy-eight. His "Journal to Stella," published after his death, is of great autobiographical interest. In his own epitaph he claims for himself the credit of having been a fearless vindicator of popular rights. This is his due. If he gloried in scarifying parties and self-seekers, and took an impish delight in shocking the common sense of decency and shamefully disgraced his cloth, we may remember the imperious nature with which he was born, and the many humiliations his proud spirit had to endure from his intellectual inferiors. We owe to Dean Swift entertainment which none but he has been able to supply in its kind and many varieties, besides examples of the brightest original humor and the pithiest English to be found in books.

THE COURT OF LILLIPUT.

(From "Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput.")

THE Emperor is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is sufficient to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well-proportioned, all his movements graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be mistaken in my description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself if I should happen to break loose. It was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with dia-

monds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. . . . .

The Emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceeded all the nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted by none so much as that of the rope-dances, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet and twelve inches from the ground. This diversion is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace, which often happens, five or six of these candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling succeeds in the office.

Very often the chief Ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal Secretary for Private Affairs, is, in my opinion, the second after the Treasurer; the rest of the court officers are much on a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the Ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for by contending to excel themselves and their fellows they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broken his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the Emperor and the Empress and the First Minister, upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed in any other country of the New or Old World. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick and the First Minister the other; sometimes the Minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear, girt twice about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

Verses on His Own Death.

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells, with a sneer, the tidings heavy:

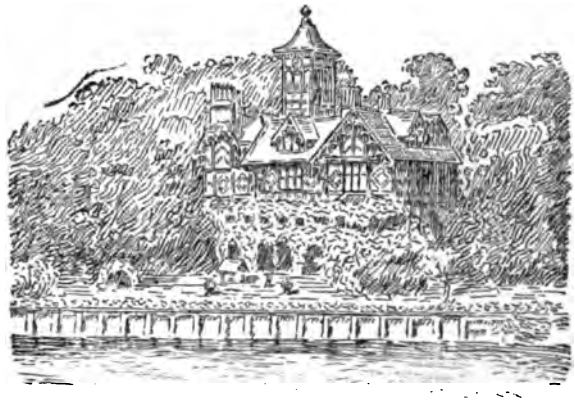
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news;
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
  Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains,
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
  Here shift the scene to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry,—but we all must die!"
  Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise.
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lashed they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
  The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortured with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approached, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
  My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learned to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray, what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans they say, must bear the pall:
I wish I knew what king to call.)

Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend?
No, madam; 'tis a shocking sight,
And he's engaged to-morrow night;
My lady Chub will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart!)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
  Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favorite of Apollo?
Departed,—*and his works must follow!*
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
  Some county squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose;
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane:
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste,
I keep no antiquated stuff;
But spick and span I have enough."

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in the year 1688, stunted and frail of body, was schooled as a Catholic, became enamored of Dryden as a poet in his twelfth year, and took to poetry himself. His religion excluded him from the training of the universities, nevertheless he was well educated. As early as 1709 his "Pastorals" were printed, followed in 1711 by the "Essay on Criticism," the finest piece of argumentative poetry in our language. The "Rape of the Lock" appeared in 1712, a "heroi-comical" poem, a perfect example of the burlesque epic. His next poem was "Windsor Forest," correct in phrasing, but soulless. Pope was by this time recognized by the patrons of literature, and enjoyed the friendship of Addison and the foremost writers. At twenty-five he was encouraged by the subscription list to push on his translation of Homer. The first four volumes, containing the Iliad, appeared in 1715, and the work was completed, by the help of others, in 1720. This gained him fame and fortune. Among other new friendships he formed the lasting one with Dean Swift. If there was more of Pope than Homer in the translation, it is explained by his adoption of the artificial diction in vogue in his day. A collected edition of his poems was issued in 1717, in which were included his "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard" and other love poems, in which the sentiment suffers from the stilted language, while yet breaking out occasionally into fine natural expression. Besides editing Shakespeare, he issued, in connection with Swift and Arbuthnot, three volumes of their miscellanies. He also proceeded

to avenge himself on his many severe critics by gibbeting them in the "Dunciad," a satire of the most pungent character, unsurpassed in its line. Political as well as literary grudges were paid off in its stinging epigrams. From 1733 to 1738 Pope amused himself by writing his poetical "Epistles," in the vein of Horace, to his friends, and there are few pieces of verse of their kind that outrival them in graceful fancy and versification. The "Essay on Man" appeared in 1734. It is Pope's contribution to the great controversy in which many able minds have sought to rationalize religion. More of its brilliant couplets have become part of our common speech than of any other poem of its size. For a man with Pope's opinions, prejudices and temperament it is a wonderful performance, commanding the admiration of those who dispute its philosophy, but feel the charm of its concise thought and pithy expression. He published a number of other minor works between this, his noblest, and his death in 1744. Many mental and bodily troubles precipitated the immediate cause of his death. As an artist in verse none of the poets have shown nicer judgment or greater powers, but many who lacked Pope's mastery of words and phrases have soared above his tethered reach into the pure heaven of poetry. Versified wisdom, rhymed epigrams, brilliant fancies, power of prolonged reasoning in measured phrases; these gifts and other literary faculties he had in lavish abundance.



POPE'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM.

ELOÏSA TO ABELARD.

PETER ABELARD (1079–1142), the great French scholastic philosopher, fell in love with his pupil Eloïsa (French, Heloise). She bore him a son, and is said afterwards to have been married to him. But the report injured his reputation, and he persuaded her to retire to a convent, while he sought refuge in a hermitage. Here he wrote the story of his misfortunes, and Eloïsa, moved by it, addressed to him the passionate epistle which is paraphrased by Pope.

Thou knowest how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approached me under Friendship's name;
My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed; Heaven listened while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept failed to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wished an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honor! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,

When love is liberty, and Nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
  Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïsa? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppressed,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.
  Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kissed the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you:
Not grace or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamored let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be pressed;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
  Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

BELINDA.

(From "The Rape of the Lock," Canto II.)

  NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,

Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silvered Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind,
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

The Dissevered Curl.

(From "The Rape of the Lock," Canto III.)

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
  But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought. . . .
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
  The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again);
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever and forever!
  Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
  Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cried), the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate.
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

DIVINE GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

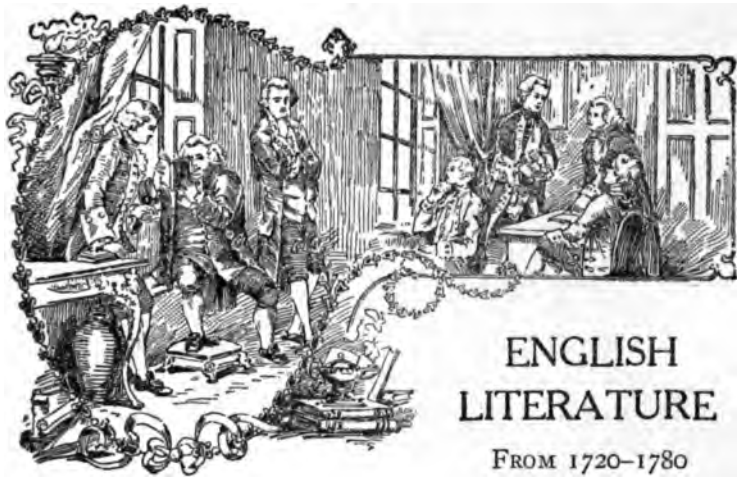
(From the "Essay on Man.")

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, content his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. . . .

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

ATTICUS (ADDISON).

PEACE to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise——
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?



ENGLISH Literature in the early part of the eighteenth century was distinguished and regulated by the work of Pope and Addison, who were both thoroughly English in nature, yet were indebted to the French for the polish of their style. Pope, influenced by Boileau, repressed the former license of English poetry, seeking to make it "correct," conformed to strict rules of grammar, rhetoric and good taste. Addison improved the opportunity offered by Steele, and his essays in *The Spectator* became a lasting model of English prose. He wrote for the rising middle class, and, to use his own words, "brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at the table and in coffee-houses." He declared that "the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain." To this end he adopted a cheerful, playful, colloquial style, and cultivated humor rather than wit. A more important result was, that he turned back on vice the mockery which in the period of the Restoration had been directed against virtue. So lasting was the success of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* that throughout the century there was a notable procession of similar discursive periodicals: *The Guardian*, *The Idler* and *The Rambler* (both conducted by Dr. Johnson), *The Adventurer*, *The World*, *The Connois-*

seur, *The Lounger*, *The Mirror*, none of which reproduced the charm or attained to the merit and fame of their prototypes.

To this period belong the rise and early development of the modern English novel, which is treated in a separate sketch. Daniel Defoe gave the first impulse towards it in his immortal "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1719), but it was reserved for Samuel Richardson to exemplify it as "a story wrought round the passion of love to a tragic or joyous conclusion." This he did in the domestic history called "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" (1740), which though received with popular approval, yet provoked the clever but dissipated Henry Fielding to mockery in his "Joseph Andrews" (1742). Both writers went their respective ways to new successes, while the Scotch surgeon, Tobias Smollett, in his "Roderick Random" and other comical stories, drew from wider fields of observation. The whimsical parson, Lawrence Sterne, began to publish, in 1759, "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," a strange farrago of humor and sentiment, which sets forth vividly some characters, but scarcely tells a story. In 1776 the most charming idyll of English country life came from the pen of the gifted, blundering Oliver Goldsmith. It was the "Vicar of Wakefield," which fixed the purest type of English novels.

Samuel Johnson, who became by weight of character the literary dictator of England, began his career in 1738 with a satire, "London," an admirable imitation of Juvenal's satire on "Rome." Then the giant wrought at the demand of publishers, editing and compiling, until he completed his great "Dictionary of the English Language" in 1755. The publication of this work forms an epoch in the relation of authors to the public, as Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield closed the era of patronage. Excellent as were Johnson's labors in biography, they were surpassed by the unflagging devotion of his Scotch follower, James Boswell, who has given his master an immortality of which he never dreamed. Johnson's greatest influence during his lifetime was exerted through the Club, in which he reigned among congenial spirits. Of these the most prominent were the

orator and political essayist Burke, the painter Reynolds, the actor Garrick and the charming miscellaneous writer Goldsmith, essayist, novelist and poet.

Verse-writers abounded in the eighteenth century, and some of them attained high rank among the poets. John Gay, a favorite of Pope's, wrote pastorals and fables, but achieved a unique success by the "Beggar's Opera." Ambrose Philips (1671–1749) tried to rival Pope in pastorals, and was ridiculed as "Namby-Pamby" for his childish verses. After Pope had given polish and perfection to the heroic couplet, imitators flourished, but several poets turned to other measures. Blank verse was used by Thomson in his "Seasons," by William Somerville (1677–1842) in his didactic poem on hunting, called "The Chase," by Edward Young in his solemn "Night Thoughts," by William Blair (1699–1746) in his similar but shorter poem on "The Grave," by Mark Akenside (1721–1770) in his once popular but now neglected "Pleasures of the Imagination," and by Dr. John Armstrong (1709–1779) in his "Art of Preserving Health." The Spenserian stanza was revived by Thomson in his "Castle of Indolence," and was employed for burlesque effect by Shenstone in his "Schoolmistress." A variety of lyric measures was employed by Thomas Gray, who wrote too little, but is immortalized by his famous elegy. William Collins (1721–1759) showed equal lyric power. The lives of several of these poets were written by Dr. Johnson, who himself wielded with vigor the heroic verse in satires.

In the eighteenth century history rose to importance through the labors of Hume, Robertson and Gibbon. The first two were Scotchmen; the philosophical Hume extended his "History of England Under the Stuarts" so as finally to include the earlier times; the dignified Robertson wrote on his native Scotland, on Charles V. and on America; but in each of these fields his work has been practically superseded by later writers. The learned and sceptical Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with the continuous labor of twenty-three years, erected a glorious and enduring monument of the last and greatest power of ancient times. His elaborate style is well suited to the grandeur of

his theme and his fullness of research has preserved for his work the supremacy in its class.

At the end of the seventeenth century John Locke had given a new turn to philosophy by tracing all ideas to experience, and had defended on philosophical grounds civil and religious liberty. But in the eighteenth century philosophical writers returned to the favorite domain of theology. Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Hume and minor writers argued in favor of Deism and the sufficiency of natural religion, while Bishop Berkeley, with adroit metaphysics, and Bishop Butler, with solid reasoning, were the champions of revealed religion. Adam Smith, by his treatise on the "Wealth of Nations" (1776), founded the new science of political economy. The "Letters of Junius" (1769–1772), were political diatribes whose pungent style has given them a place in literature, while the question of their authorship is still disputed. The greatest political writer of the age was Edmund Burke, whose essays have permanent value. Throughout Europe the eighteenth century, which had reached the height of an artificial civilization, was characterized by an investigation of the principles of government and social order. To this work English literature contributed both directly and indirectly. While it borrowed much from the French, it furnished to France and Germany principles and ideas and pregnant examples.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

POPE'S "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" would not have conferred that distinction upon one unqualified to win fame for himself. Though not reckoned among the popular authors for average readers, Arbuthnot wrote much and was the cause of much brilliant work credited to his friends. He was a Scotchman and physician, born about 1665, and earned his living in London by teaching mathematics. Two books, issued in 1692 and 1695, brought Arbuthnot into public notice; the first was a translation of Huyghens's treatise on "The Laws of Chance," and the second was his own refutation of Dr. Woodward's "Account of the Deluge." Several other learned works were published, the author meantime

being chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1705 he became physician to Queen Anne. Dr. Arbuthnot was now the intimate associate of Pope, Swift, Gay, Parnell, the foremost literary men of the time. As a satirist he held his own with the best, and what was more, he contributed liberally to the miscellaneous pieces of verse and wit for which Swift and Pope get credit. It is to the Scriblerus Club, of which the wits already named, with Congreve, Harley, and others were members, that we owe "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus." Arbuthnot consoled himself for the loss of the Queen in 1714 by writing the first book of the "Memoirs," generally, but wrongly, attributed to Pope. It is a brilliant example of wide and sound learning, sparkling with wit and wisdom. His chief work is the "History of John Bull," published in 1713, a witty prose satire in ridicule of the Duke of Marlborough and his costly wars. It anticipated Swift's "Gulliver" by thirteen years. Bull is a draper who goes to law in a shopkeeping spirit, Marlborough is the rascally attorney who prolongs the case to serve his own ends, and the other characters are similarly made to exhibit national peculiarities. It had considerable effect at the time, and apart from its literary value, is interesting as a picture of contemporary life and politics. As one of the dignitaries of the Royal College of Physicians, Arbuthnot wrote several treatises on the healing art, but his genius survives in the bright witticisms that have been merged in the pages of Swift and Pope. He died in 1735.

JOHN BULL AND NIC FROG.

THE "History of John Bull" was a political satire, intended especially to attack the Duke of Marlborough (Hocus), but it took a wider range, and became international. Nic Frog represents Holland; Lewis is France, and the lawsuit is the war.

Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis, either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you

flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic Frog was a cunning, sly rogue, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal, minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of High German artists and legerdemain. No man exceeded Nic in these; yet it must be owned that Nic was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old, cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession. He always kept good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; but he loved himself better than all. The neighbors reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

JOHN BULL'S SISTER PEG.

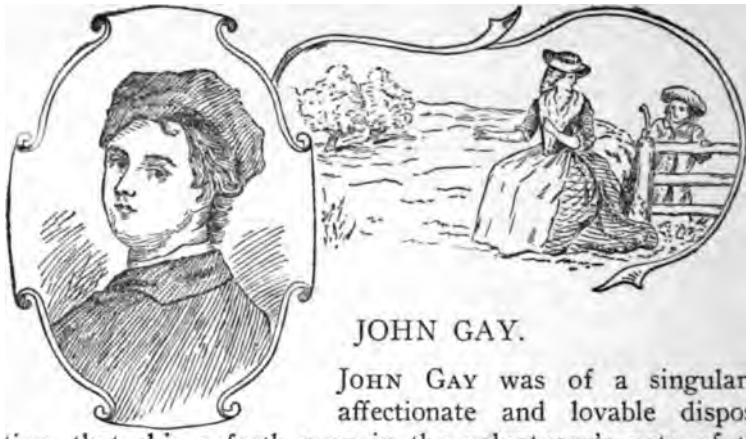
HERE Scotland is satirized; Lord Peter is the Pope; Martin stands for Luther, and Jack for Calvin, as in Swift's "Tale of a Tub."

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse. Anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness. And no wonder; for John was the darling; he had all the good bits,

was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches and nectarines; poor Miss a crabapple, sloe or blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun; Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance.

However, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution. She had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used. Now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet or a bit of good beef. For which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point; but even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. In short, these quarrels grew up into rooted aversions. They gave each other nicknames; she called him "Gundy-guts" and he called her "Lousy Peg," though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was; and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her, not indeed a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in the parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together; such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both.

Peg had indeed some odd humors and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will frisk and dance at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you, Gundy-guts?" quoth Peg; "everybody's to choose their own music."—Then Peg had taken a notion not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clatter in the world—Lord Peter, Martin and Jack—Jack had of late been her inclination. Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart.



JOHN GAY.

JOHN GAY was of a singularly affectionate and lovable disposition, that shines forth even in the voluptuary's note of the "Beggars' Opera." The satirical "Wasp of Twickenham," becoming in his case stingless, called him the "gentle Gay." Beginning as a rhyming apprentice to a London silk-mercer, this young favorite of the Muses and Fortune glided peacefully and easily through life, aided at the outset by Pope, to whom he happily dedicated one of his earliest poems. Gay was the pet of the literary folk of his day, and was called "the lap-dog of the great." Yet he was never quite contented himself; was unhappy because he received no big court office, and foolishly threw away a snug fortune in the South Sea Bubble; but his lot was to all intents so brilliantly complacent and so ludicrously determined that he was justified in writing as his own epitaph the lines:

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it:
> I thought so once, but now I know it."

He was born in 1688 and died in 1732. Among his clever productions were "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," a town poem, in three graphic books, that affords many humorous glimpses of the London of the early eighteenth century; his "Shepherd's Week," six pastorals, inspired by the malicious Pope in order to discountenance the Arcadian popularity of Ambrose Phillips; and his "Fifty-one Fables in Verse." But his inimitable masterpiece was "The Beggars' Opera" (1727). Swift and Pope both added a little acid to some of the satirical songs, but the froth of the wine was Gay's own.

This opera was written in ridicule of the Italian opera, which for a time it drove off the stage. The deadly feud between Cuzzoni and Faustina is made a matter of mirthful innuendo in the very introductory dialogue. The immediate inspiration came to Gay, however, in a remark of Swift's, that "a Newgate pastoral might make an odd pretty sort of thing," and such a thing Gay produced. The hero-beggar is Captain Macheath, of a gang of highwaymen. This ruffian bold, who proves "game" to the very last, not only weds Polly Peachum, but makes love to Lucy Lockit, the turnkey's daughter. Betrayed by some women at a drinking bout, he is suddenly lodged in Newgate, where his courting of Lucy is apt to stand him in good stead. But his wife Polly unexpectedly appears on the scene, and Macheath is tormented into singing those famous verses:

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away;
> But while you thus tease me together,
> To neither a word will I say."

Eventually, though, he disowns Polly, and Lucy effects his escape. Recaptured, he is about to be executed, when the ever-faithful Polly secures his reprieve, and he swears to be true to her evermore.

Gay's low life corrupted London for the nonce; but under the thin disguise of highwaymen, pickpockets, jailors, receivers of stolen goods and their like, he satirized the politicians and courtiers of his generation. The dialogues were spoken, but sixty-nine songs were interspersed. "These tunes," states a musical critic, "were arranged and scored by Dr. Pepusch, who also composed an overture for the piece. They were chosen with great judgment from the popular English and Scotch ballads, and to them its remarkable success was in a great degree attributable. The rage for the 'Beggars' Opera' showed itself in its scenes and songs appearing on fans and screens; in the attire of Lavinia Fenton (the performer of Polly) becoming the pattern for that of ladies of fashion, and in the temporary desertion of the Italian opera." Hogarth published an engraving representing a

scene in Act II. An epidemic of so-called ballad-operas broke out. Gay himself wrote a sequel in "Polly," long delayed from performance by the interdict of a sedate Lord Chamberlain. Colley Cibber refused the "Beggars' Opera" for Drury Lane; but John Rich brought it out at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Thus, says the proverb, its great hit "made Gay rich and Rich gay."

SONGS FROM THE "BEGGARS' OPERA."

MAN'S COMFORTER.

THIS song is sung by Macheath, captain of the gang of highwaymen.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
  The mist is dispelled when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly, sweetly
  Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;
    Press her, caress her:
    With blisses her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

POLLY'S SONG.

Can love be controlled by advice?
  Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart was as frozen as ice,
  At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kissed me, so sweetly he pressed,
  'Twas so sweet that I must have complied,
So I thought it both safest and best
  To marry for fear you should chide.

LOVE IN YOUTH.

IN the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la,
Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la.
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glass, fa, la, la.

Black-Eyed Susan.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came aboard.
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

The Hare and Many Friends.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden's light."
  The Horse replied, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
  She next the stately Bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well.
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But, see, the Goat is just behind."
  The Goat remarked, her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
  The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained;
Said he was slow, confessed his fears;
For Hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.
  She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from Death a friend distressed.
  "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For, see, the Hounds are just in view."

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

AMONG the English letter-writers Lady Mary Wortley Montagu holds the eminence accorded in French literature to Madame de Sévigné. Her letters, though copied and circulated among her aristocratic friends, were not published till after her death. She was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and on her mother's side a cousin of the novelist Fielding. Born in Nottinghamshire about 1690, she was early deprived of her mother's care, but roaming at will in her father's library, soon showed precocious talent as well as beauty. At the age of eight the handsome child was introduced to the famous Kit-Cat Club and became its toast. As a girl she wrote verses and presided at her father's table. Her love of learning was developed by her tutors, and Bishop Burnet revised her translation of Epictetus. Having gained the affection of Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, she informed him in one of her very sensible letters that her father would never consent to their marriage. Therefore, in 1712, one morning "she quietly walked out of the house and was married by special license." For a time she lived in a small country house, but enjoyed the friendship of Pope, Addison and other literary men. Her "Town Eclogues," published in 1716, were satires, as remarkable for their freedom of expression as for their wit. In the same year her husband was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, and she resolved to accompany him. Her letters descriptive of her journey and of the unfamiliar regions in which she had been cast were eagerly welcomed by her friends in England. They were

amusing, naïve and perfectly candid. In her raptures over a lovely Turkish woman she said, "Our most celebrated beauties would vanish near her." What has given her most fame was her introduction of inoculation for small-pox. After observing the practice in Turkey, she had her son inoculated, and when she returned to England she devoted herself for years to urging the experiment. Everybody, especially physicians and clergymen, was opposed to the barbarous practice, but she persevered and eventually had the satisfaction of knowing that she had saved the lives of thousands.

On her return she had fixed her residence at Twickenham, near Pope, one of her early admirers, but the poet quarreled with her because she laughed when he made love to her. Then the peevish fellow retracted all his idolatry and abused her in his satires under the name "Sappho."

In 1739 this self-willed, unconventional woman left her husband and England and went to Italy, where she stayed twenty years. Again her pen was busily employed in sending to her daughter and friends brilliant pictures of foreign scenes and life. In 1761 she was back in London and received the homage of the fashionable world. She died August 21, 1762.

While Lady Montagu has been charged with serious faults —including avarice and cruelty—she appears to have been really benevolent and good-natured. When she wrote satires after the fashion of the times, she adopted a coarse, mannish tone, but in her letters, while plain-spoken, she shows appreciation of the good in others. Spence, the biographer of Pope, acknowledged that "she was one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet, all irregularity, and always wandering."

The Suit Rejected.

Mr. Montagu having been attracted first by Lady Mary's wit, learning and accomplishments, was led to propose marriage, but the style of his letter rather offended the fair respondent.

. . . "The first I ever wrote to one of your sex, and shall be the last." You distrust me; I can neither be easy, nor

loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure, was I in love, I could not talk as you do. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be forever miserable for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all. . . . I resolved to make no answer to your letter; it was something very ungrateful, and I resolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could easily have performed that resolve some time ago, but then you took pains to please me; now you have brought me to esteem you, you make use of that esteem to give me uneasiness; and I have the displeasure of seeing I esteem a man that dislikes me. Farewell then; since you will have it so, I renounce all the ideas I have so long flattered myself with, and will entertain my fancy no longer with the imaginary pleasure of seeing you. You think me all that is detestable; you accuse me of want of sincerity and generosity. There is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you, I may say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of my generosity; I'll never see you more.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

WE are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This long-established custom makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth and leisure only serve to make them the most useless and worthless part of

the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable or more liable to universal ridicule than that of a learned woman. These words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain and conceited creature. I believe nobody will deny that learning may have that effect, but it must be a very superficial degree of it.

A Caveat to the Fair Sex.

Wife and servant are the same,
But only differ in the name;
For when the fatal knot is ty'd,
Which nothing, nothing can divide;
When the word "obey" is said,
And man by law supreme is made,
Then all that's kind is laid aside,
And nothing left but state and pride:
Fierce as an Indian Prince he grows,
And all his innate rigor shows;
Then but to look, to laugh, to speak,
Will the nuptial contract break.
Like mutes, she signs alone must make,
And never any freedom take;
But still be governed by a nod,
And fear her husband as her God:
Him still must serve, him still obey,
And nothing act, and nothing say,
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who with the power has all the wit.
Then shun, O shun that wretched state,
And all the fawning flatterers hate:
Value yourselves; and men despise,
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

Inoculation.

Belgrade, April 1, O. S., 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you of a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it.

There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that which you offer to her with a large needle—which gives you no more pain than a common scratch—and puts into the vein as much matter as will lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those who are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs or that part of the arm that is concealed.

The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it upon my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of revenue for the good of mankind.

THE RISE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

THE modern novel must date from the year 1719, when Daniel Defoe, in his sixtieth year, took it in his head to turn a true tale of adventure at sea into the fictitious narrative of "Robinson Crusoe." This familiar book was the mustard seed which has grown into the mountain-high literature of fiction as we know it. Defoe anticipated the mechanical realism of the modern photographer. His hero was a veritable man, and his adventures, thoughts, speeches and doings were those of ordinary folk in the actual world. "Robinson Crusoe" has never lost its hold on the young, nor does its matter-of-fact style jade readers of any age or taste when once they get interested in the story. Defoe followed up this success by three or four minor works, but his death was near.

In 1726 "Gulliver's Travels" saw the light. Swift was far from a novelist, but he perceived the value of simplicity and verisimilitude in narrative, and he possessed the gift in even greater degree than Defoe. Political satire though it was, "Gulliver's Travels" was read then and still, and always will be, as a fictitious "true tale," deluding the mind by its daring profession of reality so that nothing seems incongruous until the closing of the book breaks the spell.

Defoe at sixty introduced the modern realistic novel of adventure, and Richardson at fifty produced the first novel of love and passion in ordinary English life. This was "Pamela," published in 1741. Though cast in the clumsy form of a bundle of letters there was story enough and more than enough sentimentalism and moralizing and stilted verbiage to catch firm hold of the more feminine order of mind. This second English novel, mechanically produced, created a de-

mand for more of the same. It recalls the antiquated foreign romance, the same impossible fine language and elaboration being fitted to English rustics and grandees in artificial relationships, but it suited the superfine notions of romance-trained sentimentalists. Richardson followed it up with "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison," novels with the avowed purpose of inculcating virtue and denouncing vice. If the author sacrificed art to the cause of good morals it is scarcely other than a merit in one with his surroundings.

Soon there appeared another novelist, who with rivalry in their common art combined antagonism of aim. Henry Fielding (1707–1754) wrote "Joseph Andrews," in ridicule of "Pamela," issued the year before. Third in order of work, Fielding counts first as the novelist of ordinary middle-class life painted in its humorous aspect. Defoe dealt in the coarse and outlandish, Richardson in the aristocratic, which he imagined rather than knew, but Fielding depicted the free and easy society in which he lived, without rose-tints or shadows. "Joseph Andrews" proved to be more than a parody. The character of "Parson Adams," eccentric as it is, lifts the story out of the temporary and commonplace, though it has not the strength or genius of his later book, "Tom Jones." Allowing for the coarseness of manners too faithfully reflected in his pages, Fielding, whom Macaulay and others pronounce the greatest of novelists, left the impress of his firm grasp of human nature upon all his successors.

While these stories were being enjoyed a fourth venturer in fiction-writing made his bid for a share of their fame as authors. This was the Scotchman, Tobias Smollett (1721–1771), whose "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphrey Clinker" maintain a popularity by their droll incidents, told with abundant broad humor. He made no pretension to be a moralist, but rather the opposite, preferring to hold his mirror to scenes customarily veiled.

Laurence Sterne (1713–1768) contributed a notable work to this early group, "Tristram Shandy." In it he follows in the miry track of the two last-named, gracing his superabundance of indecency with a sufficiency of honest wit, humor, pathos, airy fancy and genuine feeling to save his

work from perishing by inherent corruption. The characters of Uncle Toby, Widow Wadman, the Corporal, and Dr. Slop are sure of immortality despite their surroundings. The brilliant comedies of Sheridan, "The Rivals," and "School for Scandal," owe their wittiest characters to the above-named sketchers of humorous characters.

In 1766 appeared the simple tale, scarcely better entitled than the foregoing to be called in the strict sense a novel, which for all time was to stand in contrast with these as the prose idyll of simple English life. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" redeemed the fiction of its century from baseness of ideal and workmanship. It set a model of style, of transparent simplicity of language and humorous sagacity in depicting character which has been the despair of all imitators, and a model of plot and construction which would ruin the reputation of any one, not a Goldsmith, who should copy its incongruities. Its good influence came none too soon, but its naturalness was above the reach of the fast-increasing tribe of novel-makers. A shoal of imitation novels was produced before the century ended. "Peter Wilkins" was an imitation of "Robinson Crusoe." Imitation romances were manufactured out of the shavings left by the stage carpenters of Elizabeth's day, when tragedy was at its weirdest. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole worked up "The Castle of Otranto" out of a nightmare; Mrs. Radcliffe conjured the harrowing "Mysteries of Udolpho" and "Romance of the Forest," from the spirit of midnight storms among haunted mountain crags; M. G. Lewis evolved his dreadful "Monk" from the depths of a bigot's lurid imagination; William Beckford wrought himself into a maniacal spasm that he might give a personal experience of the unutterable hell of "Vathek;" and William Godwin's gloomy soul darkened life with his conception of "St. Leon."

Imitation sentimentalists were busy aping, or at least echoing, their prototype, Sterne. Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," came out in 1771. Rousseau had upset the balance of the ill-poised mind, and Goethe, by his "Sorrows of Werther," had made weeping one of the fashionable accomplishments for both sexes. Many women ventured to explore the

new-found realm of fiction. Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Opie, Miss Anna Maria Porter, Miss Edgeworth, who outlived these, and—first of them all in native genius and unpretentious art—Jane Austen brought the humdrum life of the great middle-class English folk out of its shaded privacy into the search-light of their shrewd, but kindly observation. These were the closing years of the eighteenth century, and these women writers were almost the only wielders of the pen who preserved their equanimity in spite of the revolutionary epidemic. As pictures of domestic England during stormy times these novels have a charm and perhaps a historical value.

Godwin's "Caleb Williams" was a strong novel with a political purpose, instinct with doctrines that have of later years found their way into more serious books than those of fiction. This came out in 1794, and with it may be coupled a similar revolutionary novel, "Hugh Trevor," by Thomas Holcroft (1745–1809), which attacked existing social institutions. At the close of the eighteenth century the novel, in its modern form not yet much over its fiftieth year, had grown to be a power in the state, besides fulfilling its gentler mission of recreating the heart, burdened with the increasing cares of life, by enlarging its play-ground and deepening interest in the world of home.

DANIEL DEFOE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE is the favorite classic of English boys. It is the accepted self-revelation of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon, destined to subdue wild nature and wilder savages. It discards the romantic and supernatural fancies of the South and East, and appeals to the practical instincts, hopes and fears of the average Englishman. It teaches by example, sending him back to the natural state, and showing him by what steps he can rise to dominion. To perform this task of race-instruction required high constructive genius, yet the plain, unpretending speech of the narrator conceals the art. All read the book, and even remember the author, though they forget to praise him.

Daniel Defoe, who achieved immortality by this thoroughly English romance, was a notable, industrious, public-spirited man, an active participant in the political and religious turmoil of his day, full of palpable faults, yet striving to be true to a peculiar Puritanical code of morals. Born in London in 1661, the son of a butcher, and educated for the Dissenting ministry, though he never entered the pulpit, he became a vigorous writer of pamphlets on all public questions. His surname was originally Foe, and it was not until he was forty years of age that he changed it to Defoe. For a time he was a prosperous hose-dealer, then failed in business, but later paid his creditors in full. From William III., whose cause he stoutly supported, he obtained special favor, but after the king's death, his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" consigned him to the pillory, where, however, the populace

formed a guard of honor around him. While imprisoned he collected his fugitive pieces, wrote several more, and in 1703 established *The Review*, the precursor of the modern newspaper At first weekly, it was soon issued thrice a week, the entire contents being written by the indefatigable Defoe. Released from prison in 1704 by the influence of Harley, the "unabashed" Whig was ever grateful to that Tory statesman, and was employed by him in various secret missions. Not the least of his services was in promoting the union of Scotland with England, for which he resided sixteen months in Edinburgh. Defoe was a thorough-going Protestant, advocating the Hanoverian succession, yet it appears he also subedited newspapers on the opposite side, so as to take the sting out of their attacks on the Government.

Not until he was nearly sixty years of age did this busy pamphleteer and newspaper-writer issue the narrative which was to give him fame. In April, 1719, appeared the first volume of "Robinson Crusoe," suggested by the story of Alexander Selkirk, a marooned Scotch sailor in the South Seas. This story had been told briefly, but pathetically, by Steele in *The Tatler*. Defoe, departing from the facts of Selkirk's case, locates Crusoe in the Caribbee Islands; but depicts his situation, thoughts and actions with such exact verisimilitude as to satisfy the imagination of all readers. A second and a third part soon followed, but have less power. An ingenious critic has found in the book an allegory of Defoe's own life, but the world pays no attention to such vain suggestions. The author, rendered famous by this work of his old age, sent forth other pretended biographies, partly founded on fact, "Mrs. Duncan Campbell" and "The Memoirs of a Cavalier." "Captain Singleton" is the story of a buccaneer, with an account of a journey across Africa. After this Defoe seems to have been led by the success of "Gil Blas," which had just appeared, to depict the coarser adventures of English rogues and harlots, "Captain Jack," "Moll Flanders," and "Roxana, the Fortunate Mistress." Though the realism of these stories has been praised by critics, the world has been content to let them sink into merited oblivion. "The History of the Plague" (1722) shows again Defoe's

ability to make imaginary scenes real by abundance of well-contrived details. Among his other works, "Religious Courtship" and "The History of the Devil," republished at various times, exhibit the author's religious views.

Defoe, like Bunyan, wrote one famous work without winning the world's regard. He was despised by the critics of his time, and was satirized by Pope in the "Dunciad." His plain, direct style, with frequent colloquialisms, his fondness for unimportant details and carelessness about plot, caused him to be unduly depreciated. His polemical attitude as a Dissenter, his party spirit, and his deficiency in a fine sense of honor tended to this result. In the present age, when realism has again revived, the literary genius of Defoe is candidly acknowledged, while regret is felt that so much of his true power was wasted on transient or unworthy themes.

The Foot-Print in the Sand.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand: I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel and every part of a foot; how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember: for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? and how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too (for he could not be sure I should see it); this was an amazement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me, than this of the single print of a foot; that as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not; and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes; and, either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away

again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thought, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and, perhaps, have searched further for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imaginations about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that, if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my stock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society; that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I call a silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island.

Crusoe and Friday.

About a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, and by long musing had, as it were, resolved them all into nothing, I was surprised one morning early with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together, on my side the

island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six or sometimes more in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures, to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted; however, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action, if anything had presented itself, having waited a good while listening to hear if they made any noise. At length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill by my two stages as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill: so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that there were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed; how they cooked it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

When I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way; and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran along the sand, with incredible swiftness directly towards me; I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frighted (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I knew he must necessarily swim

over, or the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that he, standing on the other side, looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back again; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek than the fellow was that fled from them; it came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately got down the ladder with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladder, as I observed above; and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea; and, having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and in the meantime I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece: I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance it would not have been easily heard; and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced a pace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed (as he thought), yet was so frighted

with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still than to come on. I hallooed again to him and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and then stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for saving his life. I smiled at him and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head: this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard (my own excepted) for above five-and-twenty years: but there was no time for such reflections now: the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground; and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him; upon this my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did: he no sooner had it but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought it very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords; however, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they made their

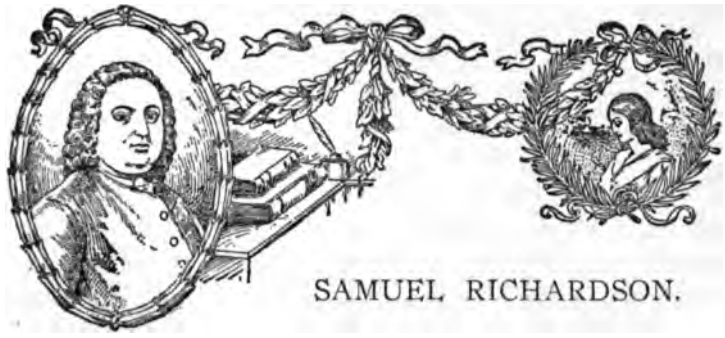
wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow, too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again; and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed just before me.

But that which astonished him most was, to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off: so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him: so I bade him go as well as I could. When he came to him he stood like one amazed, looking at him; turning him first on one side, then on the other; looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. Then he took up his bow and arrows and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him, that more might come after them.

Upon this he signified to me, that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it and covered him; and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for by his running; and having refreshed himself, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well-made, with straight long limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but

seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance, too, especially when he smiled; his hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny, and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had something in it very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump, his nose small, not flat like the Negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his teeth fine, well set, and white as ivory. After he had slumbered rather than slept about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude and submission imaginable, to let me know how much he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; at first I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life, and I called him so in memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say, "Master," and then let him know that was to be my name; I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it, and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.



SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

APART from his literary achievement the life of Samuel Richardson is almost exactly outlined in his contemporary Hogarth's pictures of the "Industrious Apprentice." Born in Derbyshire in 1689, and early apprenticed to a printer, he was successively journeyman, master-printer, master of the Stationers' Company, and finally printer to the king. From his establishment were issued books and newspapers, and for twenty-six years the journals of the House of Commons.

The literary work which has given him fame was but an accidental outgrowth of this prosperous tradesman's career; yet for it he had been well equipped and drilled. In boyhood his talent for letter-writing caused him to be employed as amanuensis by the girls of the neighborhood. While building up his business he had practice in writing prefaces and advertisements. At the mature age of fifty, he was requested by some booksellers to prepare a volume of familiar letters as a guide for country readers who might be unable to indite such for themselves. Richardson, always practical and moral, suggested that such readers should also be instructed how to think and act in affairs of life. Still better, he interested all classes by making the letters tell a story. The prolix title-page of the book is a literary curiosity: "Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded. In a series of familiar letters from a beautiful young damsel to her parents. Published in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the mind of youth of both sexes. A narrative which has its foundation in truth, and at the same time that it agreeably entertains by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces, calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct." This

sermonizing advertisement was designed for the moral middle classes, and the book was widely welcomed. The inheritors of Puritan ideas saw literature taking a place on their side. Yet the book once commended from the pulpit would now, in parts, be offensive to public taste. Keen critics go even further in condemning the morality advocated by the story. Pamela, a fair young servant, successfully resists the persistent attempts of her master to seduce her, and is rewarded by being married to him. The letters were spun out to fill eight volumes, but the author's literary skill and knowledge of the human heart preserve the interest to the end. Yet amid the general chorus of praise, which greeted the author on its accomplishment, there were some discordant voices; and the gay Henry Fielding amused the world with a striking parody, in which Pamela's brother, Joseph Andrews, a footman, resisted the temptations of a too fond mistress, and is finally promoted to be her husband.

Richardson, however vexed by the ridicule, was not moved from his chosen way, but achieved a new success in his "Clarissa; or the History of a Young Lady." In this story, also told in letters by the principal characters to their confidants, the faithful struggles of the virtuous Clarissa Harlowe are overcome by the vile machinations of an accomplished rake, Robert Lovelace. The work was extended to seven volumes, and ends with the death of both characters. Finally, Richardson undertook to depict a virtuous hero, still using the method of telling his story in letters. The result was "The History of Sir Charles Grandison," a novel still longer than the former ones, but having more action and plot. The scene is partly in Italy as well as in England, and Grandison, a paragon of manly virtue, attracts the regard of several ladies, the chief being Harriet Byron and the passionate Italian, Clementina. Though the character of Grandison is overdrawn, it was but an idealization of the sentimental and ceremonious Richardson himself, when in his later years he was constantly surrounded by adoring ladies. He died in 1761.

What is now the chief fault of his novels—their excessive length—was in his time, when books were few and precious,

one of their attractions. His mind was slow and methodical, and his stories, in spite of their length, moved with regularity, and preserved the plot to the end. His great genius lay in expressing the feelings of women, and from them he received unstinted praise.

THE DEATH OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THE beautiful but unfortunate Clarissa, basely betrayed by the elegant scoundrel Lovelace, yet died forgiving him.

(Mr. Belford to Robert Lovelace, Esq.)

Thursday night.

I may as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman; whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light. You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I dare say, to rest. At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent down for; and as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woful scene that presented itself to me as I approached the bed. The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me—O Mr. Belford! cried she, with folded hands—the dear lady—a heavy sob permitted her not to say more. Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's foot, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks. Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial which she had just been offering her dying mistress; her face was swollen with

weeping (though used to such scenes as this); and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others. The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs Lovick, on my approach, pronounced my name—O Mr. Belford, said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—Now!—Now—(in broken periods she spoke)—I bless God for His mercies to His poor creature—all will soon be over—a few—a very few moments—will end the strife—and I shall be happy! Comfort here, sir (turning her head to the Colonel)—comfort my cousin—see! the blamable kindness—he would not wish me to be happy—so soon! Here she stopped for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him. Then resuming—My dearest cousin, said she, be comforted—what is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may seem to labor—but that is all!—It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God I have had time for that—the rest is worse to beholders than to me!—I am all blessed hope—hope itself. She looked what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence—Once more, my dear cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my father and mother.—There she stopped; and then proceeding—To my sister, to my brother, to my uncles—and tell them, I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—even for their displeasure, I bless them—most happy has been to me my punishment here! Happy indeed! She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then O death! said she, where is thy sting? (the words I remember to have heard in the burial-service read over my uncle and poor Belton.) And after a pause—It is good for me that I was afflicted! Words of Scripture, I suppose. Then turning

towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow—O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not what foretastes—what assurances—and there she again stopped, and looked up as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling.

Then turning her head towards me—Do you, sir, tell your friend that I forgive him! And I pray to God to forgive him! Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that he would. Let him know how happily I die:—and that, such as my own, I wish to be his last hour. She was again silent a few moments: and then resuming—My sight fails me!—Your voices only—(for we both applauded her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own) and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go—Which is Mr. Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both—in your last hour—for you must come to this—happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and after a few minutes—And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—nearer—still nearer—drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear sir, and once more receive my best and most grateful thanks—and tell my dear Miss Howe, and vouchsafe to see and to tell my worthy Norton—she will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven—tell them both that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments! And pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years for the sake of their friends and lovers; and a heavenly crown hereafter; and such assurance of it, as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of our blessed Redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory. After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent—And you, Mr. Belford, pressing my hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors—you see, in me, how all ends—may you be—and down sank her head upon her pillow, she fainting away and drawing from us her hands. We thought

she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief. But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favor her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's last blessing; and she spake faltering and inwardly—Bless—bless—bless—you all—and—now—and now —(holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) come—O come—Blessed Lord JESUS! And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired:—such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun. O Lovelace!—But I can write no more!

GRANDISON AND CLEMENTINA.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, travelling in Italy when a young man, was admitted to the friendship of a noble family. The daughter Clementina fell in love with him, but the difference of religion proved an insuperable barrier to their marriage. Clementina sank into melancholy, and Grandison returned to England. He was recalled by the lady's parents in the hope of restoring her to sanity. The following is his account of their interview in her mother's presence.

Clementina at our entrance was sitting at the window, a book in her hand. She stood up. A great, but solemn composure appeared in her air and aspect. The marchioness went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound respect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to speak first—she could speak. She did, without hesitation—

"You are nothing to me now, chevalier; you have refused me, you know; and I thank you; you are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you saw what trouble I gave to the best of parents and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give so much concern to them, must make any man afraid of her. But religion, it seems, is your pretence. Now I am sorry that you are an

obstinate man. You know better, chevalier. I think you should know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?"

"I shall attend to every instruction that you will honor me with."

"But let me, sir, comfort my mamma."

She went to her and kneeled: "Why weeps my mamma?" taking a hand in each of hers, and kissing first one, then the other. "Be comforted, my mamma. You see I am quite well. You see I am sedate.—Bless your Clementina!"

"God bless my child!"

She arose from her knees; and stepping towards me—"You are very silent, sir; and very sad.—But I don't want you to be sad.—Silent I will allow you to be; because the tutored should be all ear. So I used to be to you."

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—"I had a great deal to say to you; but I have forgot it all—Why do you look so melancholy, chevalier? You know your own mind, and you did what you thought just and fit—Did you not? Tell me, sir."

Then turning to her weeping mother—"The poor chevalier cannot speak, Madam.—Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—He is sorry, to be sure!—Well, but, sir," talking to me, "Don't be sorry.—And yet the man who once refused me—Ah, chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: but I soon got over it. You see how sedate I am now. Cannot you be as sedate as I am?"

What could I say? I could not soothe her: she boasted of her sedateness. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromise have been allowed of, I could have been unreserved in my declarations. Was ever man so unhappily circumstanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendship with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the sweet ties of kindness and esteem, engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

"But let me ask you, chevalier, how could you be so unreasonable as to expect, that I should change my religion, when you were so very tenacious of yours? Were you not

very unreasonable to expect this?—Upon my word, I believe you men think it is no matter for us women to have any consciences, so as we do but study your wills, and do our duty by you. Men look upon themselves as gods of the earth, and on us women but as their ministering servants? But I did not expect that you would be so unreasonable. You used to speak highly of our sex. Good women, you used to say, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I was a woman. How could you, chevalier, be so unreasonable?"

"May I, Madame," to her mother, "acquaint her with the proposals I made?—She seems to think, that I insisted upon her change of religion."

"It was not designed she should think so; but I remember now, that she would not let me tell all I had to say, when I was making my report to her of what had passed between the bishop and you. It was enough, she said, that she had been refused; she besought me to spare the rest; and since that, she has not been in such a way that we could talk to her on that part of the subject. We took it for granted, that she knew it all, because we did. Could we have yielded to your proposals, we should have enforced them upon her.—If you acquaint her with what you had proposed, it may make her think she has not been despised, as she calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively."

"No need of speaking low to each other," said the young lady. "After your slight, sir, you may let me hear anything. Madam! you see how sedate I am. I have quite overcome myself. Don't be afraid of saying anything before me."

"Slight, my dearest Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witness, your honored mamma is my witness, that I have not slighted you!—The conditions I had proposed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happiest of men!"

"Yes, and me the unhappiest of women. Why you refused me, did you not?" And putting both her hands spread before her face: "Don't let it be told abroad, that a daughter of that best of mothers was refused by any man less than a prince!—

Fie upon that daughter! to be able to stand before the proud refuser!" (She walked from me.) "I am ashamed of myself!—O Mrs. Beaumont! but for you!—My secret had been buried here," putting one hand on her bosom, holding still the other before her face.—"But, sir, sir," coming towards me, "don't speak! Let me have all my talk out—and then—everlasting silence be my portion!"

How her mother wept! How was I affected!

"I had a great deal to say to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted no favor of you, sir: mine was a pure, disinterested esteem. A voice from Heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was setting out to convert you. I should have been enabled to do it, I doubt not: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings;" do you remember that text, sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone —I had it all in my head then—But now I have lost it—O that impertinent Camilla!—She must question me—The woman addressed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to see me so sedate."

I was going to speak—"Hush, hush, when I bid you!" and she put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment and kissed it.

"Ah, chevalier!" said she, not withdrawing it, "I believe you are a flattering man! How can you, to a poor despised girl!"

"Let me now speak, Madam—Use not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the proposals I made—"

I mentioned them; and added, "Heaven only knows the anguish of my soul."—"Hush," said she, interrupting, and turning to her mother, "I know nothing of these men, Madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him? He looks as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?"

Her mother was silent, through grief.

"Ah, sir! my mamma, though she is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you! But I will have you bound by your own hand." She stepped to her closet in a hurry and brought out pen, ink and paper.—"Come, sir, you must not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand what you have now said—But I will write it, and you shall sign it."

She wrote in an instant, as follows:

"The Chevalier Grandison solemnly declares, that he did, in the most earnest manner, of his own accord, propose, that he would allow a certain young creature, if she might be allowed to be his wife, the free use of her religion; and to have a discreet man, at her choice, for her confessor: and that he would never oblige her to go to England with him; and that he would live in Italy with her every other year."

"Will you sign this, sir?" "Most willingly." "Do then."

I did.

"And you did propose this?—Did he, Madam?"

"My dear, he did. And I would have told you so; but that you were affected at his supposed refusal."

"Why, to be sure, Madam," interrupted she, "it was a shocking thing to be refused."

"Would you have wished us, my dear, to comply with these terms? Would you have chosen to marry a Protestant? A daughter of the house of Porretta, and of the house I sprang from, to marry an English Protestant?"

Clementina took her mother aside, but spoke loud enough to be heard. "Madam, that would have been wrong: but I am glad I was not refused with contempt; that my tutor and the preserver of my Jeronymo did not despise me. To say truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia, and so made a pretence."

"Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the chevalier's proposals?"

"Why no, surely, Madam!—Might I not have had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my religion, Madam."

"So does he, my love, in his."

"That is his fault, Madam.—Chevalier," stepping towards me, "I think you a very obstinate man. I hope you have not heard our discourse."

"Yes, my dear, he has: and I desire not but he should."

"Would to God, Madam," said I to the marchioness, "that I had yours and my lord's interest! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might presume—"

"But, sir, you are mistaken, perhaps," said the young

lady. "Though I answer for answering's sake, and to show that I have no doubt of my steadfastness in an article in which my soul is concerned; yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obstinate—I know what!"—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aside: "For God's sake, Madam, encourage my presumptuous hopes. Do you not observe already an alteration in the dear lady's mind? Is she not more unaffectedly sedate than she was before? Is not her mind quieter, now she knows that everything was yielded up that honor and conscience would permit to be yielded up? See that sweet serenity almost restored to those eyes, that within these few moments had a wilder turn!"

"Ah, chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it did, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man so bigoted to his errors. Excuse me, sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I should have more hopes of you, and less objection."

"If, Madam, I could be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be resisted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with such a family—"

"Ah, chevalier! I can give you no hope."

"Look at the sweet lady, Madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favor! Think of what she was, the joy of every heart; and what she may be! Which, whatever becomes of me, Heaven avert!—And shall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witness, that your Clementina's happiness is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's sake, (What, alas, is my sake to that?) on my knee, let me request your interest: that, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear lady recede not, if she blast not these budding hopes, will, I doubt not, succeed."

The young lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, "Rise, chevalier!—Shall I raise the chevalier, Madam?—I don't love to see him kneel. Poor chevalier!—See his tears!—What is the matter with everybody? Why do you weep?—My mamma weeps too!—What ails everybody?"

"Rise, chevalier," said the marchioness. "O this sweet prattler!—She will burst my heart asunder!—You cannot, sir, prevail (I cannot wish that you should), but upon our own terms. And will not this sweet soul move you?—Hard-hearted Gandison!"

"What a fate is mine!" rising: "with a soul penetrated by the disorder of this most excellent of women, and by the distress given by it to a family, every single person of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I desire, but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conscience is satisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it, one, about which, though I can love and honor every worthy member of it, I have scruples more than scruples, that my heart can justify and my reason defend?—You have not, Madam, yourself, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine."

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earnestness, now on me, now on her weeping mother.—And at last, breaking silence (her mother could not speak), and taking her hand and kissing it, "I don't," said she, "comprehend the reason of all this. This house is not the house it was: who, but I, is the same person in it? My father is not the same. My brothers neither: my mamma never has a dry eye, I think; but I don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I will. Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—O, my mamma! what would you say to your girl, if she refuse comfort?" Then kneeling down, and kissing her hand with eagerness, "I beseech you, my dear mamma, I beseech you, be comforted; or lend me some of your tears.—What ails me that I cannot weep for you?—But," turning to me, "see, the chevalier weeps, too!" —Then rising, and coming to me, her hand pressing my arm—"Don't weep, chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preserver! What ails you?—Be comforted!"—Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, still pressing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and looking upon it—"No! I thought I could have wept for you! —But why is all this?—You see what an example I, a silly girl, can set you."

By common consent of the greater English novelists Fielding heads the list in point of time and characteristic English genius. He first showed them how to construct a workable plot, how to delineate actual life in its humorous aspect, and combine with the play of rich wit the practical lessons of every-day worldly wisdom. That he failed to present an ideal standard cannot fairly be set against the merits of his books as masterpieces in this department of art. "The father of the English novel," as he was styled by Sir Walter Scott, was born in 1707, the offspring of a noble ancestry. After leaving his university, that of Leyden, Fielding gave up the serious study of law for the precarious life of an author in London, and managed to get a score or more of his farcical plays performed during the first ten years of his career. Several of these were adaptations from Molière. He made no pretence of being a moralist in either his life or writings, though, while painting vice too realistically, he refrained from gilding it. Many influential friends were ready to be his patrons, yet he satirized their political corruption, reckless of his own interests. At twenty-nine he married an heiress, but soon squandered her fortune and returned to his happy-go-lucky drudgery in London.

With a comrade he started the *Champion,* a journal on the model of the *Tatler,* in which are a number of sketches and moralizings afterwards worked into his novels. Difficulties, literary and pecuniary, induced Fielding to turn to legal work in 1740, but the success of Richardson's "Pamela" moved him to write a parody of its calculating sentimentality. This was the famous novel "Joseph Andrews," issued

in 1742. In his preface (which no student of this period of English literature should omit to read) he claims to have originated a new class of writing, that of the comic prose epic, and is proud of following in the wake of Cervantes. The book was a great success, though it did not rescue him from his sore struggle with poverty, aggravated by his wife's illness and speedy death. During this year he wrote "Jonathan Wild," a remarkable satire on social hypocrisy. The next few years were largely occupied in composing his principal work, "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling," which appeared in 1749. As a comedy of real life cleverly planned and carried out with wonderful spirit, glowing with hearty fun, humor and wit, often coarse but true to the time, this story is likely to hold the place given to it by Macaulay and others as the best English novel. Taste has changed for the better, but in the essentials to faithful portrayal of human nature "Tom Jones" is very unlikely ever to be surpassed. Fielding was appointed to the magistracy, after projecting one or two journals in support of the Government, and exerted himself successfully in suppressing robbery. By 1751 he had published "Amelia," a novel scarcely inferior to "Tom Jones" in literary merit and of higher ethical tone. His constitution, worn out by riotous living and later poverty, was unequal to the judicial and journalistic work on which he depended. In 1753 he was several times tapped for dropsy, and in the summer of 1754 he went to Lisbon, where he died in October. Besides his novels and plays he published a number of miscellaneous writings, including "Essays on the Characters of Man," "A Journey from This World to the Next," and "A Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon."

PETER POUNCE AND PARSON ADAMS.

(From "Joseph Andrews.")

PETER POUNCE, being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favor was, by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards said he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it, for

that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition.

The chariot had not proceeded far before Mr. Adams observed it was a very fine day.

"Aye, and a very fine country, too," answered Pounce.

"I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately traveled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this, and all other prospects in the universe."

"A fig for prospects," answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there; for my part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."

"Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself in many fine prospects of that kind."

"I thank God I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man. I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can."

Adams answered, "That riches, without charity, were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others."

"You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean, parson-like quality; though I would not infer that many parsons have it neither."

"Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is a generous disposition to relieve the distressed."

"There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition—and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it; but, alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? Believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."

"Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils."

"How can any man complain of hunger," said Pounce, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered almost in every field?—or of thirst, where every stream and

river produce such delicious potations?—and as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them. But these are things, perhaps, which you, who do not know the world ——"

"You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams; "I have read of the *Gymnosophists.*"

"A plague of your Jehosaphats," cried Peter; "the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which does not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax; and I do assure you I expect myself to come to the parish in the end."

To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded: "I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who I fancy believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank bills; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing; I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more and land less. Pray, my good neighbor, where should I have that quantity of money the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?"

"Why truly," said Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered, as well as yourself, with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you are worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family through many generations, they might have had a color for their assertions."

"Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter, with a malicious sneer.

"Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned.

"Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum."

"However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig. I am not poor, because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank Heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that hath descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates, who are forced to travel about the country, like some people in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy, for what I know; yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him."

"Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience!" And so saying, he opened the chariot door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence.

Squire Western and Sophia's Lovers.

(From "The History of Tom Jones.")

Mr. Western took care to waylay Blifil at his exit from his mistress. He found him so elevated with his success, so enamoured with his daughter, and so satisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and

dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions, to express the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the least command over any of his passions; and that which had at any time the ascendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildest excesses.

As soon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kisses and embraces bestowed on him by Western, the good squire went instantly in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found, than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her choose what clothes and jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other use for fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost profusion of fondness, called her by the most endearing names, and protested she was his only joy on earth.

Sophia, perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which she did not absolutely know the reason of (for fits of fondness were not unusual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary), thought she should never have a better opportunity of disclosing herself than at present, as far at least as regarded Mr. Blifil; and she too well foresaw the necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the squire, therefore, for all his professions of kindness, she added, with a look full of inexpressible softness, "And is it possible my papa can be so good to place all his joy in his Sophia's happiness?" which Western having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiss, she then laid hold of his hand, and, falling on her knees, after many warm and passionate declarations of affection and duty, she begged him "not to make her the most miserable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear sir," said she, "for your sake, as well as my own, since you are so very kind to tell me your happiness depends on mine."—"How! what!" says Western, staring wildly. "O, sir!" continued she, "not only your poor Sophy's happiness, her very life, her being, depends upon your granting her request. I cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me into this marriage, would be killing me." —"You can't live with Mr. Blifil!" says Western. "No,

upon my soul I can't," answered Sophia. "Then die and be ———," cries he, spurning her from him. "Oh! sir," cries Sophia, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, "take pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look and say such cruel——Can you be unmoved while you see your Sophy in this dreadful condition? Can the best of fathers break my heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering death?"—"Pooh! pooh!" cries the squire; "all stuff and nonsense; all maidenish tricks. Kill you, indeed! Will marriage kill you?"—"Oh! sir," answered Sophia, "such a marriage is worse than death. He is not even indifferent; I hate and detest him."—"If you detest un never so much," cries Western, "you shall ha' un." This he bound by an oath too shocking to repeat; and, after many violent asseverations, concluded in these words: "I am resolved upon the match, and, unless you consent to it, I will not give you a groat, not a single farthing; no, though I saw you expiring with famine in the street, I would not relieve you with a morsel of bread. This is my fixed resolution, and so I leave you to consider on it." He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor; and he burst directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia prostrate on the ground.

When Western came into the hall, he there found Jones; who, seeing his friend looking wild, pale, and, almost breathless, could not forbear inquiring the reason of all these melancholy appearances. Upon which the squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations against Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the misery of all fathers, who are so unfortunate as to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the resolutions which had been taken in favor of Blifil were yet a secret, was at first almost struck dead with this relation; but recovering his spirits a little, mere despair, as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a matter to Mr. Western, which seemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He desired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavor to gain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the squire had been as quick-sighted as he was remark-

able for the contrary, passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and said, "Go, go, prithee, try what canst do;" and then swore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unless she consented to the match.

Jones departed instantly in quest of Sophia, whom he found just risen from the ground, where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He presently ran to her, and, with a voice at once full of tenderness and terror, cried, "Oh, my Sophia, what means this dreadful sight?" She looked softly at him for a moment before she spoke, and then said, "Mr. Jones, for Heaven's sake, how came you here?—Leave me, I beseech you, this moment."—"Do not," says he, "impose so harsh a command upon me—my heart bleeds faster than those lips. O Sophia! how easily could I drain my veins to preserve one drop of that dear blood."—"I have too many obligations to you already," answered she, "for sure you meant them such." Here she looked at him tenderly almost a minute, and then bursting into an agony, cried, "Oh, Mr. Jones, why did you save my life? my death would have been happier for us both."—'Happier for us both!" cried he. "Could racks or wheels kill me so painfully as Sophia's ——I cannot bear the dreadful sound. Do I live but for her?" Both his voice and look were full of inexpressible tenderness when he spoke these words; and at the same time he laid gently hold on her hand, which she did not withdraw from him: to say the truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few moments now passed in silence between these lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground: at last she recovered strength enough to desire him again to leave her, for that her certain ruin would be the consequence of their being found together; adding, "Oh, Mr. Jones, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel afternoon."—"I know all, my Sophia," answered he; "your cruel father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you."—"My father sent you to me!" replied she: "sure you dream." "Would to Heaven," cries he, "it was but a dream! Oh! Sophia,

your father hath sent me to you, to be an advocate for my odious rival, to solicit you his favor. I took any means to get access to you. Oh, speak to me, Sophia! comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated, like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle hand—One moment, perhaps, tears you forever from me —Nothing less than this cruel occasion, could, I believe, have ever conquered the respect and awe with which you have inspired me." She stood a moment silent, and covered with confusion; then, lifting up her eyes gently towards him, she cried, "What would Mr. Jones have me say?"—"Oh, do but promise," cries he, "that you never will give yourself to Blifil." "Name not," answered she, "the detested sound. Be assured, I never will give him what is in my power to withhold from him."—"Now then," cries he, "while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope." —"Alas!" says she, "Mr. Jones, whither will you drive me? What hope have I to bestow? You know my father's intentions."—"But I know," answered he, "your compliance with them cannot be compelled."—"What," says she, "must be the dreadful consequence of my disobedience? My own ruin is my least concern. I cannot bear the thoughts of being the cause of my father's misery."—"He is himself the cause," cries Jones, "by exacting a power over you which nature hath not given him. Think on the misery which I am to suffer, if I am to lose you, and see on which side pity will turn the balance."—"Think of it!" replied she: "can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your desire? It is that thought which gives me resolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own destruction."—"I fear no destruction," cries he, "but the loss of Sophia. If you will save me from the most bitter agonies, recall that cruel sentence. Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot."

The lovers now stood both silent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold it. . . .

But now the squire, having burst open the door, beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones:

this was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical sight Mr. Western no sooner beheld, than all his rage forsook him: he roared for help with his utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never considering in whose arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a person in the world as Jones; for indeed, I believe, the present circumstances of his daughter were now the sole consideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs. Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia with water, cordials, and every thing necessary on those occasions. These were applied with such success, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the symptoms of life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Western: nor did that good lady depart without leaving some wholesome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effects of his passion, or, as she pleased to call it, madness.

The squire, perhaps, did not understand this good advice, as it was delivered in obscure hints, shrugs, and notes of admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it; for no sooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapsed into his former frenzy, which must have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not Parson Supple, who was a very strong man, been present, and by mere force restrained the squire from acts of hostility.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

If Fielding's genius was of the English type, Smollett's, being Scotch, exhibits traits to be expected in the sturdier nature of the North. He is more literal, his satire is fiercer, his fancy less free, but in broadly farcical humor and strength of language he is not inferior to the author of "Tom Jones."

Tobias George Smollett was born in Dumbartonshire in 1721, was brought up to be a surgeon, enlisted in the navy when almost starving in London, and leaving it in 1746 embarked on a literary career. Knowing something of medicine and a good deal about sailor character, he tried his pen on various themes, chiefly satires, until in 1748 he wrote "Roderick Random," which appeared a few months earlier than "Tom Jones." This rollicking story of comical adventures hit the popular taste in spite of the author's furious sarcasms on a stupid public who had ignored his merits. The book throws light on the struggles of the literary craft of that day, and has a small gallery of brilliantly painted characters not likely to be forgotten. "Peregrine Pickle" followed in 1751, and "Count Fathom" in 1753. Much of the notoriety won by these books was due to their gross indecencies. Afterwards the author gave up fiction for miscellaneous writing, which included a translation of "Don Quixote," a "History of England," and a number of compilations, besides his efforts in political journalism. He was imprisoned in 1759 for libelling a Whig while editor of the "Critical Review." His satirical romance, "Sir Lancelot Greaves," 1761, somewhat resembles "Don Quixote." The opening chapters have in their turn been imitated by later novelists. Smollett went abroad in 1763, and his experiences are told in his "Travels through France and Italy." His last novel, "Humphrey Clinker," came out in 1771. It was written in Leghorn during sick-

ness, which ended in his death the same year. His naturally satirical temperament had been sorely tried for years. His last and best novel relates in letters the adventures of a family travelling through parts of England and Scotland. With much that is unfit to be read—and Smollett had a coarser vein than some of his contemporaries—his books are brightened by many passages of poetic grace.

LIEUTENANT LISMAHAGO.

(From "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.")

Dear Phillips: In my last I treated you with a high-flavored dish, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I must present him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the best part of three days, and I do not doubt that he will start again in our way before we shall have finished our northern excursion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved so tempestuous, that we did not choose to proceed on our journey; and my uncle persuaded him to stay till the weather should clear up, giving him, at the same time, a general invitation to our mess. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget of shrewd observations, but he brings them forth in such an ungracious manner, as would be extremely disgusting, if it was not marked with that characteristic oddity which never fails to attract the attention. He and Mr. Bramble discoursed, and even disputed, on different subjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law and metaphysics; and sometimes they were warmed into such altercation as seemed to threaten an abrupt dissolution of their society; but Mr. Bramble set a guard over his own irascibility, the more vigilantly, as the officer was his guest; and when, in spite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the same proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha, chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, sir," said the lieutenant, "is your name Matthias?" You must know, it is one of our uncle's foibles to be ashamed of his name Matthew, because it is puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much

that he answered, "No, by G—d!" in a very abrupt tone of displeasure. The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply; and, bristling up, "If I had known," said he, "that you did not care to tell your name, I should not have asked the question. The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias: perhaps it may be Methuselah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamoros, or—" "No," cried my uncle, laughing, "it is neither of those, captain: my name is Matthew Bramble, at your service. The truth is, I have a foolish pique at the name of Matthew, because it savors of those canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell's time, christened all their children by names taken from the Scripture."—"A foolish pique, indeed," cried Mrs. Tabby; "and even sinful, to fall out with your name, because it is taken from Holy Writ. I would have you to know you was called after great-uncle Matthew ap Madoc ap Meredith, esquire, of Llanwysthin, in Montgomeryshire, justice of the quorum, and crusty ruttleorum, a gentleman of great worth and property, descended in a straight line, by the female side, from Llewellyn, prince of Wales."

This genealogical anecdote seemed to make some impression upon the North Briton, who bowed very low to the descendants of Llewellyn, and observed that he himself had the honor of a Scriptural nomination. The lady expressing a desire of knowing his address, he said he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago; and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper inscribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation derived from his great-grandfather, who had been one of the original Covenanters; but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called. He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco,**

* But race and ancestry and whatever we have not done ourselves, I scarcely call our own.

which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modesty, in waiving the merit of his ancestry, adding that it was the less necessary to him, as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glue herself to his favor with the grossest adulation. She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valor, probity, learning and politeness. She even descended to encomiums on his own personal address, his gallantry, good sense and erudition. She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin, Governor Griffith. She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr. Lismahago answered with a sort of Jesuitical reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned that he and Ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching some English settlement; but, mistaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them as an adopted son to a venerable sachem, who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other according to the custom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handsomer of the two, was designed to fill the place of the deceased, not only as the son of the sachem, but as the spouse of a beautiful squaw, to whom his predecessor had been betrothed; but in passing through the different wigwams or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was so mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all prisoners in their passage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the sachem's residence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purposes of marriage: it was determined, therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that Ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the lady should be given to Lieutenant Lismahago, who had likewise received his share

of torments, though they had not produced emasculation. A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather sawed off with a rusty knife; one of his great toes was crushed into a mash between two stones; some of his teeth were drawn, or dug out with a crooked nail; splintered reeds had been thrust up his nostrils and other tender parts, and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the flesh with the sharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing, as his death-song, the drimmendoo, in concert with Mr. Lismahago, who was present at the solemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a sharp knife, scooped out one of his eyes and put a burning coal in the socket. The pain of this operation was so exquisite that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and one of the warriors, stealing behind him, gave him the *coup-de-grace* with a hatchet.

Lismahago's bride, the Squaw Squinkinacoosta, distinguished herself on this occasion. She showed a great superiority of genius in the tortures which she contrived and executed with her own hands. She vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, she was not so intoxicated but that she was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring sachem, and afterward go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The captain had lived very happily with this accomplished squaw for two years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unspeakable grief, she had died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time Mr. Lismahago was elected sachem, acknowledged first warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanastaogarora, which signifies "nimble as a weazel;" but all these advantages and

honors he was obliged to resign, in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the outlines of Mr. Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha "did seriously incline her ear;" indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor "for the dangers he had passed."

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast of Mrs. Tabby: when she understood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, she began to spit, and ejaculated—"Jesus, what cruel barbarians!" and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast; but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage-dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or bodice, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or Minionette: she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used rouge, and had her hair dressed in the Parisian fashion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever: he said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificent in Europe; and that they are too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

These observations served only to inflame her desire of knowing the particulars about which she had inquired; and, with all his evasion, he could not help discovering the following circumstances: that his princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen; that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of

ornaments she had great plenty. Her hair was curiously plaited and interwoven with bobbins of human bone; one eyelid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead, as far as the tip of the nose; a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils; there was a blue stone set in the chin; her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks; her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum; her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads; she wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven grass, elegantly painted with various colors; about her neck was hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle; and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odor.

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady, but Mrs. Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the captain's connections. She wished, indeed, the squaw had been better provided with linen, but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments; she made no doubt, therefore, that Madam Squinkinacoosta was a young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good Christian at bottom. Then she asked whether his consort had been high-church or low-church, Presbyterian or Anabaptist, or had been favored with any glimmering of the new light of the Gospel? When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the Christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment; and Humphrey Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

In the course of this conversation, Lieutenant Lismahago dropped some hints by which it appeared he himself was a a freethinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of St. Athanasius. He dwelt much upon the words "reason, philosophy and contradiction in terms;" he bid defiance to the eternity of hell fire, and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the

soul, as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, she began to look upon Lismahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity. In short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made towards his affection; and although there was something repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities. Perhaps he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days. An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals. He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation. He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grass, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacoosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

Mrs. Tabby declared that Scotland was the soil which produced every virtue under heaven. When Lismahago took his leave for the night, she asked her brother if the captain was not the prettiest gentleman he had ever seen, and whether there was not something wonderfully engaging in his aspect? Mr. Bramble having eyed her some time in silence—"Sister," said he, "the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honest man, and a good officer; he has a considerable share of understanding, and a title to more encouragement than he seems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a safe conscience, affirm that he is the prettiest gentleman I ever saw; neither can I discern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favored and forbidding."

STERNE'S eminence as a writer of fiction is second to his supremacy as a humorist and a master of literary art. He was born in Clonmel, Ireland, in 1713, where his father's regiment was disbanded, after returning from Dunkirk. He had, as a child, ten years of the ups and downs of a camp-follower's life, then nine years of schooling, after which he was sent to the University of Cambridge by a generous relative. Entering the Church in 1738, he obtained the livings of Sutton and Stillington, in Yorkshire, which he held for twenty years. "Tristram Shandy" appeared in two volumes in 1760. The oddity of the book in its manner of telling the story, and its style, with its perpetual digressions, at once made it notorious, if not famous. Sterne followed up his success with two more volumes in 1761, and two more in the next year. He then fell into ill-health, which necessitated foreign travel for two years, after which he published the last two books of his novel, 1765-1767, and in the next year his "Sentimental Journey." He died at his London inn, while seeing his last work through the press, in 1768.

His genius was unique, a compound of talent, eccentricity, vagrant wit, spurious sentiment and genuine feeling, all mingled in disordered fashion, yet expressed in language refined and charming, even when the subject-matter grows rank. "Tristram Shandy" is one of the world's classics; its figures will not make their exit from the stage as long as humor can amuse and faithful portraiture gives pleasure. "The Sentimental Journey" has less substance and more theatrical costuming. The "Sermons" of this irreverent divine are models of polished common-sense preaching, warranted not to disturb the consciences of worldly-Christian congregations.

LIEUTENANT LE FEVRE AT THE INN.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies—which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack. "It is for a poor gentleman, I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything until just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.' If I could neither beg, borrow nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he, "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest, too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host." "And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him." "Step after him," said my uncle Toby; "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the corporal; "but I can ask his

son again." "Has he a son with him, then?" said my uncle Toby. "A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day; he has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took them away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," says my uncle Toby.

"Trim," said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master and made his bow: my uncle Toby smoked on and said no more. "Corporal!" said my uncle Toby. The Corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

"Trim!" said my uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure and paying a visit to this poor gentleman." "Your honor's roquelaure," replied the corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honor your death, and bring on your honor's torment in your groin." "I fear so," replied my uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?" "Leave it, an it please your honor, to me," quoth the corporal: "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly, and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour." "Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant." "I shall get it all out of him," said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn and gave him the following account:

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant." "Is he in the army, then?" said my uncle Toby. "He is," said the corporal. "And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby. "I'll tell your honor," replied the corporal, "everything straight forwards as I learned it." "Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee until thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again." The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it: "Your honor is good." And having done that he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words."

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked"—"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby—"I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.' "

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire while I did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' I am sure, said I, his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand and instantly burst into tears."

"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby, "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor?" "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar,"—"and thou might'st have added my purse too," said my uncle Toby—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor), but no answer, for his heart was full, so he went up stairs with the toast. I warant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought thought it was wrong," added the corporal; "I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book

laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.' 'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, very devoutly, 'and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' 'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate. A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor, too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world." —"It was well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby.— "But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on,—he must say his prayers how and when he can. I believe, said I, for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army; I believe—an't please your reverence, said I—that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy."

"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal—at the day of judgment and not till then—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do, until the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean, white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed, and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside: 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with

my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant (I told him your honor was), 'then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but it is most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant, in Angus's. But he knows me not,' said he, a second time, musing; 'possibly he may know my story,' added he; 'pray, tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.' 'I remember the story, an' t please your honor,' said I, 'very

well.' 'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee took the ring in his hand and kissed it, too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh; "I wish, Trim, I was asleep." "Your, honor," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?" "Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other—I forget what—was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon."

"It is finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer; so wished his honor a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders. But alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over." "Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in between a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly attached at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarcely allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to

have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son. That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim: In the first place, when thou made an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse, because had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." "Your honor knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby, "Thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

"In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offered him whatever was in my house, thou should have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."—"He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world," said the corporal. "He will march!" said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. "An' please your honor," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave." "He shall march!" cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; "he shall march to his regiment!" "He cannot stand it," said the corporal. "He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby. "He'll drop at last," said the corporal, "and what will become of his boy?" "He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly. "A-well-o'day, do what we can

for him, said Trim, maintaining his point; "the poor soul will die." "He shall not die, by G—!" cried my uncle Toby.

The *Accusing Spirit,* which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the *Recording Angel,* as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavily upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle when my uncle Toby, who had risen an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did; how he had rested in the night; what was his complaint; where was his pain, and what he could do to help him; and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him."

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half-finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling

it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel—the heart—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again —moved—stopped—shall I go on? No.

Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman.

As soon as the corporal had finished the story of his amour —or rather my uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbor, replaced the pin in her mob, passed the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle Toby's sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind was too favorable a crisis to be let slip.

The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated still more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-axe, the piquets, and other military stores which lay scattered upon the ground where Dunkirk stood.—The corporal had marched—the field was clear.

Now consider, sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting, or writing, or anything else (whether in rhyme to it or not) which a man has occasion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the plan of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, by plan. Now, the plan hanging up in it at this juncture being the plan of Dunkirk, and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make; and besides, could she have gone upon it, the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's story, that just then, that particular attack, however successful before, became the most heartless attack that could be made.

Oh! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had scarce opened the wicker-gate when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

She formed a new attack in a moment.

I am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box,—a mote, or sand, or something—I know not what—has got into this eye of mine ; do look into it ; it is not in the white.

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul ! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I have nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did, and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all. 'Tis surmounted. And,—

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking—and—looking—then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain ! for, by all the powers which animate the organ —Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right ; there is neither mote, nor sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—there is nothing, my dear, paternal uncle ! but one lambent, delicious fire furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer thou art undone.

An eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect. That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye, and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one. However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, Madam," said my uncle Toby, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself—which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head—there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one; nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant or imperious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations and soft responses, speaking, not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint. "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business. . . .

The world is ashamed of being virtuous. My uncle Toby knew little of the world, and therefore when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gapped knife across his

finger. Had it been otherwise—yet as he ever looked upon Trim as an humble friend, and saw fresh reasons every day of his life to treat him as such—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

In love! said the corporal; your honor was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honor the story of the King of Bohemia.—Bohemia, said my uncle Toby, musing a long time,—what became of that story, Trim?

We lost it, an' please your honor, somehow betwixt us, but your honor was as free from love then as I am. 'Twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow—With Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby—she has left a ball here—added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

She can no more, an' please your honor, stand a siege than she can fly, cried the corporal.

But as we are neighbors, Trim, the best way I think is to let her know it civilly first, quoth my uncle Toby.

Now if I might presume, said the corporal, to differ from your honor—

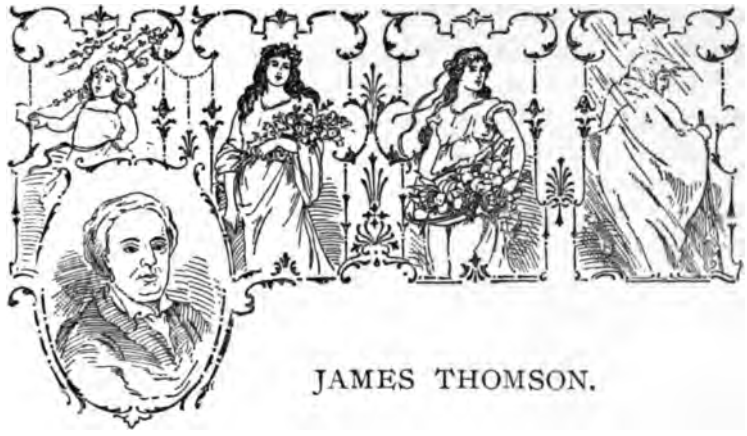
Why else do I talk to thee, Trim? said my uncle Toby, mildly.—

Then I would begin, an' please your honor, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return, and telling her civilly afterwards; for if she knows anything of your honor's being in love beforehand—

L—d help her!—She knows no more at present of it, Trim, said my uncle Toby—than the child unborn—

Precious souls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances to Mrs. Bridget twenty-four hours before, and was at that very moment sitting in council with her touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum.*



JAMES THOMSON.

AFTER the polished couplets of Pope, artificial in method and diction, the time was ripe for a return to the natural. Thomson's courageous choice of a simple theme, the glooms and joys of Winter, was the turning point of national poetry from subjects and styles interesting only to the educated class, to thoughts and scenes common to all. In this, the first of his poems on "The Seasons," he revealed the beauty that lies in familiar things, in the ordinary play of Nature, when lifted above their commonplace surroundings by poetical reflection. Uneven as was his gift, and careless at first in his art, Thomson must be accorded the high praise of having led the way to that deeper appreciation of natural emotions and scenes which redeems the poetry of the nineteenth century.

He was the son of a minister, born in Scotland in 1700. His poetical tastes, shown in the verses written in youth, were more fully displayed in the complete poem on "Winter," the success of which led to the production of the rest of "The Seasons." The first appeared in 1726, and the finished series in 1730. Next year Thomson traveled in Europe, and on returning issued the first part of his poem on "Liberty," in 1734, and completed it in 1736. A royal pension of £100 a year and a sinecure made the poet comfortable for life. His later writings include the tragedy "Agamemnon," which was a stage failure, the masque of "Alfred," the tragedy of "Tancred and Sigismunda," and his last, also his most artistic production, "The Castle of Indolence," a noble imitation of Spenser's "Faery Queen." It had occupied him for years

but was not published until 1748, in which year he died. Thomson's naturalness, and his delight in describing familiar scenes with rich imaginative freshness, frequently rising into moving eloquence, ensured for his work a popularity enviable for its sincerity and continued vitality. The English national song, *Rule Britannia*, has ever been a favorite, but few know that it was written by Thomson in his masque, "Alfred."

THE SNOW STORM.

(From "Winter.")

THE keener tempests rise: and, fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid Sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.
  Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind:
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipped with a wreath high curling in the sky.
  As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart,
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,

And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and, what is land, unknown
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corpse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

The Castle of Indolence.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;

And flowery beds that slumberous influence *kest*, [*cast*
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurléd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny shade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds *yblent* inclinéd all to sleep. [*blended*

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright

And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labor harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of Earth that pass'd thereby:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighboring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody; [*melted*
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords his tempting verses sung.

. . . . . .

Here whilom *ligg'd* th' Esopus* of the age; [*lay*
But call'd by Fame, in soul *ypricked* deep, [*pierced*
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard† here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He lothéd much to write, ne caréd to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.

* The actor Quin. Claudius Æsopus was the greatest tragic actor of ancient Rome.

† Thomson himself; the stanza except the first line was written by Lord Lyttleton.

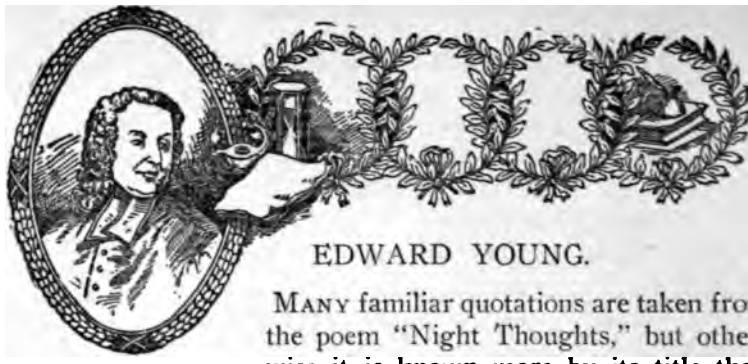
A little, round, fat, oily man of God *
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which, when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
When in the hall of smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious, as of old.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, poured out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel and loom.

Their only labor was to kill the time;
(And labor dire it is and weary woe),
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapory god soft breathing in the wind.

* The Rev. William Murdoch, friend and biographer of Thomson.



EDWARD YOUNG.

MANY familiar quotations are taken from the poem "Night Thoughts," but otherwise it is known more by its title than its contents. The author was a remarkably able man, who ought to have won more solid fame. He was born in 1681, near Winchester, son of a future dean of Salisbury Cathedral, and entered upon the life of a poet and courtier at thirty. Valuable patronage was given him in return for political service with his pen. His best work in these years was the series of satires on "The Universal Passion, the Love of Fame." He wrote from the fulness of his own heart, and with such force, that Dr. Johnson thought them nearly equal to Horace, though Pope surpassed them later. His ambition and talents failed to win him political power, whereupon, when fifty years of age, he entered the Church. Ecclesiastical promotion followed in the wake of political pensions. Then rich and famous, he made a happy marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield in 1731, wrote a large number of moral and eulogistic poems, a few tragedies, and, when past sixty, his principal poem, "The Complaint; or, Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality." It appeared in nine parts, between 1742 and 1744. While it is strictly a religious poem—sincerely so, and of commanding merit—the author strains to display his wit, his epigrammatic art, and to lash the reader's imagination into a nightmare terror, really inconsistent with serious thought on serious problems. As a whole it is to be classed as a work of genius spoiled by excessive vigor of delineation. His "True Estimate of Human Life," and "Suggestions on Original Composition," both in prose, are known rather to authors than to readers. Young's active brain and busy pen did not cease work until his death, at eighty-one, in 1765.

PROCRASTINATION.

BEWARE, Lorenzo, a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,
Forever on the brink of being born."
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead.
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's to wisdom they consign.
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young indeed
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

THE bell strikes one. We take no note of time
Save by its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread Eternity! how surely mine!
And can Eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner upon the bounties of an hour! . . .
O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste,—he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious Death; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear. . . .
Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the grand mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvelously mixed,

Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in Being's endless chain,
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh! what a miracle to man is Man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there!

Death the Giver of Life.

Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Pain and Disease; Disease, though long my guest,
That plucks my nerves—those tender strings of life,—
Which, plucked a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is Victory! . . .
Death is the crown of life.
Were Death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were Death denied, to live would not be Life;
Were Death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure. We fall, we rise, we reign;
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.
When shall I die to Vanity, Pain, Death?
When shall I *die?*—When shall I *live* forever?

less familiar pieces. In 1750 he published, after slow and careful revisions, in which the manuscript had gone the rounds among his friends for several years, the "Elegy," which first bore the title, "Stanzas Wrote in a Country Churchyard." It ran through four editions in a year and was reproduced in three popular magazines. Six years later appeared his "Pindaric Odes," including two which have been accounted the foremost English compositions of their exalted order, the "Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard." These proved to be, and still are, above the level of the public taste. Gray refused the offer of the Laureateship. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, which post he accepted and retained till his death in 1771, but was unable to perform the active duties owing to ill-health. He was buried in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, immortalized by his verse. Among his miscellaneous writings are many of literary value, including his translations of the old Norse legends which have been made more familiar by poets and scholars of the nineteenth century. Gray stands conspicuously a poet for poets. He esteemed his art before popularity, and yet it was his enviable fate to have given the common people the noblest popular poem in their simple language.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing-morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awake alike the inevitable hour—
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,—

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
  With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,
  The place of fame and eulogy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned.

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious hand the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
  Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
  "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
  Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
  Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
  'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
  A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
  And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
  He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

SUCH fame as Shenstone enjoys is due to his love of the natural. Born in 1714, in an English village, he first went to the dame-school, and his quaintly realistic portrayal of his instructress in his poem, "The School-mistress," is a good example of his simple style. He elected to live on his modest estate, which he beautified with such success that he is credited with having created the modern art of landscape gardening. Here he set himself to cultivate the rustic muse. He sang the elemental emotions, painted familiar scenes, wrote pastorals and elegies, which gained the cordial praise of men like Johnson and Burns, and are still excellent in their class. His "Pastoral Ballads" have artless charms that justify the use of selections from them in books for children, some of which are popular still. In prose Shenstone has some good essays, and his letters have originality and literary merit. He died in 1763.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN every village marked with little spire
  Embowered in trees, and hardly known to Fame
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
  A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
  They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
  And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow!
And work the simple vassal's mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined
With dark distrust and sad repentance filled,
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;

'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
  'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare;
  And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
  For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
  Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
  Or dame, the sole addition she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear,
  Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honored *eld* with these revere: [*age*
  For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
  The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
  Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
  And, if Neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
  For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
  And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
  The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
  And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
  And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
  By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced.
In which, when he receives his diadem,
  Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,

The matron sate; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn securéd are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE poems of Collins are as few in number, and perhaps as perfect in style as those of his contemporary Gray, yet his career affords a mournful contrast to the peaceful life of the Cambridge scholarly recluse. William Collins, born at Chichester, in 1720, graduated at Oxford after having published his "Oriental Eclogues," which were entirely neglected. He went to London as a literary adventurer, and in 1746 published his "Odes," which met a similar fate. Though his learning was extensive, there was little demand for his services. Losing ambition he fell into dissipation, yet occasionally added an exquisite poem to his stock. A bequest of two thousand pounds relieved his necessities, but gave opportunity for further dissipation. His mind became impaired

and he sank into imbecility. He was cared for by his sister until his death in 1759. But the lyrical poems of this unfortunate genius have since risen in value, and have been acknowledged by Southey and Swinburne to be the best of their kind in the language.

Ode to Liberty.

First Strophe.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife.
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding freedom loved of old to view!
What new Alcæus, fancy-blessed,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles dressed,
At wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned)?
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leaped in glory forth and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power,
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue fell,
Pushed by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his Northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

How Sleep the Brave.

(Written in the beginning of the year 1746).

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne, in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

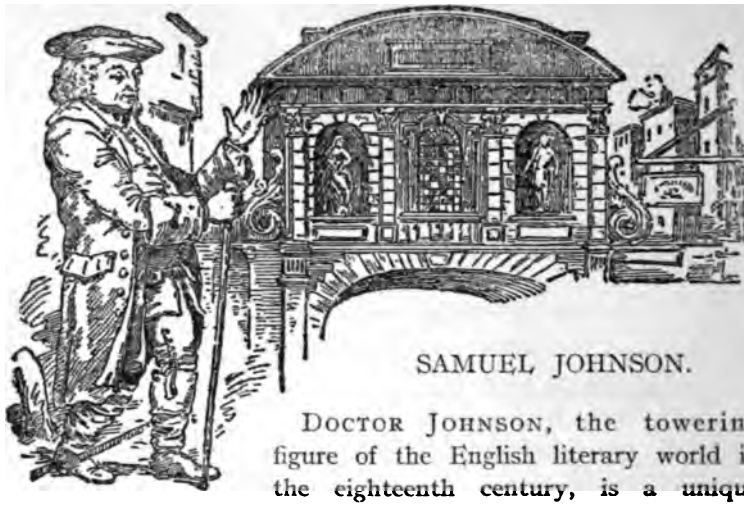
But when chill blustering winds or driving rain
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all,
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON, the towering figure of the English literary world in the eighteenth century, is a unique monument to the immortalizing power of the biographer. But for its faithful satellite the planet might have become obscured. Johnson without Boswell would have been a remote influence rather than a still living personality. His sturdy character and manly style of speech impart a value other than its own to the pompous diction of his writings. Johnson is too large a character to be comprehended in a sketch. Read Boswell's and other contemporary accounts of the man as he was; follow up these with judiciously selected examples of his writings and spoken judgments, and there will loom up a form majestic by divine right of intellect and goodness, whose kingship no petty criticisms can shake.

Samuel Johnson, dictator of the English republic of letters, was born in 1709, the son of a country bookseller. Having to get his own living, he left Oxford without taking his degree to become usher in a private school. When only twenty-five, Johnson, ungainly of mien, married a comely widow of forty-eight with a small fortune. This was lost in trying to establish a private school, for which there were but three pupils, one being David Garrick. In company with him, Johnson set out for London and began his long and painful struggle as a writer. In many familiar passages he reveals the bitterness of soul that was intensified by the rebuffs of publishers and patrons. At best his manners were uncouth. Some insolent rivals, and at least two publishers,

he thrashed outright. He wrote his tragedy "Irene," hoping Garrick would produce it, and the poem "London," for which he received only ten guineas. He wrote articles and expanded or invented speeches for the parliamentary reports in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* His "Life of Savage," the ill-fated author of "The Bastard," was published anonymously in 1744, found proper appreciation as a finely sympathetic study in biography, and so increased Johnson's growing reputation. Then the booksellers asked him to undertake the great "Dictionary," to which he gave seven years of arduous labor, and for which he received fifteen hundred guineas, but out of this sum had to pay his helpers. His letter scorning Lord Chesterfield's proffered patronage, after being denied it during the seven years of toil in poverty, is one of the most memorable pieces in all literature. The poem on the "Vanity of Human Wishes," with the fine essays of *The Rambler,* all of them his own but four, brought modest successes. *The Idler* appeared in 1758 and lived two years. The philosophical romance "Rasselas" was written to defray the cost of his mother's funeral. In 1762 George III. bestowed on Johnson a pension of £300, which freed him from the slavery that had held him for thirty working years. It enabled him to complete his edition of Shakespeare, for which he had been receiving subscriptions for several years. Now was formed the famous Club of which Johnson was the loved autocrat, with Goldsmith, Burke, Boswell, Reynolds, Gibbon and the rest as his genial courtiers. Here he showed his true self, ruling with benignant sway, yet occasionally giving way to righteous wrath. He took a tour to the Hebrides in 1775, and four years later began the "Lives of the Poets" on a commission from the booksellers. These lives were finely planned and written for that time, and with all their drawbacks, incidental to the temperament of the writer, are worth reading now. They form Johnson's best prose work, and had a markedly uplifting influence on the art of criticism. When he died in 1784 it was felt that a great force for good was lost to literature. No other English writer is so vividly realized by the present generation, thanks to Boswell and his luck in knowing a great man during the growth of his greatness.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

(From "The Vanity of Human Wishes.")

IN full-flown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the Church, the Realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turn, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies, oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

WHAT TO PRAY FOR.

(From "The Vanity of Human Wishes.")

WHERE, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat;
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

7th February, 1755.

MY LORD:—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and

uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it: till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exaltation,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

REFLECTIONS ON LANDING AT IONA.

(From the "Journey to the Western Islands.")

WE were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge

and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

EXTRACTS FROM BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON."

JAMES BOSWELL (1740–1795), a vain, shallow and conceited Scotchman, had yet such admiration for Dr. Johnson, that he sought every opportunity to share his company, and then spent more time in recording minutely his conversation. The result was given to the world in his matchless biography in 1791.

GETTING RID OF CANT.

Boswell. "I wish much to be in Parliament, sir." *Johnson.* "Why, sir, unless you come resolved to support any administration, you would be the worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively." *Boswell.* "Perhaps, sir, I should be less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong." *Johnson.* "That's cant, sir. It would not vex you more in the House than in the gallery. Public affairs vex no man." *Boswell.* "Have they not vexed yourself a little, sir? Have you not been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, 'That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be dimin-

ished?'" *Johnson.* "Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not vexed." *Boswell.* "I declare, sir, upon my honor, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it; but it was, perhaps, cant; for I own I neither ate less nor slept less." *Johnson.* "My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he was wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society; but don't *think* foolishly."

Life at an Inn.

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapel-house, where Dr. Johnson expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him: and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another's house as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do who are excited with the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ALL the adjectives that convey the impression of literary charm have been lavished on Goldsmith, and still they fall short of expressing the sum total of his characteristics. His genial Irish heart throbbed none the less sympathetically for being ineffectually concealed behind his English bloom-colored coat. He wrote nothing without putting his heart into it, and to this the heart of his reader responds. Goldsmith is loved for his own sake. His sorry time of it as a wanderer, a Grub-street hack, and a London Bohemian, his delicious stupidity as a man of business, and his artless felicity as a writer of exquisite verse and prose, endear him to all. In him met the perfection of simplicity as a stylist—which implies concealed craft—and unmitigated simplicity of wit as a man of the world. The combination yields a most delightful character in the noble army of authors.

He was born in Ireland in 1728. At Dublin University he was thought dull because erratic and timid. He studied medicine in Scotland and logic in Leyden, and got his real education in the university of life as he played the vagabond in Flanders, winning his way with his flute. He strolled to London at twenty-eight, and had to put up with beggarly fare for years, slaving now as a drug-store clerk, now as school usher, and later as a rising author. He made nursery rhymes to fit old wood-cuts, wrote fine essays on polite learning, poured forth inexhaustible stores of sagacious talk in little periodicals like the *Bee*, and made his Chinese "Citizen of the World" a satirist of the West. He was thirty-six when his "Traveller" poem lifted him into the gentility he dearly coveted. To be petted by lords and statesmen was a new kind of intoxication. But each extra shilling earned meant a guinea spent. In purgatorial torments good Dr. Johnson

found his "Goldy" that day when sent for to rescue the reckless poet from the clutch of his landlady's sheriff's officer. A manuscript was asked for, if one existed, as the proper basis of helping him to self-help, and a grand one was brought out. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was published, the worst plotted and best conceived novel in the world, and Goldsmith found himself famous and rich beyond his dreams. In 1770, when forty-two, he wrote that heart-moving poem, "The Deserted Village," sweetly sad and beautiful, yet a jumble of exquisite Irish bulls. Then came his two plays, "The Goodnatured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," written chiefly to air his innocent autobiographical vanity. He was making money by writing books for the publishers, who paid him handsomely for getting up his Histories of Rome, England, Greece, and the delightful "History of Animated Nature," in which last he unfolds a noble ignorance. Goldsmith was now the delight of lovers of English that interpreted England's heart. His books were read, his poems learned, his plays enjoyed by simple and learned throughout the land, and himself the centre of a brilliant galaxy, applauded and teased, but loved always and by all. He was the butt of the Club, and its brightest gem. The world lay at his feet at last, when he stumbled into death in 1774. A grave-stone bears his name, but nobody knows where his bones are laid.

Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall.

In "The Citizen of the World" an imaginary Chinese traveller thus describes a familiar London resort and its frequenters.

The people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pekin of riding; one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a party that was to sup there; and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled and expect-

ing my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat, which was formerly new, and his gray wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawnbroker's widow, of whom, by the bye, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water, and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon, which, being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that consequently we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames Street and Crooked Lane; with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess, that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure. The lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely-moving trees — the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night — the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the table spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. "Head of Confucius," cried I to my friend, "this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence! If we except the virgins of immortality, that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every desire, I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's Paradise!" "As for virgins," cries my friend, "it is true they

are a fruit that do not much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies, as plenty as apples in autumn, and as complying as any Houri of them all, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for Paradise."

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing place to see the waterworks, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at the farthest; a dispute therefore began, and as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper, which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented; but here a new distress arose: Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box—a box where they might see and be seen—one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view; but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the

place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought everything detestable. "Come, come, my dear," cries the husband, by way of consolation, "to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's or Lady Crimp's; but for Vauxhall dressing it is pretty good: it is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their wine! their wine!" cries he, drinking off a glass, "indeed is most abominable."

By this last contradiction the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste; her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard and smacked at wretched wine. She was therefore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction; she ventured again to commend one of the singers, but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favor the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial—"for you know very well, my dear," says she, "that I am not in voice to-day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? Besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music." All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last, then, the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice and such affectation, as I could perceive, gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and while the song continues they are to remain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this mortifying situation, we had continued for some time, listening to the song and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the waterworks were going to begin. At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat, but, correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the waterworks a hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment: in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good breeding and curiosity: she talked of the waterworks the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretentions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after. Mrs. Tibbs, therefore, kept on singing and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the waterworks were over!

"The waterworks over!" cried the widow; "the waterworks over already! that's impossible! they can't be over so soon!" "It is not my business," replied the fellow, "to contradict your ladyship; I'll run again and see." He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress; she testified her displeasure in the openest manner: in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire the other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled!

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,

And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way:
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walls the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kindlier shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and die at home at last.

. . . . .

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

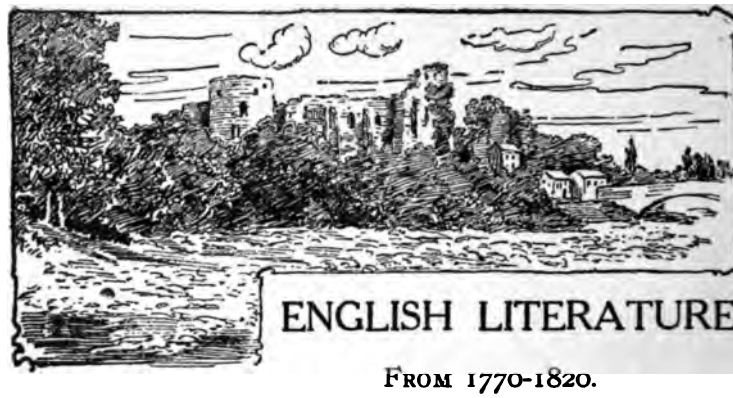
. . . . .

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

. . . . .

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.



ENGLISH LITERATURE

FROM 1770-1820.

HISTORICAL and political writing flourished in England in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The government was now thoroughly settled on the Hanoverian dynasty, but the contest remained between the Whigs and Tories as to the administration. French prose-writers, some of whom, as Voltaire and Rousseau, had been stimulated by personal observation of the wealth and liberty of England, in turn exerted a powerful influence on English prose, both in regard to subjects and treatment, as French critics and poets had done on English poets in the early part of the century. The immense increase of the industry and commerce of Great Britain roused publicists to inquire into the laws regulating wealth. The political philosophy of Hume was taken up by his friend, Adam Smith, who in 1776 published "The Wealth of Nations," and thus laid the foundations of the science of political economy. There was at the same time a general stir of philanthropy and a new growth of interest in the condition of the poor. This was increased by the rise of Methodism and the diffusion of Rousseau's humanitarian ideas. When the new theories resulted in a violent revolution in France, the practical genius of Burke took alarm. Though he had eloquently pleaded the cause of the American Colonies, even after they had taken up arms, he now denounced the uprising of the French people with philosophical reasoning and poetic passion. His most mature and powerful work was his "Reflections on the French Revolution." His arguments were continued in his "Letters

on a Regicide Peace" (1796–7). His greatest works belong to literature rather than oratory.

Another writer of Irish birth who was associated with Burke in Parliament, won fame by his success as a dramatist. Richard B. Sheridan was a worthy follower of Congreve, and produced two brilliant comedies, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," which hold the stage to the present day. With him the history of the elder English drama closes.

Meantime in the field of poetry there was an abundance of pieces in heroic couplets and in blank verse, and even in odes of various forms. There were imitations of Pope's "Satires" and Thomson's "Seasons" and Waller's lyrics. Frigid allegories and stilted style supplied the place of genuine inspiration. Yet there was preparation for something better in the renewed study of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan poets, and the imitations of Spenser by Shenstone and Thomson. The interest in the romantic past was quickened by the publication of Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" in 1765. There was renewed search in early records for wild natural stories of human life, and the pleasure in these was attended by a growing love of savage scenery. The poet Gray had already translated several ballads from the Norse. Macpherson's "Ossian," presented as a translation of Gaelic epic poems, tended to increase this effect, but had probably more influence on the Continent than in England.

Cowper who, by his tendency to insanity, was withdrawn from much intercourse with the world, was induced to compose poetry as a relief to his own mind. His simple, easy style, devoid of all the fashionable affectations, was welcomed and achieved a marked innovation. His genuine love of nature enabled him to excel even Thomson in natural description. Nature was now painted for its own sake, and not as a background to human action. Cowper also shared in that interest in mankind which had begun to appear in various parts of Europe. He loved England, but he showed sympathy for men of other races, regarding all as one vast brotherhood. Hence he treated freedom, education, and pro-

gress with reference to the whole world. He was the precursor of Wordsworth.

His contemporary, Crabbe, worked in a limited field. He set himself to tell "the short and simple annals of the poor." He rejected the fictions of a Golden Age as depicted by previous pastoral poets and determined to show the pathos and misery of the lives of English peasants, as he had seen and felt them. His work was minute and accurate, and its truth, easily ascertained, gained for it success.

The revival of interest in the romantic past yet awaited the appearance of the great enchanter, who was to transform the whole world of fiction, to establish on a firm basis the new form of historical novels, and to make this department of literature supreme. Sir Walter Scott's infant mind had been fed on the ballads of the Scottish Border, and in his early manhood he had gathered a large collection of these. His imagination thus stimulated gave new life and new dress to the characters and events of mediæval Scotch history. Beginning with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in 1805 he carried on a succession of narrative poems, full of wonderful invention and brilliant description of Highland and Lowland scenery. His love for his native land inspired him to make its names forever famous. When Byron came to contest the palm with the Scotch minstrel, the latter quietly turned to a new domain which was ever to remain his own. With astonishing rapidity his fertile mind, well stored with history and tradition, poured out for many years a grand series of historical romances. With accurate pictures of the past he combined dramatic presentation of characters of all classes of society. His swiftness of work gave to his story-telling an animated movement and intense personality. His richly endowed nature made him equally successful in humorous and pathetic, in gay and tragic scenes. Thus was the nineteenth century in English literature grandly inaugurated.

BISHOP THOMAS PERCY.

THE historian of literature, or of any department of it, is necessarily a literary workman, subdued, like the dyer's hand, to the element he works in, but occasionally one like Percy can create as well as color and model. In the return to nature, as marked in the poetry of Thomson and his contemporaries, Bishop Percy proved a potent force. He revived the ever-charming ballad romance, which had been buried under the pretentious structure of the severely chiseled poetry of Pope. When Percy had once reopened the old fountain of simple, natural poetry, it refreshed the heart of the people with the old enthusiasm for tales of love and valor, and all poets since then have sought the same inspiration.

Thomas Percy was born in 1729, educated at Oxford, and took orders in the Church. In 1753 he was given a living in Northamptonshire. Here his literary work was mostly done, and in recognition of his services and fame he was in 1778 made Dean of Carlisle, and in 1782 Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland. Here he lived until his death in 1811, aged eighty-two. He was privileged to enjoy the friendship of Johnson and Goldsmith, and predicted the great career of Walter Scott. Scholarly tastes and capacity moved him to make an original translation of the "Song of Solomon" and Mallet's "Northern Antiquities;" he edited specimens of Icelandic poetry, and reprinted the "Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland" for 1512, which is the best authority upon the social life of that period. Other valuable antiquarian work he did, until all was eclipsed by his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," which he published in 1765. To a number of old songs and ballads, somewhat modernized, he added a selection of lyrics by later hands. The historic ballads have had many editings since Percy showed the way, but his versions hold their own among the best. His poetical gift shows well in his own ballads, "The Hermit of Warkworth," "Nanny wilt thou Go with Me?" which, with slight variations, is a favorite song with the Scotch, and the charming piece of patchwork, "The Friar of Orders Gray." Scott gladly owned that his

enthusiasm for Scottish Minstrelsy was the outcome of Percy's work.

O Nanny, Wilt Thou Go with Me?

The Scotch version is "O Nanny, Wilt Thou Gang wi' Me?" But Burns objected to foisting the Scotch dialect into Percy's English version.

O Nanny, wilt thou go with me,
  Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
  The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
  No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
  Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snow,
  Nor shrink before the winter wind?
Oh! can that soft and gentle mien
  Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
  Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
  To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
  Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
  Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
  And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
  Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

JOHN HOME.

SCOTLAND is still proud of Home as her foremost dramatic writer. He was born in 1722 and became a Presbyterian minister. While serving as a volunteer in the forces against the Pretender he was captured and imprisoned, but made his escape. His first tragedy was declined by Garrick in London. The old ballad of "Gil Morice" tempted him to write "The Tragedy of Douglas." Though he spent five years upon it Garrick hesitated to produce it. When played at Edinburgh in 1756, it proved a remarkable success, and has been considered by critics and audiences one of the most powerful tragedies that hold the stage. Home left the pulpit under the storm of censure by the Presbyterians, who were mortified that a minister should write a play. After acting as private secretary to Lord Bute, Secretary of State, a pension enabled him to live at ease until his death in 1808, aged eighty-six. He wrote several other tragedies and some poems, also a "History of the Rebellion of 1745."

LADY RANDOLPH DISCOVERS HER SON.

LORD RANDOLPH had been attacked by four men, and rescued by young Douglas. An old man is found in the woods, and is taken as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being also in his possession.

The Prisoner is brought before Lady Randolph who is attended by Anna, her maid.

Lady Randolph. Account for these; thine own they cannot be:
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.
[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*
Prisoner. Alas! I'm sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
Lady R. O Anna, hear! Once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration:

With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
Pris. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servant seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river-side
Received us: there hard labor, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled cufious there an infant lay.
Lady R. Was he alive?
Pris. He was.
Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?
Pris. I was not so inhuman.
Lady R. Didst thou not?
Anna. My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.
Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon

To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.
Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives!
Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.
Lady R. O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?
Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health and beauty.
Lady R. Where is he now?
Pris. Alas! I know not where.
Lady R. O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
Anna. Permit me, ever honored! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stored a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide
From all the world this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, traveled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,

But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountain came—
Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.
Lady R. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.
Anna. Just are your transports; ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen,
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.
Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna. Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.
Pris. Blessed be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty has saved my master's house.
Lady R. Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember.
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honor all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
Remember well my words: if thou shouldst meet
Him whom thou call'st my son, still call him so,
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I should mar so fair an harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home, and ancient dame?
To find the youth to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels in his arms;
Which might, I thought, be challenged, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth. . . .

Lady R. My faithful Anna, dost thou share my joy?
I know thou dost. Unparalleled event!
Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatched from the waves, and brings to me my son!
Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father,
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift! What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
How soon he gazed on bright and burning arms,
Spurned the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
And towered up to the region of his sire!

R. B. SHERIDAN.

WIT and high spirits ran in the family from the Thomas Sheridan, D. D., who was Dean Swift's boon companion in Ireland. This clergyman's son combined the profession of acting with ambitious efforts to reform the prevailing system of education, and with such success that Oxford and Cambridge conferred on him their honorary degrees after listening to his lectures. He played *Hamlet* and similar prominent parts, being regarded as second only to Garrick. His romantic marriage resulted in the birth of the dramatist at Dublin in 1751. The father's means, with expectations from his educational scheme, permitted Richard to lead the idle life of a beau of the period, though he produced a few dramatic sketches. As the lover of Miss Linley, the young daughter of a popular composer, and singer at his concerts, Sheridan outrivalled a Captain Matthews, a married suitor, and fought two duels with him. A secret marriage had taken place between the young pair, as the girl's father objected to Sheridan. Not until 1773 were they openly married. On her slender fortune they lived in high style in London, a shrewd scheme for winning friends worth having. When he produced his first comedy, "The Rivals," in 1775, these influential friends made it the talk of the town, which ensured Sheridan good returns. In association with Linley as composer, he produced his opera, "The Duenna," in the same year, the success of which enabled him to buy, first, one half of Garrick's share in Drury Lane theatre, and, two years afterwards, the other half. In 1777 was produced "The School for Scandal," which stands at the head of all comedies by reason of the unbroken level of its wit, its crisp action and

keen satire. Though in fact inferior as a work of art to "The Rivals," it has remained till the present day the most popular comedy that holds the stage. The amusing farcical piece, "The Critic," appeared in 1779, and twenty years later the tragedy of "Pizarro," but the dramatist's talents now found new occupation in politics. As their Parliamentary candidate, Sheridan paid the voters of the borough of Stafford five guineas each for electing him their member. His mastery of subjects and skill in oratory at once won him the favor of statesmen. Fox gave him office, leading to his becoming Secretary of the Treasury while yet a young man. When the impeachment of Warren Hastings was under discussion Sheridan spoke for three hours, with so powerful an effect that the House adjourned until it could recover its calmness. His four days' speech on the same topic has been described by Macaulay. His great speeches rank among the worthiest traditions of oratory. The break-up of the Whig party and the death of Fox left Sheridan isolated, and he used his influence as a social companion of the Prince Regent to keep it in the cold. The latter years of Sheridan tell a melancholy story. They were wild days at best; drink and gambling were the rule in fashionable society, and the bloated faces of statesmen and orators, and the shattering of great fortunes on the card table, were common spectacles. Sheridan's gay temperament made him the easiest prey to all the popular vices. The theatre, his only support for thirty years, suffered from his reckless ways, his health was ruined, his parliamentary influence waned under the scandals he courted rather than stopped. Twice his theatre was burnt out. Debts of every kind piled upon his head a load too heavy for a much stronger man than ever he was, and so, hunted by and hiding from the sheriff's officers, at last he found release in death, which came in 1816. Nevertheless, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was buried with all the outward honors among his betters in genius and character in Westminster Abbey.

Bob Acres' Duel.

(From "The Rivals.")

Sir Lucius O' Trigger. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. 'Faith, I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius:—I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter! She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then sure you know what is to be done?

Acres. Not I, upon my soul.

Sir. L. We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir L. Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir L. That's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L. What the devil signifies *right* when your *honor* is concerned? Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart. I believe courage must be catching. I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah! my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too!—every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"——

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage! —Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir L. Pray compose yourself. [*Sits down.*

Acres. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a dam'me!

Sir L. Pho, pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir"—

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir L. "To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

Acres. (*Writing and repeating.*) "To prevent the confusion which might arise"—Well?—

Sir L. "From our both addressing the same lady"—

Acres. Ay—there's the reason—"same lady"—Well?—

Sir L. "I shall expect the honor of your company"—

Acres. Zounds, I'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir L. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then, "honor of your company"—

Sir L. "To settle our pretensions"—

Acres. Well?

Sir L. Let me see—aye, King's Mead-fields will do—"in King's Mead-fields."

Acres. So, that's down. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger—shall be the seal.

Sir L. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir L. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice and you'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worse come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir L. So I shall see nothing more of you unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message, but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres. By my valor, I should like to see you fight first. Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir L. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

[*Exit Sir Lucius.*

[*While Acres seals the letter, David his servant enters.*

David. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! Ne'er a Sir Lucifer in the kingdom should make me fight when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't!

Acres. But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

David. Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it; and I think, in return, my honor couldn't do less than be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

David. I say, then, it would be but civil in *honor* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman.* Look ye, master, this *honor* seems to me a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank Heaven, no one can say of me), well—my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! I kill him (the more's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my *honor.* But put the case that he kills me! By the mass! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David, in that case—odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

David. Now that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valor to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds life!—people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d——d double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol.

Acres. Zounds! I *won't* be afraid—odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

David. Ay, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger. —For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass, it don't look like another letter!—It

is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off. [*Drops it in alarm.*

Acres. (*Starting.*) Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valor of a grasshopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall—but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after!—and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! [*Whimpering.*

Acres. It won't do, David—so get along, you coward—I am determined to fight while I'm in the mind. [*Enter servant.*

Serv. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. Oh! show him up. [*Exit servant.*

David. (*On his knees.*) Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that?—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good-bye, master. [*Exit David, whimpering.*

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven.

[*Enter Captain Absolute.*

Capt. A. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead; if I hadn't the valor of St. George, and the dragon to boot—

Capt. A. But what do you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh! there—(*Gives him the challenge.*)

Capt. A. "To Ensign Beverley." (*Aside.*) So, what's going on now? Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Capt. A. Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has brought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Capt. A. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Capt. A. Well, give it me, and, trust me, he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Capt. A. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind. What it is to have a friend!—you couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

Capt. A. Why no, Bob, not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Capt. A. Whenever he meets you, believe me. [*Enter servant.*

Serv. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

Capt. A. I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*

Acres. Stay, stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Capt. A. To be sure I shall. I'll say you're a determined dog—hey, Bob?

Acres. Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Capt. A. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country "Fighting Bob."

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honor.

Capt. A. No! That's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him; do you, Jack?

Capt. A. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*

Acres. True, true. But stay—stay, Jack; you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage.

Capt. A. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Capt. A. Ay, ay—"Fighting Bob." [*Exeunt severally.*

King's Mead-fields.—Enter Sir Lucius and Acres, with pistols.

Acres. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Sir L. It is for muskets or small fieldpieces; upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now; I'll show you. (*Measures six paces.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. 'Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pho, pho! Nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—Or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before, (*aside*) and never will again, if I get out of this.

Sir L. Ah, that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that. There, Sir Lucius, there—(*puts himself in an attitude*)—a side-front, hey!—Odd! I'll make myself small enough—I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim——(*leveling at him.*)

Acres. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know; it may go off of its own head.

Sir L. Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my

bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But, there—fix yourself so (*placing him,*) let him see the broadside of your full front. (*Sir Lucius places him face to face, then turns and goes to the left. Acres has in the interim turned his back in great perturbation.*) Oh, bother! do you call that the broadside of your front? (*Acres turns reluctantly.*) There —now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! A ball or two clean through me!

Sir. L. Ay, may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look ye! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one.—So, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us!

Acres. (*Aside.*) I hope they do.

Sir L. Hah! no, 'faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey?—what?—coming!

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—We—we—we—we—won't run (*takes his arm*).

Sir L. Run?

Acres. No, I say—we *won't* run, by my valor!

Sir L. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O fie! consider your honor.

Acres. Ay, true—my honor—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honor.

Sir L. (*Looking.*) Well, here they're coming.

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you I should almost think I was afraid—if my valor should leave me!—valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honor, your honor! Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware! [*Enter Faulkland and Captain Absolute.*

Sir L. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah! what? Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack! my dear Jack! my dear friend!

[*Shakes his hand.*

Capt. A. Harkye, Bob, Beverley's at hand. [*Acres retreats to left.*

Sir L. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. (*To Faulkland.*) So Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

[*Shakes hands with Faulkland—goes back.*

Sir. L. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir L. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by standing out.

Capt. A. Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look ye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir L. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him—now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no, Sir Lucius, I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face. If he were here I'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

Capt. A. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you may please.

Sir L. Well, this is lucky. (*Slaps him on the back.*) Now you have an opportunity.

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute!—not if he were fifty Beverleys! (*Shakes his hand warmly.*) Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural!

Sir L. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres Not in the least! odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir L. Pho, pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir L. Well, sir?

Acres. Very well, sir. (*Gently.*) Look ye, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward. Coward may be said in joke; but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls!—

Sir L. (*Sternly.*) Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir L. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Acres. I'm very glad of it.

Capt. A. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog—called in the country Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

Acres. Ay—at home!

EDMUND BURKE.

As the eloquent English Cicero—orator, philosopher and statesman—Burke is entitled to very high rank. His contributions to statecraft in speeches, essays, and political writings are not only a splendid treasury of varied knowledge, noble enunciations of principles in ornate language, but they form a body of high and sound doctrines, elaborately worked out upon problems as they arose in practical politics, which succeeding statesmen have studied

for their use, and students of literature will not cease to admire as triumphs in the art of rhetoric.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, 1729, educated in Trinity College, studied law in London, and earned his living with his pen. His first venture was a clever parody of Lord Bolingbroke's views on life, imitating his eloquent style, but intended as a satire. Then followed his essay on "The Sublime and Beautiful," which is now less highly esteemed than formerly. Burke projected, and for years did most of the work on *The Annual Register*. In 1765 he entered Parliament and made political writing his life-work. He was for some time secretary to Lord Rockingham, the prime minister, and they remained life-long friends. His "Observations on the Present State of the Nation and Thoughts on the Present Discontents," 1770, made a great impression by their force and lofty tone. Of the noble part Burke played in the controversy turning upon the Revolution of the American Colonies it has been well remarked that "his speeches are almost the one monument of the struggle on which a lover of English greatness can look back with pride and a sense of worthiness." He had earlier in his career written an "Account of the European Settlements in America," and it was rumored that he had visited them. These speeches are among our prized American classics.

Even more famous in the annals of oratory are his masterly parliamentary speeches on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Of these laborious efforts, inspired by enthusiasm for the right, Burke said, on the acquittal of Hastings after his fourteen years' trial, "If I were to call for a reward, it would be for the services in which, for fourteen years without intermission, I showed the most industry and had the least success,—I mean in the affairs of India, they are those on which I value myself the most." His "Reflections on the Revolution in France," issued at the close of 1790, denouncing in measured but scathing terms the philosophers who supplied the impetus, was eagerly welcomed by the conservative element. It went through ten editions in twelve months. He was thanked by monarchs and attacked by Thomas Paine in his "Rights of Man." Though a genuine friend of the people

Burke had little faith in the stability of a popular system unsecured by the legal safeguards which prevent liberty being degraded into license. His attitude ruptured life-long friendships and party ties. Other political publications intensified the strife, and he retired from Parliament to his estate at Beaconsfield, which was to have given the title of the peerage the king intended conferring on the foe of the Revolution. The sudden death of his son and heir decided Burke to refuse the honor. In 1796 he wrote the "Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France," a splendid piece of sustained rhetoric, glowing with passion. The effect on the nation was immense in stirring patriotic fury. Before the final "Letter" appeared their author's pen had dropped forever. He died in 1797 and was interred, at his own wish, in Beaconsfield Church. In spite of defects of judgment, and even of literary taste, and excessive severity in estimating the motives of the revolutionists of France, Burke stands foremost among the most high-principled statesmen and most potent wielders of the English language.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(From his "Reflections on the Revolution in France.")

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life, of splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calumniators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Burke's Tribute to His Son.

The Duke of Bedford having assailed Burke in the House of Lords on the ground of his having accepted a pension, Burke replied in a public "Letter to a Noble Lord," in which he nobly defended his conduct, and contrasted the insignificant grant to himself with the riches conferred on the Duke's ancestors by Henry VIII. and others. He then refers pathetically to the death of his only son, Richard.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been—according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in—a sort of founder of a family. I should have left a son who—in all points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment—would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. *He* would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the

Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute, has ordered it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it.

But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But, even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending—and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity—those ill-conditioned neighbors of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery.

I am alone! I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain and poverty and disease. It is an instinct: and, under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed for me: I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

WILLIAM COWPER.

COWPER'S poetry marks the return from the artificialism of the early eighteenth century to a natural style of thought and expression. He continues the description of nature introduced by Thomson, and joins with it the spirit of humanity which pervaded Europe in the era before the French Revolution. Throughout his writings there is an earnest religious tone, and in general a sober cheerfulness which becomes pathetic when his personal history is examined. Not until he was nearly fifty years of age did he write poetry, and then as one of the devices to combat a tendency to insanity, to which he had twice succumbed.

William Cowper was born in 1731, the son of a clergyman, and educated at Westminster School, where, though he formed friendships with some boys who became distinguished men, his sensitive nature suffered injury. He studied law in London, and formed a deep attachment for his cousin, Theodora, but her father opposed the match. When Cowper was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Lords, he became insane in 1763. On his recovery, two years later, he went to live with the Unwin family at Huntingdon, and afterwards at Olney. Here, in 1773, he had a second attack of melancholia, which lasted sixteen months. His friendship with Rev. John Newton, the Evangelical curate of Olney, led to his contributing to the "Olney Hymns" (1779). A year later he began to write poetry as a regular occupation, taking at first

didactic and mildly satirical subjects. But later, under the judicious prompting of the fascinating Lady Austen, he wrote "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," and his longest poem, "The Task," in which he describes his daily life, the surrounding scenery, and his thoughts on a variety of topics. Afterwards, feeling that Pope's translation had not done justice to Homer, Cowper translated the Iliad and Odyssey into blank verse, which he regarded as the proper epic metre in English, but he failed to reproduce the majesty of the original. When his friend, Mrs. Unwin, was paralyzed in 1791, his dejection returned, and he believed himself an outcast from God. After some years of mental misery, he died in 1800.

Cowper's longer poems, undertaken as an amusing occupation for himself, were yet written with a desire to instruct and benefit his readers; and this purpose is often so fully manifested as to injure their literary merit. His shorter pieces are free from this moralizing, and are more entertaining. His letters are among the best examples of their kind in English —cheerful and natural.

THE GIPSIES.

(From "The Task," Book I.)

I SEE a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel; flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange! that a creature rational, and cast

In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature, and, though capable of arts
By which the world might profit and himself,
Self-banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honorable toil!
Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft,
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers, and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world!
And breathing wholesome air and wandering much,
Need other physic none to heal the effects
Of loathsome diet, penury and cold.

THE STRICKEN DEER.

(From "The Task," Book III.)

I WAS a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had Himself
Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
And never won. Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,

And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams,—empty dreams.

To Mary.

This is addressed to Mrs. Unwin, in whose family Cowper had lived from the time of his first attack of insanity.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE.

(From "The Diverting History of John Gilpin.")

Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones, with caution and good heed;
But finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his seat.

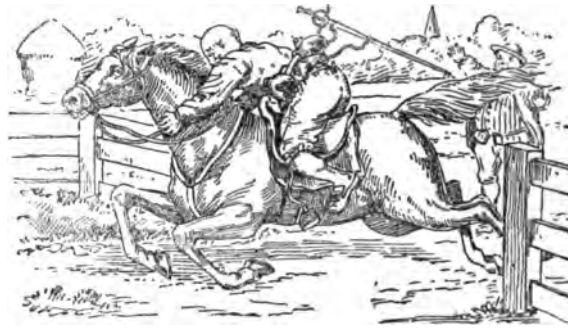
So, fair and softly, John he cried, but John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and reign;
So, stooping down, as needs he must who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with all his
might.

His horse, who never in that sort had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught; away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out, of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.
Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung,—
A bottle swinging at each side, as hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, Well done! as loud as he he could bawl.
Away went Gilpin—who but he? his fame soon spread around,
He carries weight! he rides a race! 'tis for a thousand pound!



And still, as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men their gates wide open threw.
And now, as he went bowing down his reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke, as they had basted been.
But still he seemed to carry weight, with leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington these gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay:
And there he threw the wash about on both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop, or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife from the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.
Stop! stop, John Gilpin!—here's the house!—they all at once
did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired: said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there:
For why?—his owner had a house full ten miles off at Ware.
Away went Gilpin, out of breath and sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's his horse at last stood still.

On the Loss of the Royal George.

Toll for the brave!—the brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave, fast by their native shore!
Eight hundred of the brave, whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel, and laid her on her side.
A land breeze shook the shrouds, and she was overset;
Down went the Royal George, with all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave! Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought,—his work of glory done.
It was not in the battle; no tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak; she ran upon no rock;
His sword was in its sheath; his fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down with twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, once dreaded by our foes;
And mingle with our cup the tears that England owes.
Her timbers yet are sound, and she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder, and plough the distant main.
But Kempenfelt is gone, his victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred shall plough the wave no more.

England.

(From "The Task," Book II.)

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime

Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
  The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I
  Washed headlong from on board;
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
  Than he with whom he went;
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
  With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
  Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
  Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had failed
  To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
  That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford,
  And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
  Delayed not to bestow.

But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
  Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
  Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
  In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long, he with unspent power,
  His destiny repelled;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
  His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
  Could catch the sound no more;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
  Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
  Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalized the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
  Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
  A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
  No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
  We perish each alone:
But I, beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To measure rightly the quality and force of Scott's genius the contrast must be noted between English literature as he found it and as he left it. The poetry of the eighteenth century had petrified into elaborate structures which interested experts, but rarely stirred the emotions of common people. Its fiction consisted of licentious tales of adventure, and sensational extravaganzas, with occasional philosophical treatises in dialogue. When Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared in 1805, its enthusiastic reception more than justified his surmise, after some minor experiments, that "the attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed." The revolution he thus helped to lead in poetry was carried into the realm of fiction with a success all his own. The historical romance which has flourished right through the century owes its popularity, if not its parentage, to Scott. These two achievements entitle Scott to the boundless praise of the English race, which at times seems to verge on excess, but for the deliberate judgments of impartial foreign critics, such as Goethe, who said of the novels, "All is great; material, effect, characters, execution," and Taine, who, after enumerating Scott's defects, substantially echoes the verdict of the brilliant German.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, the year in which Gray, the poet, and Smollett, the novelist, died. He was always proud of his descent from the wild Border clan whose marauding exploits are lovingly touched upon in his

works. His education was left largely to himself because of his delicate constitution and lameness, which yet never prevented his engaging in out-door sports with zest. His romantic instinct led him to read all the old ballads and gather up the folk-lore so abundant in the Lowlands. At twelve he knew Percy's "Reliques," which were a powerful inspiration. His career at the university was not brilliant. His reading was deeper in French and Italian romances than in the law, to which he was apprenticed. In his eighteenth year he heard a lecture by Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling") on German literature, which sent him to the study of its romances. His reading translations of ghostly German ballads, and "Monk" Lewis's imitations, stirred Scott to publish his own translations from Bürger in 1796, and Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1799. He was now in comfortable circumstances, married, and as sheriff-substitute enjoyed an income of £300 with easy duties.

In 1802–3 Scott issued his collection of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," old ballads and new ones by himself on old themes, enriched with notes that show what immense stores of historical and antiquarian information he had gathered. These volumes were a great success. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" marked an epoch in his career. It appeared in 1805. No poem had sold so widely or sunk so deeply in the popular heart. Milton received ten pounds for "Paradise Lost," and Dr. Johnson only fifteen guineas for his "Vanity of Human Wishes," whereas Scott is said to have realized £751 for this. The Countess of Dalkeith had asked Scott to write a poem about Gilpin Horner, the goblin page. This attempt was indeed a failure in respect of the intended hero, but the conception and portrayal of the picturesque minstrel and the Duchess, his patron, made the fortune of the poem.

Scott now decided to wield the pen and give up practice at the bar. This involved no sacrifice, but the reverse, as he was fortunate in securing a second clerkship, the two offices ultimately yielding him £1600 a year. This, in addition to his income from his publications, made him a fairly rich man, but he was not content. In 1805 he lent a small capital to a school-fellow, James Ballantyne, to set him

up as a printer. Scott not only gave his friend his own books to print, but influenced considerable legal and other work. When prosperity was sure Scott entered into a partnership, the firm-name thenceforth being Ballantyne & Co. Four years afterwards he set up the firm of John Ballantyne & Co. as publishers and booksellers. The result of this association was disaster. Scott had been paid one thousand guineas for "Marmion" in 1808. This meant large profits for the publisher. The new house brought out "The Lady of the Lake" as their first book. Its popularity was greater than that of the earlier poems, but it was beginning to turn. Besides his other productions in verse he had edited the works of Dryden (1808) and Swift (1814), the latter in nineteen volumes, and other miscellaneous work. Meanwhile the publishing venture was in trouble. Scott had, in 1812, realized his dream of establishing a country seat by buying or making Abbotsford. His tastes were costly in all directions, the Ballantynes kept pace, until Scott was forced to remind them that he was not their milch-cow. His former publisher Constable came to the rescue in the next year and the bookselling business was wound up as an alternative to bankruptcy.

Although Scott published some poems after 1813, it is that year which marks the decline of his popularity as a poet. Byron had come upon the scene, and the glitter of his genius was in sharp contrast to the plainer charm of the Scottish minstrel. This very simplicity had won the enthusiasm for Scott's poems which has never since been manifested for any poet in the same degree. So deeply intense was the popular liking for "Marmion" that people overheard each other repeating its verses as they walked along the streets. He chose subjects dear to the popular mind, scenes of chivalry, life in the olden time; in his baronial halls fine pageants move and quaint characters throng the court and camp. With these accessories and a strong romantic story he constructed those famous earlier poems mentioned. They have been criticised as novelettes in rhyme, and the rhythm of his eight-syllable verse has come to be monotonous to our finer ear, but it will be long before the beauty of his descriptions, the sustained swing of narrative, the clarion note of impassioned feeling,

and the sweetness of his lyrics cease to delight lovers of the truly sublime in unpretentious but spirit-thrilling poetry.

At this critical juncture Scott took up a manuscript he had begun eight years before, and finished it off hand. This was "Waverley," which appeared anonymously in 1814. From then until his last novels, "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," came out in 1831, Scott had produced twenty-seven novels, twenty of which are historical, demanding a marvelous grasp of miscellaneous knowledge in the writer, equalled by a command of picturesque style. They range over centuries from the eleventh to the eighteenth. Their characters are so numerous, varied, and clearly delineated as to rank next to those of Shakespeare. Other great novelists may excel in subtler analysis and other arts of portrayal or minute description, but they mostly write of their own land and generation while Scott traverses the earth and is as much at home with the Crusaders and Elizabethans as Dickens and Thackeray were in London. Scott, in his most proper pride in the possession of this gift, which he had so highly cultivated, did not hesitate to write, in the guise of a review of his own books, a spirited defence of his art against critics who had charged too free tampering with history. He wrote, "If the features of an age gone by can be recalled in a spirit of delineation at once faithful and striking . . . the author, leaving the light and frivolous associates with whom a careless observer would be disposed to ally him, takes his seat on the bench of the historians of his time and country. . . . The volume which this author has studied is the great book of nature. . . . The characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author."

This reference to the anonymity of the author indicates his strong desire that it should be maintained. The reason why is variously explained; the truth probably is that Scott counted on the possibility of "Waverley" being a failure, which would have been a greater burden than he could have borne, added to the decline of the poems and the business troubles. The mystery was kept up, whether from cautiousness or love of frolic, though it was no secret in Edinburgh

and the literary world. His activity of mind and pen was and remains the greatest feat of his wizardry. In 1817 serious illness overtook him, but could not stop him, for when too racked with pain to sit and write he dictated as he paced his room. A year later he believed himself free of all the Ballantyne liabilities, and from then until 1825 basked in the sunshine of territorial lairdship and luxury to his heart's content. But he and his partners had all along made a practice of forestalling their incomes without any clearing up of accounts. The commercial panic of 1825 caught them meshed in inextricable complications and the richest, ablest, and most popular novelist of his generation found himself bankrupt at fifty-five, with liabilities of £117,000. His ailing wife died about the same time. He disdained to take advantage of the bankruptcy law, vowing to earn and repay every penny "with this right hand." He refused all offers of service except extension of time, and set himself to his heroic task. Within three years he had written several novels, the "Life of Napoleon," equalling thirteen volumes of novels, the "Tales of a Grandfather," "History of Scotland," and an immense pile of miscellaneous matter, earning £40,000 in two years. It could not last. The release came on September 21, 1832. Though he had the happy delusion some time before his death that he had cleared the debt of honor, it was not so until several years later, and then Abbotsford came into the possession of his heirs. His ambition to found a family was not fulfilled.

Scott's dominant characteristic was shown in three conspicuous turning-points in his career, and this was his manly pride, devoid of all meanness. Pride counselled secrecy in the partnership of a rich legal official and popular poet with a working printer, pride was at the bottom of the "Waverley" mystery, and pride of the largest kind forbade his acceptance of the ignominy which his as well as his partner's recklessness had brought upon him. This nobler pride was the inspiration that nerved his weakened brain and hand to the last forlorn hope. He had the defect of this quality, which appeared in his sycophantic championship of the worthless king who dowered the laureate of feudalism with his baronetcy. Scott

was in truth a typical man of the world, covetous of its glories, satisfied with its superficialities, and yet easily duped by its pretences, but he was "a man, for a' that." He was generous of heart, kind to the humble, meaning well to all. His influence, too vast to estimate, has, like himself, its noble and its regretable sides. His poems and novels inspire to patriotism, chivalrous sentiments, good fellowship and manliness. His glowing pictures of the past, while giving a grand impetus to the study of history and art, are also responsible for a share of the long-surviving craze for medievalism, ecclesiastical and artistic, which too often has the semblance without the inner spirit and meaning of its original.

ABBOTSFORD.

CALEDONIA.

(From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel.")

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
  O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
  To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
  And Douglas gave a guide:

The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not a peer
To any lord of Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
  On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
  The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
  Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers,
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
  But soon he reined his fury's pace.
"A royal messenger he came,
  Though most unworthy of the name.
  St. Mary mend my fiery mood!
  Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
  I thought to slay him where he stood.—
  'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
  I warrant him a warrior tried."—
  With this his mandate he recalls,
  And slowly seeks his castle halls.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

(From "The Lady of the Lake.")

THE shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air;
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenchéd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished, and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
And up he sprang, with sword in hand:—
"Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!"—
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"—
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire;
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."—
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—
"I dare! To him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."—
"Bold words! but though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked where, how, or when

The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts: yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!"
"They do! By Heaven! Come Roderick Dhu
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest!"—
"If by the light I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens thou may'st know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe!"—
"Enough, enough! Sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."
He gave him of his Highland cheer
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like a welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, hand to hand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But not for clan nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a weary man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day,
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—

"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."—
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF'S CASTLE.

(From "Ivanhoe.")

THE noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy, yet hasty, step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—"The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "This dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion; at least cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this

species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca, "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us!—What a dreadful

sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "St. George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "*En avant, De Bracy! Beauseant! Beauseant! Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed, —by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their long cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at

their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles on both sides was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will the followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades, they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers —they rush on—they are thrust back!—Front-de Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press.— They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth and almost immediately exclaimed—"Holy Prophets of the Law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with those who strike for the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed—"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other. . . Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe, "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push them away?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows; they rush in—the outwork is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if indeed ye be men—spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and the cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "Look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such

derring-do!—a fetterlock, and a shacklebolt on a field sable—what may tha tmean?—Seest thou naught else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors.—He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of blood-shed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat.—Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprize; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health.—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned—Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire of Moloch?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

THE BETROTHAL OF LUCY ASHTON.

(From "The Bride of Lammermoor.")

THE meditations of Ravenswood were of a very mixed complexion. He saw himself at once in the very dilemma which he had for some time felt apprehensive he might be placed in. The pleasure he felt in Lucy's company had indeed approached to fascination, yet it had never altogether surmounted his internal reluctance to wed with the daughter of his father's foe; and even in forgiving Sir William Ashton the injuries which his family had received, and giving him credit for the kind intentions he professed to entertain, he could not bring himself to contemplate as possible an alliance betwixt their houses. Still he felt that Alice spoke truth, and that his honor now required he should take an instant leave of Ravenswood Castle, or become a suitor of Lucy Ashton. The possibility of being rejected, too, should he make advances to her wealthy and powerful father—to sue for the hand of an Ashton and be refused—this were a consummation too disgraceful. "I wish her well," he said to himself; "and for her sake I forgive the injuries her father has done to my house; but I will never—no, never—see her more!"

With one bitter pang he adopted this resolution, just as he came to where two paths parted; the one to the Mermaiden's Fountain, where he knew Lucy waited him; the other leading to the castle by another and more circuitous road. He paused an instant when about to take the latter path, thinking what apology he should make for conduct

which must seem extraordinary, and had just muttered to himself, "Sudden news from Edinburgh—any pretext will serve, only let me dally no longer here," when young Henry came flying up to him, half out of breath: "Master, Master, you must give Lucy your arm back to the castle, for I cannot give her mine; for Norman is waiting for me, and I am to go with him to make his ring-walk, and I would not stay away for a gold Jacobus, and Lucy is afraid to walk home alone, though all the wild nowt [cattle] have been shot, and so you must come away directly."

Betwixt two scales equally loaded a feather's weight will turn the scale. "It is impossible for me to leave the young lady in the wood alone," said Ravenswood; "to see her once more can be of little consequence, after the frequent meetings we have had; I ought, too, in courtesy, to apprise her of my intention to quit the castle."

And having thus satisfied himself that he was taking not only a wise, but an absolutely necessary step, he took the path to the fatal fountain. Henry no sooner saw him on the way to join his sister, than he was off like lightning in another direction, to enjoy the society of the foresters in their congenial pursuits. Ravenswood, not allowing himself to give a second thought to the propriety of his own conduct, walked with a quick step towards the stream, where he found Lucy seated alone by the ruin.

She sat upon one of the disjointed stones of the ancient fountain, and seemed to watch the progress of its current, as it bubbled forth to daylight, in gay and sparkling profusion, from under the shadow of the ribbed and darksome vault, with which veneration, or perhaps remorse, had canopied its source. To a superstitious eye, Lucy Ashton, folded in her plaiden mantle, with her long hair escaping partly from the snood, and falling upon her silver neck, might have suggested the idea of the murdered Nymph of the Fountain. But Ravenswood only saw a female exquisitely beautiful, and rendered yet more so in his eyes—how could it be otherwise—by the consciousness that she had placed her affections on him. As he gazed on her, he felt his fixed resolution melting like wax in the sun, and hastened, therefore, from his conceal-

ment in the neighboring thicket. She saluted him, but did not arise from the stone on which she was seated.

"My mad-cap brother," she said, "has left me, but I expect him back in a few minutes, for, fortunately, as anything pleases him for a minute, nothing has charms for him much longer."

Ravenswood did not feel the power of informing Lucy that her brother meditated a distant excursion, and would not return in haste. He sat himself down on the grass, at some little distance from Miss Ashton, and both were silent for a short space.

"I like this spot," said Lucy at length, as if she had found the silence embarrassing; "the bubbling murmur of the clear fountain, the waving of the trees, the profusion of grass and wild flowers, that rise among the ruins, make it like a scene in romance. I think, too, I have heard it is a spot connected with the legendary lore which I love so well."

"It has been thought," answered Ravenswood, "a fatal spot to my family, and I have some reason to term it so, for it was here I first saw Miss Ashton—and it is here I must take my leave of her forever."

The blood, which the first part of this speech called into Lucy's cheeks, was speedily expelled by its conclusion.

"To take leave of us, Master!" she exclaimed; "what can have happened to hurry you away? I know Alice hates—I mean dislikes—my father; and I hardly understood her humor to-day, it was so mysterious. But I am certain my father is sincerely grateful for the high service you rendered us. Let me hope that having won your friendship hardly, we shall not lose it lightly."

"Lose it, Miss Ashton?" said the Master of Ravenswood. "No, wherever my fortune calls me; whatever she inflicts upon me—it is your friend, your sincere friend, who acts or suffers. But there is a fate on me, and I must go, or I shall add the ruin of others to my own."

"Yet do not go from us, Master," said Lucy; and she laid her hand, in all simplicity and kindness, upon the skirt of his cloak, as if to detain him—"You shall not part from us. My father is powerful, he has friends that are more so

than himself; do not go till you see what his gratitude will do for you. Believe me, he is already laboring in your behalf with the Council."

"It may be so," said the Master, proudly; "yet it is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own exertions that I ought to owe success in the career on which I am about to enter. My preparations are already made: a sword and a cloak, and a bold heart and a determined hand."

Lucy covered her face with her hands, and the tears, in spite of her, forced their way between her fingers. "Forgive me," said Ravenswood, taking her right hand, which, after slight resistance, she yielded to him, still continuing to shade her face with the left—"I am too rude—too rough—too intractable to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life—and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet with no worse misfortune after the moment it divides me from your side."

Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Each attempt which the Master made to explain his purpose of departure, only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay; until, at length, instead of bidding her farewell, he gave his faith to her forever, and received her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly, and arose so much out of the immediate impulse of the moment, that ere the Master of Ravenswood could reflect upon the consequences of the step which he had taken, their lips, as well as their hands, had pledged the sincerity of their affection.

"And now," he said, after a moment's consideration, "it is fit I should speak to Sir William Ashton; he must know of our engagement. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit clandestinely the affections of his daughter."

"You would not speak to my father on the subject?" said Lucy, doubtingly; and then added more warmly: "O do not —do not! Let your lot in life be determined—your station and purpose ascertained, before you address my father; I am sure he loves you—I think he will consent—but then my mother!"

She paused, ashamed to express the doubt she felt how far her father dared to form any positive resolution on this most important subject without the consent of his lady.

"Your mother, my Lucy?" replied Ravenswood, "she is of the house of Douglas, a house that has intermarried with mine, even when its glory and power were at the highest; what could your mother object to my alliance?"

"I did not say object," said Lucy; "but she is jealous of her rights, and may claim a mother's title to be consulted in the first instance.

"Be it so," replied Ravenswood; "London is distant, but a letter will reach it and receive an answer within a fortnight; I will not press on the Lord Keeper for an instant reply to my proposal."

"But," hesitated Lucy, "were it not better to wait—to wait a few weeks? Were my mother to see you—to know you, I am sure she would approve; but you are unacquainted personally, and the ancient feud between the families"—

Ravenswood fixed upon her his keen dark eyes, as if he was desirous of penetrating into her very soul.

"Lucy," he said, "I have sacrificed to you projects of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with ceremonies little better than heathen; I sacrificed them to your image, ere I knew the worth which it represented. In the evening which succeeded my poor father's funeral, I cut a lock from my hair, and, as it consumed in the fire, I swore that my rage and revenge should pursue his enemies until they shrivelled before me like that scorched-up symbol of annihilation."

"It was a deadly sin," said Lucy, turning pale, "to make a vow so fatal."

"I acknowledge it," said Ravenswood, "and it had been a worse crime to keep it. It was for your sake that I abjured these purposes of vengeance, though I scarce knew that such was the argument by which I was conquered, until I saw you once more, and became conscious of the influence you possessed over me."

"And why do you now," said Lucy, "recall sentiments so terrible,—sentiments so inconsistent with those you profess

for me—with those your importunity has prevailed on me to acknowledge?"

"Because," said her lover, I would impress on you the price at which I have bought your love—the right I have to expect your constancy. I say not that I have bartered for it the honor of my house—its last remaining possession. But though I say it not, and think it not, I cannot conceal from myself that the world may do both."

"If such are your sentiments," said Lucy, "you have played a cruel game with me. But it is not too late to give it over. Take back the faith and troth which you could not plight to me without suffering abatement of honor. Let what has passed be as if it had not been. Forget me—I will endeavor to forget myself."

"You do me injustice," said the Master of Ravenswood; "by all I hold true aud honorable, you do me the extremity of injustice. If I mentioned the price at which I have bought your love, it is only to show how much I prize it, to bind our engagement by a still firmer tie, and to show, by what I have done to attain this station in your regard, how much I must suffer should you ever break your faith"

"And why, Ravenswood," answered Lucy, "should you think that possible? Why should you urge me with even the mention of infidelity? Is it because I ask you to delay applying to my father for a little space of time? Bind me by what vows you please; if vows are unnecessary to secure constancy, they may yet prevent suspicion."

Ravenswood pleaded, apologized, and even kneeled to appease her displeasure; and Lucy, as placable as she was single-hearted, readily forgave the offence which his doubts had implied. The dispute thus agitated, however, ended by the lovers going through an emblematic ceremony of their troth-plight, of which the vulgar still possess some traces. They broke betwixt them the thin broad-piece of gold which Alice had refused to receive from Ravenswood.

"And never shall this leave my bosom," said Lucy, as she hung the piece of gold round her neck, and concealed it with her handkerchief, "until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to

resign it to you; and, while I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge another love than yours."

With like protestations, Ravenswood placed his portion of the coin opposite to his heart.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND AMY ROBSART.

(From "Kenilworth.")

IT chanced upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train, who appeared from her chamber in full array for the chase, was the princess, for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castleyard.

To this new scene of pleasure they walked, the earl's arm affording his sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by, did not conceive their duty to the queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the queen and the earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting suits, almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient Amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary

female weeds. Leicester's hunting-suit of Lincoln-green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood-knife instead of a sword, became its master, as did his other vestments of court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion, that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver, that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek: and still farther, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more

justly towards him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The queen—an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents—"No, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her sovereign.—No, Leicester, urge it no more—Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness—then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be.—Delay the chase—delay it for half-an-hour—and leave me, my lord."

"How, leave you, madam!" said Leicester,—"Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the queen hastily; "it is but madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence—and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself—"Were it possible—were it *but* possible!—but no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too successful, rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments, called rocking-stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of

Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace towards the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the queen became aware, that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad, whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her sex, and her awe for the stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands, perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many maskers and revellers were assembled; so that the queen's doubt of her being a living form was well justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed

upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness,—"How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear?—We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate countess dropped on her knee before the queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said; "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel—what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the queen; "but your distress seems to have deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos

which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth, impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings, "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are WE accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request—I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate countess,—"I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the queen.

"What, Varney,—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester!—What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—to——"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it—that is if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost.—Thou art," she said, bending on the countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul,—"Thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches.—Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father—thy look confesses it—cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the queen eagerly, with, "No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman!—I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, —"tell me, woman—for by God's day, I WILL know—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy.—Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice, which she saw but could not avoid,—permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment—"The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated, with kindling anger,—"Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord and the truest-hearted gentleman in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant queen.

Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her majesty when the hunting party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when instead of seeing Elizabeth advance towards them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her, walking so rapidly, that she was in

the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosed by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed towards her, under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.—"Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around—"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smouldering chasm, which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half-uttered, half-intimated congratulations of the courtiers, upon the favor of the queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur, that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment-seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As at the blast of that last trumpet the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to

burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou has practiced on me—on me thy sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think—defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man!—My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester?—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient,"

"Patient—God's life!" exclaimed the queen, "name not the word to me—thou know'st not what of he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own

wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless —no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the queen, "didst not thou, thyself, say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; "Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my liege, pardon!—or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her, and was about to fly towards Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had re-assumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—"But spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the queen, moved by a new impulse; "What hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the queen.—"My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by

compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the queen briefly answered, "Ladies, under favor, no,—You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest.—Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her."

"By Our Lady!" said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own lady-birds of daughters."

So saying, he carried her off, unresistingly and almost unconsciously; his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light-brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The queen followed him with her eye—she had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who have witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunsdon says well," she observed, "he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

Rob Roy in the Tolbooth at Glasgow.

(From "Rob Roy." Chapter XXIII.)

The magistrate [Bailie Nicol Jarvie] took the light out of the servant-maid's hand, and advanced to his scrutiny, like Diogenes in the street of Athens, lantern in hand, and probably with as little expectation as that of the cynic, that he was likely to encounter any special treasure in the course of his researches. The first whom he approached was my mysterious guide, who, seated on a table with his eyes firmly fixed on the wall, his features arranged into the utmost inflexibility of expression, his hands folded on his breast with an air betwixt carelessness and defiance, his heel patting against the foot of the table, to keep time with the tune which he continued to whistle, submitted to Mr. Jarvie's investigation with an air of absolute confidence and assurance which, for a mo-

ment, placed at fault the memory and sagacity of the acute investigator.

"Ah!—Eh!—Oh!" exclaimed the Bailie. "My conscience!—it's impossible!—and yet—no!—Conscience!—it canna be!—and yet again—Deil hae me, that I suld say sae! —Ye robber—ye cateran—ye born deevil that ye are, to a' bad ends and nae gude ane!—can this be you?"

"E'en as ye see, Bailie," was the laconic answer.

"Conscience! if I am na clean bumbaized—*you*, ye cheat-the-wuddy rogue—*you* here on your venture in the tolbooth o' Glasgow?—What d'ye think's the value o' your head?"

"Umph!—why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one provost's, four bailies', a town-clerk's, six deacons', besides stent-masters'——"

"Ah, ye reiving villain!" interrupted Mr. Jarvie. "But tell ower your sins, and prepare ye, for if I say the word——"

"True, Bailie," said he who was thus addressed, folding his hands behind him with the utmost *nonchalance*, "but ye will never say that word."

"And why suld I not, sir?" exclaimed the magistrate—"Why suld I not? Answer me that—why suld I not?"

"For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie.—First, for auld langsyne; second, for the sake of the auld wife ayont the fire at Stuckavrallachan, that made some mixture of our bluids, to my own proper shame be it spoken! that has a cousin wi' accounts, and yarn winnles, and looms and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person; and lastly, Bailie, because if I saw a sign o' your betraying me, I would plaster that wa' with your harns [brains] ere the hand of man could rescue you!"

"Ye're a bauld desperate villain, sir," retorted the undaunted Bailie; "and ye ken that I ken ye to be sae, and that I wadna stand a moment for my ain risk."

"I ken weel," said the other, "ye hae gentle bluid in your veins, and I wad be laith to hurt my ain kinsman. But I'll gang out here as free as I came in, or the very wa's o' Glasgow tolbooth shall tell o't these ten years to come."

"Weel, weel," said Mr. Jarvie, "bluid's thicker than water; and it liesna [lies not] in kith, kin, and ally to see

motes in ilka other's een [eyes] if other een see them no. It wad be sair [sore] news to the auld wife below the Ben of Stuckavrallachan, that you, ye Hieland limmer [rascal], had knockit out my harns, or that I had kilted you up in a tow. But ye'll own, ye dour deevil, that were it no your very sell [self], I wad hae grippit the best man in the Hielands."

"Ye wad hae tried, cousin," answered my guide, "that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad hae come aff wi' the short measure; for we gang-there-out Hieland bodies are an unchancy [unreliable] generation when you speak to us o' bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid-claith about our hinderlans, let-a-be breeks o' free-stone, and garters o' iron."

"Ye'll find the stane breeks and the airn garters—ay, and the hemp cravat, for a' that, neighbor," replied the Bailie. "Nae man in a civilized country ever played the pliskies [tricks] ye hae done—but e'en pickle in your ain pock-neuk —I hae gi'en ye warning."

"Well, cousin," said the other, "ye'll wear black at my burial."

"Deil a black cloak will be there, Robin, but the corbies [ravens] and the hoodie-craws, I'se gie ye my hand on that. But whar's the gude thousand pund Scots that I lent ye, man, and when am I to see it again?"

"Where it is," replied my guide, after the affectation of considering for a moment, "I cannot justly tell—probably where last year's snaw is."

"And that's on the tap of Schehallion, ye Hieland dog," said Mr. Jarvie; "and I look for payment frae you where ye stand."

"Ay," replied the Highlander, "but I keep neither snaw nor dollars in my sporran [purse]. And as to when you'll see it—why, just when the king enjoys his ain again, as the auld sang says."

"Warst of a', Robin," retorted the Glaswegian—"I mean, ye disloyal traitor—Warst of a'!—Wad ye bring popery in on us, and arbitrary power, and a foist and a warming-pan, and the set forms, and the curates, and the auld enormities o' surplices and cerements? Ye had better stick to your auld trade

o' theft-boot, black-mail, spreaghs and gillravaging [plunder] —better stealing nowte [cattle] than ruining nations."

"Hout, man—whisht wi' your whiggery," answered the Celt; "we hae ken'd ane anither mony a lang day. I'se take care your counting-room is no cleaned out when the Gillon-a-naille come to redd up the Glasgow buiths, and clear them o' their auld shop-wares. And, unless it just fa' in the preceese way o' your duty, ye maunna see me oftener, Nicol, than I am disposed to be seen."

"Ye are a dauring villain, Rob," answered the Bailie; "and ye will be hanged, that will be seen and heard tell o'; but I'se ne'er be the ill bird and foul my nest, set apart strong necessity and the skreigh of duty, which no man should hear and be inobedient. And what the deevil's this?" he continued, turning to me—"Some gillravager that ye hae listed, I daur say. He looks as if he had a bauld heart to the highway, and a lang craig [neck] for the gibbet."

"This, good Mr. Jarvie," said Owen, who, like myself, had been struck dumb during this strange recognition, and no less strange dialogue, which took place betwixt these extraordinary kinsmen—"This, good Mr. Jarvie, is young Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, only child of the head of our house, who should have been taken into our firm at the time Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone, his cousin, had the luck to be taken into it"—(Owen could not suppress a groan)—"But howsoever—"

"Oh, I have heard of that smaik," said the Scotch merchant interrupting him; "it is he whom your principal, like an obstinate auld fule, wad make a merchant o', wad he or wad he no,—and the lad turned a strolling stage-player, in pure dislike to the labor an honest man should live by. Weel, sir, what say you to your handiwark? Will Hamlet the Dane, or Hamlet's ghost, be good security for Mr. Owen, sir?"

"I don't deserve your taunt," I replied, "though I respect your motive, and am too grateful for the assistance you have afforded Mr. Owen, to resent it. My only business here was to do what I could (it is perhaps very little) to aid Mr. Owen in the management of my father's affairs. My dislike of the commercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

"I protest," said the Highlander, "I had some respect for this callant [lad] even before I ken'd what was in him; but now I honor him for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and sic like mechanical persons and their pursuits."

"Ye're mad, Rob," said the Bailie—"mad as a March hare—though wherefore a hare sude [should] be mad at March mair than at Martinmas, is mair than I can weel say. Weavers! Deil shake ye out o' the web the weaver craft made. Spinners! ye'll spin and wind yoursell a bonny pirn [bobbin]. And this young birkie [gallant] here, that ye're hooing and hounding on the shortest road to the gallows and the deevil, will his stage-plays and his poetries help him here, d'ye think, ony mair than your deep oaths and drawn dirks, ye reprobate that ye are?—Will *Tityre tu patulæ*,* as they ca' it, tell him where Rashleigh Osbaldistone is? or Macbeth, and all his kernes and galla-glasses [fighting men], and your awn to boot, Rob, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence, were they a' rouped [sold by auction] at the Cross,—basket-hilts, Andra-Ferraras, leather targets, brogues, brochan, and sporrans?"

"Ten days," I answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Vernon's packet; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank enclosure, owing to the trepidation with which I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Jarvie's feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and, to my astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, "Here's a wind has blown a letter to its right owner, though there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand."

The Highlander, having examined the address, broke the letter open without the least ceremony. I endeavored to interrupt his proceeding.

"You must satisfy me, sir," said I, "that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to peruse it."

"Make yourself quite easy, Mr. Osbaldistone," replied the mountaineer with great composure;—"remember Justice

* The first words of Virgil's First Eclogue.

Inglewood, Clerk Jobson, Mr. Morris—above all, remember your vera humble servant, Robert Cawmil [Campbell], and the beautiful Diana Vernon. Remember all this, and doubt no longer that the letter is for me."

I remained astonished at my own stupidity.—Through the whole night, the voice, and even the features, of this man, though imperfectly seen, haunted me with recollections to which I could assign no exact local or personal associations. But now the light dawned on me at once; this man was Campbell himself. His whole peculiarities flashed on me at once,—the deep, strong voice—the inflexible, stern, yet considerate cast of features—the Scottish brogue, with its corresponding dialect and imagery, which, although he possessed the power at times of laying them aside, recurred at every moment of emotion, and gave pith to his sarcasm, or vehemence to his expostulation. Rather beneath the middle size than above it, his limbs were formed upon the very strongest model that is consistent with agility, while from the remarkable ease and freedom of his movements, you could not doubt his possessing the latter quality in a high degree of perfection. Two points in his person interfered with the rules of symmetry; his shoulders were so broad in proportion to his height, as, notwithstanding the lean and lathy appearance of his frame, gave him something the air of being too square in respect to his stature; and his arms, though round, sinewy, and strong, were so very long as to be rather a deformity. I afterwards heard that this length of arm was a circumstance on which he prided himself; that when he wore his native Highland garb, he could tie the garters of his hose without stooping; and that it gave him great advantage in the use of the broad-sword, at which he was very dexterous. But certainly this want of symmetry destroyed the claim he might otherwise have set up, to be accounted a very handsome man; it gave something wild, irregular, and, as it were, unearthly, to his appearance, and reminded me involuntarily of the tales which Mabel used to tell of the old Picts who ravaged Northumberland in ancient times, who, according to her tradition, were a sort of half-goblin, half-human beings, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning and ferocity. . . .

When, however, I recollected the circumstances in which we formerly met, I could not doubt that the billet was most probably designed for him. He had made a marked figure among those mysterious personages over whom Diana seemed to exercise an influence, and from whom she experienced an influence in her turn. It was painful to think that the fate of a being so amiable was involved in that of desperadoes of this man's description;—yet it seemed impossible to doubt it. Of what use, however, could this person be to my father's affairs? I could think only of one. Rashleigh Osbaldistone had, at the instigation of Miss Vernon, certainly found means to produce Mr. Campbell when his presence was necessary to exculpate me from Morris's accusation.—Was it not possible that her influence, in like manner, might prevail on Campbell to produce Rashleigh? Speaking on this supposition, I requested to know where my dangerous kinsman was, and when Mr. Campbell had seen him. The answer was indirect.

"It's a kittle [ticklish] cast she has gien me to play, but yet it's fair play, and I winna baulk her. Mr. Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence—my kinsman can show you the way—leave Mr. Owen to do the best he can in Glasgow—do you come and see me in the glens, and it's like I may pleasure you, and stead [help] your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wit's better than wealth—and, cousin" (turning from me to address Mr. Jarvie), "if ye daur venture sae muckle as to eat a dish of Scotch collops, and a leg o' red-deer venison wi' me, come ye wi' this Sassenach [Saxon] gentleman as far as Drymen or Bucklivie,—or the Clachan [inn] of Aberfoil will be better than ony o' them,—and I'll hae somebody waiting to weise [tell] ye the gate [way] to the place where I may be for the time—What say ye, man? There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

"Na, na, Robin," said the cautious burgher, "I seldom like to leave the Gorbals. I have nae freedom to gang among your wild hills, Robin, and your kilted red-shanks—it disna become my place, man."

"The devil damn your place and you baith!" reiterated Campbell. "The only drap o' gentle bluid that's in your body was our great-grand-uncle's that was justified at Dum-

barton, and you set yourself up to say ye wad derogate frae your place to visit me! Hark thee, man—I owe thee a day in harst [harvest]—I'll pay up your thousan pund Scots, plack and bawbee [penny and farthing], gin [if] ye'll be an honest fallow for anes, and just daiker [stroll] up the gate wi' this Sassenach."

"Hout awa' wi' your gentility," replied the Bailie; "carry your gentle bluid to the Cross, and see what ye'll buy wi't. But, if I *were* to come, wad ye really and soothfastly pay me the siller?"

"I swear to ye," said the Highlander, "upon the halidom [saintship] of him that sleeps beneath the gray stane at Inch-Cailleach."

"Say nae mair, Robin—say nae mair.—We'll see what may be dune. But ye maunna [must not] expect me to gang ower the Highland line—I'll gae beyond the line at no rate. Ye maun meet me about Bucklivie or the Clachan of Aberfoil,—and dinna forget the needful."

"Nae fear—nae fear," said Campbell; "I'll be as true as the steel blade that never failed its master. But I must be budging, cousin, for the air o' Glasgow tolbooth is no that ower salutary to a Highlander's constitution."

"Troth," replied the merchant, "and if my duty were to be dune, ye couldna change your atmosphere, as the minister ca's it, this ae wee while.—Ochon, that I sud ever be concerned in aiding and abetting an escape frae justice! it will be a shame and disgrace to me and mine, and my very father's memory forever."

"Hout tout, man! let that flee stick in the wa'," answered his kinsman; "when the dirt's dry it will rub out.—Your father, honest man, could look ower a friend's fault as weel as anither."

"Ye may be right, Robin," replied the Bailie, after a moment's reflection; "He was a considerate man the deacon; he ken'd we had a' our frailties, and he lo'ed his friends.—Ye'll no hae forgotten him, Robin?" This question he put in a softened tone, conveying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic.

"Forgotten him!" replied his kinsman—"what suld ail

me to forget him?—a wapping weaver he was, and wrought my first pair o' hose.—But come awa', kinsman.

> Come fill up my cup, come fill up my cann,
> Come saddle my horses, and call up my man;
> Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
> I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee.

"Whisht, sir!" said the magistrate, in an authoritative tone—"lilting and singing sae near the latter end o' the Sabbath! This house may hear ye sing anither tune yet.—Aweel we hae a' backslidings to answer for.—Stanchells, open the door."

The jailer obeyed, and we all sallied forth. Stanchells looked with some surprise at the two strangers, wondering, doubtless, how they came into these premises without his knowledge; but Mr. Jarvie's "Friends o' mine, Stanchells—friends o' mine," silenced all disposition to inquiries. We now descended into the lower vestibule, and hallooed more than once for Dougal, to which summons no answer was returned; when Campbell observed with a sardonic smile, "That if Dougal was the lad he kent him, he would scarce wait to get thanks for his ain share of the night's wark, but was in all probability on the full trot to the pass of Ballamaha—"

"And left us—and, abune a', me mysell, locked up in the tolbooth a' night!" exclaimed the Bailie, in ire and perturbation. "Ca' for forehammers, sledge-hammers, pinchers, and coulters; send for Deacon Yettlin, the smith, an let him ken that Bailie Jarvie's shut up in the tolbooth by a Highland blackguard, whom he'll hang up as high as Haman——"

"When you catch him," said Campbell, gravely; "but stay—the door is surely not locked."

Indeed, on examination, we found that the door was not only left open, but that Dougal, in his retreat, had, by carrying off the keys along with him, taken care that no one should exercise his office of porter in a hurry.

"He has glimmerings o' common sense now, that creature Dougal," said Campbell;—"he ken'd an open door might hae served me at a pinch."

We were by this time in the street.

"I tell you, Robin," said the magistrate, "in my puir mind, if ye live the life ye do, ye suld hae ane o' your gillies door-keeper in every jail in Scotland, in case o' the warst."

"Ane o' my kinsmen a bailie in ilka burgh will just do as weel, cousin Nicol.—So, gude-night or gude-morning to ye; and forget not the Clachan of Aberfoil."

And without waiting for an answer, he sprung to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness. Immediately on his disappearance we heard him give a low whistle of peculiar modulation, which was instantly replied to.

"Hear to the Hieland deevils," said Mr. Jarvie; "they think themselves on the skirts of Benlomond already, where they may gang whewing and whistling about without minding Sunday or Saturday." Here he was interrupted by something which fell with a heavy clash on the street before us—"Gude guide us! what's this mair o't?—Mattie, haud up the lantern—Conscience; if it isna the keys!—Weel, that's just as weel—they cost the burgh siller, and there might hae been some clavers [talk] about the loss o' them. O, an Bailie Grahame were to get word o' this night's job, it would be a sair hair in my neck!"

As we were still but a few steps from the tolbooth door, we carried back these implements of office, and consigned them to the head jailer, who, in lieu of the usual mode of making good his post by turning the keys, was keeping sentry in the vestibule till the arrival of some assistance, whom he had summoned in order to replace the Celtic fugitive Dougal.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

FROM 1810 TO 1850.

WITH the dawn of the nineteenth century English Literature, which had seemed destined to fall into humdrum monotony, entered upon a new era of vigorous growth, similar in intensity and variety to the Elizabethan age. Many causes conspired to produce this result. Foremost among these was the intellectual ferment consequent upon the French Revolution, the crusade for the rights of man, and the Continental wars. Much was due to the rise of an antiquarian spirit, fostered by the publication of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and to the revival of interest in the drama. Still another element in the literary revival was the establishment of the quarterly reviews, which, though intended for political purposes, were mainly devoted to literature, and afforded good opportunity for able writers to test their powers. It is impossible to give due credit to all who took part in the literary revolution, and we must be content with naming the principal leaders.

The foremost one—Sir Walter Scott—has already been sketched, and his success in reviving interest in the world of chivalry has been acknowledged. It was not until 1814 that he withdrew from poetry, after notable achievement, to that new domain where he reigns supreme.

The more brilliant poetic genius of the youthful Byron challenged the world's regard, and his strenuous self-assertion won its utmost favor, until his untamable vices caused his banishment from home. He was the most powerful poet of his

time, combining impassioned strength with the finest sense of the beautiful. His influence remains unimpaired on the Continent of Europe, though it has declined in his native land.

The strongest possible contrast with the passionate Byron is offered by the poet Wordsworth, who slowly rose to fame. Self-centered, he is ever free from passion; by calm observation of life, he is stirred to quiet pathos; his delight is in communion with nature in its various aspects, by which he rises at times to an intensely solemn awe, as in the immediate presence of God. With Wordsworth, to some extent, is associated Coleridge, more potent as a teacher and speculative philosopher than as a poet, though he produced some exquisite poems. Unnerved by opium for the duties of practical life, he yet introduced into English thought new principles, partly derived from Germany.

In another group of poets of this prolific period are found Shelley and Keats. Shelley, intensely radical in thought and life, full of protest against all existing law, aimed at an ideal, impracticable philanthropy. In native felicity of poetic adornment he excelled all rivals except Keats. The latter versified with wonderful sweetness the classical dreams of his immature youth. His brief career prevented the full accomplishment of what his genius promised.

Closely connected, in actual life or in character of work, with some of these leaders were poets whose productions are still familiar. Thus Moore, the composer of exquisite melodies, was attached to Byron; the Scotchman, Campbell, in his youth composed noble lyrics, but in manhood lost his pristine vigor; Wilson, who seemed to have some of Shelley's musical power, became best known as "Christopher North," editor of *Blackwood's Magazine;* Southey, who was grouped with Wordsworth as a "Lake Poet," became overweighted with learning and failed in his ambitious epics.

But great and varied as was the poetical product of the first half century, its chief literary distinction was the surprising growth of the novel. Sir Walter Scott had some notable followers in the historical field, but more contented themselves with trying to depict society as they found or fancied it around them. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, with astonishing versatility, from youth to old age, explored various new fields

of fiction. His novels show skill of design and great natural force of serious passion. Those of his youth were blamed for immoral tendency, but in later years he became an ethical teacher. He is almost the only playwright of the century who constructed dramas of high order that have been able to keep the stage.

A new school of novelists was inaugurated by Dickens, who undertook to present with some slight exaggerations the characters of ordinary London life among the lower classes. He has unrivalled power of exciting emotion in all its ranges from intense horror to melting pathos. His success is due to his sharp observation and powerful sympathy with real life. He lacks lofty imagination. Thackeray belonged to a higher class of society than Dickens and was able to reveal scenes of its life, but he failed to arouse lively sympathy. His strength was in sharp analysis and irony, sometimes bantering, sometimes sarcastic. Many men of note in other walks of life ventured occasionally to write novels as the readiest way to reach the public mind.

A marked feature of the nineteenth century has been the increasing proportion of women among the writers, and the merit of their work. It is not inappropriate, therefore, that the greater part of this period bears the name of England's latest queen. Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth had begun novel writing before the appearance of "Waverley," the former depicting English, and the latter Irish society. More powerful and of more lasting fame than either was Charlotte Brontë, the author of "Jane Eyre." In poetry Mrs. Hemans was distinguished by romantic sweetness. Joanna Baillie was thought by contemporary critics to have attained unique fame by her tragedies, but these are now utterly neglected. Miss Mitford also aspired to dramatic fame, but is remembered by her delightful descriptions of "Our Village."

GEORGE CRABBE.

RURAL life had been a theme of many English poets, sometimes drawn partly true to life, as in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but more frequently in the thoroughly unreal style of pastoral poets who wrote for the amusement of courts. Crabbe was the first strict realist, and in "The Village" described the actual life of its half-starved inhabitants, the hopeless struggle of the peasant, and the misery of the work-house. He used the heroic couplet and the epigrammatic style of Pope. Byron pronounced him "Life's sternest painter and the best."

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough in Suffolk, in 1754. He became a surgeon, but not succeeding in his profession, went to London to try his fortune at literature. After many disappointments he obtained favor from Burke and published "The Library" in 1781. He then took orders in the Church, but soon published "The Village," which attracted general attention, and next "The Newspaper" (1785). These were all collections of poetical tales, carefully drawn pictures of English lower life. For twenty years Crabbe devoted himself entirely to parish work. Then he resumed his poetical descriptions, sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous, in "The Parish Register," "The Borough," and other volumes. In 1819 he issued his last work, "Tales of the Hall." This, dealing with lives of the upper classes, was less successful than his earlier tales. He died in 1832.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

Two summers since, I saw, at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there;
When Phœbe Dawson gayly cross'd the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.

Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away;
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth, ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young,
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brush'd the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth:—she sigh'd, and look'd consent.
Now through the lane, up hill and cross the green—
Seen by but few and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious and afraid—
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid;
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank, and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colored what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears;
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate;
There he pronounced Adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away!
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind.
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,

That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more,
Than his presumption had required before.
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!
  Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms;
With water burden'd then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in the adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind, as strength the frame forsakes:
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
  And now her path, but not her peace, she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits;
In vain—they come, she feels the inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd,
The neighbor matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;
Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,

Not led by profit, not allured by praise;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
  Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid;
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
  But who this child of weakness, want and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas Fair:
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart,
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
"And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love:"—
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage rite repaired;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing, till he saw her pained;
If absent, spending what their labors gained;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.

The Approach of Old Age.

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet. . . . .
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose,
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

LORD BYRON.

CONTRADICTORY readings may be taken of Byron's character and achievements, and each of them be largely true. That he owned true genius, brilliant and forceful, is indisputable, and yet he would trail it in the mire for the sake of a cynical laugh. No poet was moved by intenser passion for the good and the beautiful, and none so lightly prostituted it to baser ends. His heart beat ardently with generous, noble, and even self-sacrificing impulses; yet it could harden at will into adamantine selfishness, morose hatred of his species, expressed in brutish acts. Byron's poetry is Byron himself, thoroughly romantic, dazzlingly bright and beautiful when soaring free above the contaminations of the sodden camping ground, and proportionately morbid and miserable as he sinks by his own weight to that malarious level.

George Noel Gordon Byron was born in London in 1788. His profligate father, known as "Mad Jack Byron" of the Guards, after wasting his wife's fortune, deserted her, and died, leaving mother and child with only a small fixed income of about £120 a year. Mrs. Byron was a passionate creature, caressing the beautiful, little lame boy one moment, and beating him the next. At the age of ten Byron inherited his title from a grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, with the encumbered estate of Newstead Abbey. He went to Harrow and to Cambridge, but was, in both places, an idle and irregular student, refusing to pursue the usual studies of the college curriculum; but reading English literature and every history he could lay his hands on, in the intervals of riding, fencing, boxing, drinking, gaming and the like.

He scribbled verses while at Harrow, and in 1807 published a little book of mediocre poems called "Hours of Idleness." The *Edinburgh Review* scored this with a stinging criticism; and Byron dashed back, in an outburst of rage, his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Some notion of his violent young prejudices may be formed from the fact that he speaks in it of Scott as a "hireling lord," of Coleridge, "to turgid ode and tumid stanza dear," and of "vulgar Wordsworth."

From his earliest years the poet had been passionate, affectionate and moody. He quarreled violently with his mother until her death—just after his return to England from his travels. In London he lived the life of a man about town, a poor lord, with "coffee-house companions," and perhaps three intimates—the poets Moore, Campbell and Rogers. At twenty-one he could hardly find any one to introduce him to the House of Lords, where he took his seat by right of birth. He was perhaps not worse than many young men of his age and rank; but solitary and forlorn, he was without home, without relations, almost without friends—a sort of social pariah.

In 1809 Byron, deeply wounded and despondent, left home and traveled through Spain, Albania, Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor. On his return he published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and "awoke one morning to find himself famous." The success of this poem flashing, like a comet across the horizon, depended not more on the easy and sustained fluency of its descriptions, than on the fact of its picturing scenes and countries then almost unknown and unvisited. Besides which it contains the personal heartache of a mysterious young sufferer and outcast; and for Childe Harold the public easily read Childe Byron.

After the triumphant success of "Childe Harold," every door in England was thrown open to the noble author. He was courted by great men and good women. His genius dazzled; his pure, pale, melancholy, sculpturesque face won and endeared him; his sweet voice, and gentle manners, and graceful form—spite of a slight lameness—attracted every eye. He was courted, flattered, idolized; and pushed, breathlessly, by his admirers to the giddiest pinnacle of the Temple of Fame. During this period, amid all the frivolousness and hurry of

fashionable life, Byron found time to pour forth some of his most matchless strains: "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina." One hero stalks through them all:

> "The man of loneliness and mystery,
> Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh."

Young England became enamored of light dark curls, a scowling brow, low rolling collars, and melancholy. Many gentle hearts yearned for the poet's love, and one, Lady Caroline Lamb's, is said to have been broken. This unhealthy dream lasted four years. Then Byron married Miss Milbanke, an heiress. A daughter was born, named Ada, whose son, Lord Lovelace, still lives in England. Lady Byron left her husband within a year, no one really knows why, though many vain guesses have been made. The wife told her physician she thought her husband mad. The world took sides, and Byron left England forever; his subsequent career justifying the worst suspicions of his worst enemies. He resided, for a little while, in Geneva, with Shelley, Mary Godwin, and her step-sister, Jane Clermont. The latter's child, Allegra, whose father was Lord Byron, was supported for some years by Shelley; as was its mother. The poor little waif died early. The poet passed on to Venice, and London believed that he had a harem there. In Ravenna he lived with the young and beautiful Countess Guiccioli. Her husband was separated from her; and, Italian fashion, the father and brother resided in one end of a great palace, with the daughter and her lover at the other. While in Ravenna, living in comparative tranquillity, Byron wrote several new works; among others, "Cain," "A Vision of Judgment," his dramas and the passionate, witty, original, and rakish "Don Juan." "Childe Harold" had been completed in Switzerland. There, too, he wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon."

By this time, at the age of thirty-six, he had exhausted everything; hope, of which he had but little store; fame, pleasure, most of his fortune; even the springs of his genius, the contemplation and expression of his own wounded self-love.

In 1823 he set sail for Greece, hoping to aid her in her struggle for independence; and he died of fever in Missolonghi, in 1824, disenchanted at the last; for "instead of patriotism he found fraud and confusion, a military mob, and contending chiefs." Byron's body was interred near Newstead Abbey, amid England's sobs of grief.

The poet's verse is forceful, splendid, glowing and sustained; but the enchantment of it, in his generation, lay in this: Byron had a romantic story to tell, and the world identified him with his one hero, posing under different names—Harold, Conrad, Lara, Manfred. "Every *replica* was received with acclamation; and in the full illumination of the nineteenth century the sham-heroic pirate chief was, to them, a revelation from heaven." Byron the poet had genius, fire, force, strength, ease and headlong passion. Byron the man had an aching heart that loved to make other hearts ache. He was without conscience, without shame, without a sense of responsibility to God and man. Much that he has written will always be admired and remembered; some of it will be pestilence-breeding to the end.

Greece in Her Decay.

(From "The Giaour.")

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there:
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of that placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;

Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye, one treacherous hour—
He still might doubt the tyrant's power:
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.

Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.
Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was Freedom's shrine or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!
  Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
  For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
  To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
  Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
  And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
  Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
  For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE OCEAN.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
And all this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

CHILDE HAROLD.

IN my youth's Summer I did sing of One,
  The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind.
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
  And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
  Bears the cloud onwards. In that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears
  Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind
O'er which, all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life—where not a flower appears.

Since my young days of passion—joy or pain—
  Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar. It may be that in vain
  I would essay as I have sung to sing,
  Yet, though a heavy strain, to this I cling,
So that it wean me from the weary dream
  Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem,
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

He who grown aged in this world of woe—
  In deeds, not years—piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him; nor below
  Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
  Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
  Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
  A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
  The life we image—even as I do now.
  What am I?—Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth
  Invisible by gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth.

Yet I must think less wildly:—I *have* thought
  Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
  A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
  And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned. 'Tis too late!
  Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
  And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent Harold reappears at last;
  He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
  Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
Yet time, who changes all, had altered him
  In soul and aspect as in age. Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

THE SHIPWRECK.

(From "Don Juan.")

'TWAS twilight, and the sunless day went down
  Over the waste of waters: like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
  Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
  And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep. Twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar: and now Death was near. . . .

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
  And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars—
  For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars.
  The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews.
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port;
And, going down head foremost—sank, in short.
Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
  Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;

Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
  As eager to participate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her, like a hell;
  And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

At first one universal shriek there rushed,
  Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
  Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows. But at intervals there gushed,
  Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Haidee Visits Don Juan.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
  And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
  And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,
Taking her for her sister; just the same
  Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepped
  All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept:
  And then she stopped and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
  And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood; then o'er him, still as death,
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
  Who die in righteousness, she leaned; and there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
  As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
  Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair

Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket. . . .

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
  And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
  No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies,
  Turns oftener to the stars than to his book:
Thus Juan learned his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
  By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean
When both the teacher and the taught are young;
  As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong.
  They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;
I learned the little that I know by this.

The Death of Haidée.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth,
  Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
  The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth:
  Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye showed deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
  Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
  Terror to earth and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
  But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the simoon sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
  And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
  Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she viewed an instant and no more—
  Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
  Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,
And her head drooped as when the lily lies
  O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
  Of herbs and cordials they produced their store:
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
  With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;
  No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead:
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
  All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole. . .

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
  Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognized no being, and no spot,
  However dear or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot;
  Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp:
  The harper came and tuned his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
  On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;

Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
  Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin, wan fingers beat the wall
  In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce name struck through all
  Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
  To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
  Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed:
  And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
  Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh to possess such lustre, and then lack!

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
  Shall sorrow light or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
  Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
  Brief, but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
  Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
  And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
  No one is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

MANFRED.

IN this dramatic poem the hero Manfred, though a mortal, has been able to enter the hall of Arimanes, where he is at first assailed by the spirits as an intruder. One of the Destinies, however, protects him and Nemesis asks the reason of his coming.

Nemesis. What doth he here then?
First Destiny. Let him answer that.
Manfred. Ye know what I have known; and without power
I could not be amongst ye: but there are
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.
Nem. What would'st thou?
Man. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead—my question is for them.
Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?
Arimanes. Yea.
Nem. Whom would'st thou uncharnel?
Man. One without a tomb—call up Astarte.
Nem. Shadow! or Spirit!
Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which return'd to the earth,
Re-appear to the day!
Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worest
Redeem from the worm.
Appear!—Appear!—Appear!
Who sent thee there requires thee here.
[*The Phantom of* ASTARTE *rises and stands in the midst.*]
Man. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red

Which autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—
Forgive me or condemn me.

Nem. By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall'd thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call'd thee!

Man. She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than answer'd.

Nem. My power extends no further. Prince of air!
It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

Ari. Spirit—obey this sceptre!

Nem. Silent still!
She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
And we are baffled also.

Man. Hear me, hear me—
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured—so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee; we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves

Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!

Phantom of Astarte. Manfred!

Man. Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

Phan. Manfred! To-morrow ends thy earthly ills. Farewell!

Man. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. Say, shall we meet again?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

Phan. Manfred! [*The Spirit of* ASTARTE *disappears.*

Nem. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A Spirit. He is convulsed—This is to be a mortal
And seek the things beyond mortality.

Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
His torture tributary to his will.
Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.

Nem. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

Man. None.

Nem. Then for a time farewell.

Man. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well! [*Exit* MANFRED.

BYRON'S LAST LINES.

(On completing my thirty-sixth year.)

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
  Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
  Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
  The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
  Are mine alone. . . .

But 'tis not *thus,* and 'tis not *here,*
  Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now,*
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
  Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
  Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
  Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)—
  Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
  And then strike home!

Tread these reviving passions down,
  Unworthy manhood! Unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
  Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
  The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
  Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
  A soldier's grave for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground
  And take thy rest.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THOUGH the heir of an ancient and wealthy house, Shelley was a rebel, a freethinker, a democrat, an atheist from boyhood, everything, indeed, that his family was not. When a pupil at Eton College the fagging system fretted and outraged him beyond endurance; and there he began his career of strife and indignant resistance against all existing law. He was expelled from Oxford for writing and publishing a tract on "The Necessity of Atheism." His father cast him off for a time; his sisters sent him pocket-money by a young schoolmate, named Harriet Westbrook, who fell in love with him. He was grateful, he was lonely, and he, not twenty, married her, not seventeen. Shelley's father allowed the young couple £200 a year, and on this sum they strayed through Scotland, Wales, and England in 1811.

Meanwhile Shelley became acquainted with William Godwin, author of "Political Justice," and welcomed a kindred soul, as much opposed to law as Shelley himself, particularly the law of marriage. His wife had been the gifted and unfortunate Mary Woolstonecraft, and the two were not legally wedded until just before the birth of a daughter. Godwin had married again, a widow, Mrs. Clermont, who also had a daughter, Jane Clermont. Mary Godwin, a fair, serious girl of seventeen, was unhappy with her stepmother, and when this beautiful youth, Shelley, put his hand in hers and told her that he loved her, she willingly responded. Their troth was plighted beside her mother's grave. In a short time Harriet Westbrook and her babies were deserted, and the lovers fled to Switzerland. The

nightmare of the first elopement had been Eliza Westbrook, Harriet's sister, who wandered with the foolish young couple and tyrannized over them. The nightmare of the second elopement was Jane Clermont who, at Geneva, became Lord Byron's mistress, was deserted by him, and with her child, Allegra, lived on Shelley's bounty for some years. "Monk" Lewis joined the four lovers during this curious summer of 1816, and the whole party lived for several months a life of refined Bohemianism. While floating on Lake Leman, one night, the conversation turned, as it often did, on the mysterious and horrible. Under the spur of the moment each promised to write a tale of wonder, during the following year, for the diversion of the others. The only one who remembered the promise was Mary Godwin, who wrote one of the strangest romances in all literature, the incomparably horrible "Frankenstein." She was not yet eighteen.

In November, Harriet Westbrook drowned herself; some say because of her husband's desertion; some say because of an unfortunate love affair of her own. In six weeks Shelley married Mary Godwin, his father settling on him an allowance of £1000 a year. The Chief Justice refused him possession of his children, a boy and a girl, who continued to live with their grandfather Westbrook; and Shelley, in an excess of rage against all existing institutions, left England, with his wife, forever.

They wandered in Italy for some years, meeting Lord Byron again, and finally settled in Pisa. There the generous poet invited Leigh Hunt, his wife and children, to visit him. This was the fatal summer of 1821, and Shelley was only thirty years old. His own family was at Zarici, on the eastern Riviera; and he and his friend, Captain Williams, went to meet and welcome the strangers, and to settle them in his home in Pisa. They attempted to return, in their cockle-shell boat. across the Gulf of Spezia. A squall arose, the little vessel sank; the two were drowned; and, in a week's time, the sea cast up its dead. Byron, Hunt and Captain Trelawney burned Shelley's body with heathen rites and incense, and quenched the fire with wine. His ashes, placed in an urn, repose in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. Mrs. Shelley and her son returned to England. The latter, Sir Percy Shelley, became a typical

British gentleman, conservative and order-loving, a partisan of Church and State.

"Shelley was song embodied. He poured forth miles of verse in order to force his wild politics and wilder morals upon the world, believing that this was his mission, to convince men that their God was a Fiend and their laws tyranny." His poetry is sublime, melodious, and enchanting; much of it too mystical and metaphysical for ordinary minds; minds that delight in Scott's stirring verse, and Byron's distinct utterance. "Alastor," "The Revolt of Islam," the gloomy "Cenci," the grand "Prometheus," are not for the crowd. But some of his minor utterances are music itself: "The Cloud," "The Skylark," "The Sensitive Plant," "Lines written in Dejection, near Naples," "Darts of Epipsychidion," and "The Desire of the Moth for the Star."

In spite of what Shelley said and wrote, and even the wrong he did, he was one of earth's rarest, purest spirits. He was slender and beautiful as a flower, romantic, generous, loving; feeding on bread and fruits; hating sensuality as he hated leprosy; loving mankind as he loved his own soul; and striving to free his race with a kind of useless, heroic madness. The best of his verse lives in the minds and hearts of those who, longing to relieve and release, believe that it can only be done by growth, and order, and law, and love.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
  From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
  The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud;
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a highborn maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach me, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thy own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

The Cloud.

I.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about in the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
  And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
  And laugh as I pass in thunder.

II.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
  And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
  While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
  Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
  It struggles and howls by fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
  This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
  In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
  Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
  The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
  Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

III.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
  And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
  When the morning-star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
  Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one morning may sit
  In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
  Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
  From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
  As still as a brooding dove.

IV.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
  Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
  By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
  Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
  The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
  Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
  Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these.

V.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
  And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
  When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
  Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
  The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
  With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
  Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
  While the moist earth was laughing below.

VI.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
  And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
  I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,

The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of the air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

The Sensitive Plant.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew;
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere,
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snowdrop and then the violet
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the maid-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up
As a Maenad its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star which is its eye
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,—
The sweetest flower for scent that blows,—
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

. . . . . .

And from this undefiled Paradise,
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,—
Like young lovers, whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the sensitive plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

For the sensitive plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not,—the beautiful.

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects, swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears.

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound and odor and beam
Move, as reeds in a single stream;—

Each and all, like ministering angels, were
For the sensitive plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven above,
And the earth was all rest and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,—

. . . . . .

The sensitive plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

JOHN KEATS.

BYRON was a ruined peer, Shelley, the son of a wealthy father, the scion of a distinguished house; and Keats, the third in the triad of romantic poets of the early century, was poor and middle-class. Lord Houghton, his biographer, sums up his life in the following sentence: "The publication of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one profound passion, and a premature death, are the only incidents in his career." As a friend of Leigh Hunt's he became intimate with Hunt's associates, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Lamb. He tried to be a surgeon, and, revolted by the horrors of the hospital of those days, when anæsthetics were unknown, he turned to his imagination for relief; and his imagination was Greek. From earliest boyhood, though he never studied Greek, he had fed on classic mythology and the tales of Homer, and when he began to write he fled for inspiration to ancient Greece.

His "Endymion" appeared in 1818, when Keats was only twenty-three years old. *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly* attacked him with such brutality that when he died not long after, it was commonly supposed that the Reviewers had killed him. Byron says of him with cruel levity, that "he had let himself be snuffed out with an article." This is not correct. Keats went on his way with manly composure, and, for answer, straightway published another volume of verse.

What ailed him was a frail body, a too heroic soul, too burning genius, and a hopeless love affair. He was engaged to be married to Miss Fanny Brawne, whom he loved with a poet's frenzy, and yet did not quite trust her love. There was nothing ahead of him but poverty and struggle. There was consumption in his family; distressing pulmonary symptoms declared themselves, and his physicians ordered him south. With his friend Severn he sailed for Rome, lingered painfully for a few months, and died there in February, 1821, aged twenty-five years.

England found in spite of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* that she had lost something precious and unrivalled. Keats wrote but little: "Endymion," "St. Agnes' Eve," "Isabella,"

the fragment "Hyperion," "Ode to a Nightingale," "On a Grecian Vase," "Chapman's Homer," and a few others; including his last pitiful lines on shipboard, when watching, "Nature's Patient Sleepless Eremite," as he sailed away from all he loved. Some of his lines have a matchless grace, an immortal charm. His sad, short life, his melancholy death, his imperishable verse have endeared him to all lovers of the beautiful and true.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of science and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
  What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
  Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
  Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  Forever piping songs forever new:
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,

Forever panting, and forever young;
  All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
  A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Leadest thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
  Or mountain built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
  And, little town, thy streets forever more
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
  Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
  Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
  Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
  And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
  Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
  That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
  Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
  When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
  He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
  Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt was born in Southgate, England, in 1784. His father, a clergyman, was the son of an English clergyman on the Island of Barbadoes, and was sent to the University of Pennsylvania to be educated. His mother was a Philadelphia woman. Leigh Hunt was brought up at the celebrated Christ Hospital, known as "Blue-coat School," and made famous by Lamb and Coleridge. Hunt was a Liberal in politics, and in 1808 he and his brother John assumed the editorship of a paper called *The Examiner,* which became noted for its political and literary independence. In 1813 it published a trivial satire on the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The gist of the offence seems to have been that the prince was called in it, "An Adonis of fifty, a dandy grown fat." For this impudence the two brothers were sentenced to two years' imprisonment in separate jails.

Leigh Hunt bore his confinement with cheerfulness and gayety; he turned his cell into a bower of loveliness and drew around him a group of admiring and influential friends—Byron, Moore, Brougham and others. Afterwards he became

acquainted with many rising young men of the time, of liberal sympathies, among whom were Lamb, Shelley and Keats.

From first to last Leigh Hunt was a careless, wasteful man with a large family and an unthrifty wife. The keynote of his life was impecuniosity. He borrowed from every one he knew with the generous recklessness of one who would gladly give as much, if he had it to give. Shelley tried to pull him out of the slough with a present of £2000, but in vain. The crabbed Carlyle helped him constantly, after his own success was assured. Dickens caricatured him, as Harold Skimpole, in "Bleak House." Late in life he received an annuity from Mrs. Shelley and her son, and a pension from the government. The two sums combined gave him a comfortable old age. He died in 1859.

In 1816 Leigh Hunt published his longest poem, called "A Story of Rimini." In this he imitated the sprightly Italian style, forsook Pope's stilted epigrammatic couplets, and returned to the fresh versification of Chaucer. The poem, though tragic in character, is animated and delightful in spirit. One of his most striking poems is "Jaffar." The well known "Abou Ben Adhem" is meant as a description of Dickens. A graceful stanza dedicated to Mrs. Carlyle begins, "Jennie Kissed Me When We Met." The poet wrote an abundance of miscellaneous essays and criticisms: "A Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla," "Men, Women and Books," and other prose; and an interesting "Autobiography," which gives criticisms and portraits of many of his contemporaries.

Leigh Hunt was a kindly, lovable man, full of vanity and weakness, and his books display his personal qualities. He wrote in a conversational style, and delighted to take his readers into his confidence.

FUNERAL OF THE LOVERS.

(From "A Story of Rimini.")

THE days were then at close of autumn still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill;
There was a fitful moaning air abroad;
And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,

Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who from reverence kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
And hour on hour went by, and naught was heard
But some chance horseman, or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper hour; and then 'twas said
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
And others said that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
Still nothing came—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.
But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave under a tree;
There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground; and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

DEATH.

DEATH is a road our dearest friends have gone:
Why, with such leaders, fear to say, "Lead on?"
Its gate repels lest it too soon be tried,
But turns in balm on the immortal side.

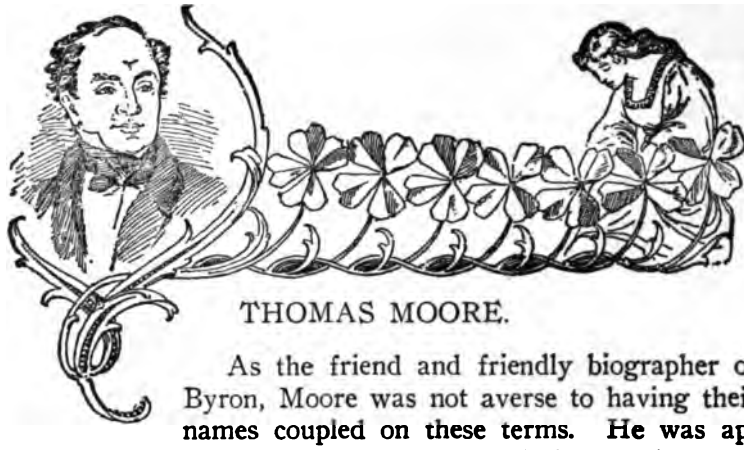
Mothers have passed it; fathers, children, men
Whose like we look not to behold again;
Women that smiled away their loving breath;
Soft is the traveling on the road of Death!
But guilt has passed it!—men not fit to die!
Oh, hush—for He that made us all is by!
Human were all—all men, all born of mothers;
All our own selves in the worn-out shape of others.
Our *used,* and oh, be sure, not to be *ill*-used brothers.

Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace;
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Rondeau.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.



THOMAS MOORE.

As the friend and friendly biographer of Byron, Moore was not averse to having their names coupled on these terms. He was apparently content with his flattering popularity as the associate with and the lively entertainer of eminent people and aristocratic persons. But he was a genuine song-writer and a poet, though not of the highest class. He was born in Dublin in 1779, distinguished himself in its University and published his *Anacreontics* in 1800, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. This social success in translations led to the publication of a book of original erotic verse entitled, "Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little," of which, when found out and convicted, he frankly said he was ashamed. His popularity gained him appointment to an office in the Bermudas, which enabled him to visit America, the result being a volume of "Odes and Epistles" in 1806. His "Irish Melodies" were and always will be extraordinarily popular in the best sense. To the ancient melodies, arranged by Sir John Stevenson, Moore wrote his charming verses. He afterwards did the same with the airs of other nations, but with less success.

In 1817 appeared "Lalla Rookh" (Tulip-cheeked), his principal poem. Though Moore had no personal knowledge of the East he managed by careful study to infuse the true oriental spirit into this romantic tale of the love pilgrimage of Emperor Aurungzebe's beautiful daughter. The entire poem is oppressively rich in gorgeous scenes and dazzling imagery, but has many passages of true poetical beauty, simple and striking. After this Moore visited Paris, and in his "Fudge Family in Paris" he satirized in pungent style the boorish manners of the English abroad. He did constant service in various depart-

ments of journalism, and published a number of clever books in prose and verse, which were collected into a uniform edition in 1842. His vivacious and well-stored mind gave way some years before his death in 1852.

Love's Young Dream.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;

'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown.
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of Bliss to the world!

A Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that she still lives.

CHARLES LAMB.

In the history of English literature there is no more gentle or lovable spirit than Charles Lamb. His life was a tragedy relieved only by his own genial humor. His style was born of a quaint and original character, and he stamped upon all that he wrote the vivid impression of his own rare individuality. He was the son of a lawyer's clerk in the Inner Temple, and was born in London in 1775. He was educated as a blue-coat charity boy in the famous school of Christ Hospital, where he had Coleridge as a companion. In 1792, he obtained a position in the accountant's office of the East India Company, with whom he remained in a clerical position for thirty-five years, when he was retired upon a pension ample for his simple needs. While his public life was uneventful his private life was altered and saddened by a frightful calamity. His well-loved sister Mary stabbed her own mother to death during an outbreak of insanity. This occurred in 1796. For a time Mary was confined to an asylum, but the fit passing off, she was released on her brother giving a solemn promise to watch over her during life. How faithfully he kept this promise has become a matter of literary history. For the sake of his sister, Lamb gave up the brighter prospects of life, and abandoned, it is thought, a love which he had conceived for a young lady who is apparently alluded to in his essays under the designation of Alice W. The history of the long association between brother and sister,

broken from time to time by fresh outbreaks of the fatal malady, is one of the most touching things in fact or fiction. She was never allowed to know the dreadful act she had committed. Even after Lamb's death, his friend Talfourd wrote his biography without mentioning the fact, but after her death made the necessary additions and corrections.

Lamb began his literary career in 1797 as a poet in conjunction with his friends, Coleridge and Lloyd, their three names appearing conjointly on a volume of poems. His poems are rather evidences of a fine poetic sensibility than achievements of poetic power. His reputation must always rest upon his immortal "Essays of Elia." These originally appeared in the *London Magazine,* and were reprinted in 1823. They are marvels of terseness of treatment and nicety of expression. They combine acuteness of observation with a quaintness derived from old English writers. His other works are "Rosamond Grey," a tale, "John Woodvill," a tragedy; "Tales from Shakespeare," and "The Adventures of Ulysses." In the preparation of the two latter books, which were intended for children, he was assisted by his sister Mary. Readers of the English dramatists are indebted to him for rescuing from neglect dramatic writers of the Shakespearean age in his admirable work, "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare, with Notes, &c."

Lamb died in 1834; his sister survived until 1847. The special characteristic of his mind was humor, and his distinguishing taste was for the old and quaint in places, books and men. His puns were confined to his talk and his letters.

SCOTCHMEN.

(From "Imperfect Sympathies," in the "Essays of Elia.")

I HAVE been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight.

There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is

essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely.

The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests any thing, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim in-

stincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no borderland with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book?" said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to "John Buncle,"—"did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book."

Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. ——. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he very gravely assured me, that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents" (so he was pleased to say), "but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions." The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him. Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love for truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way) that I wished it were the father instead of the

son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that "that was impossible, because he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive.

The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another? In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your "imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;" and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him. Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven, for his delineation of Rory and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis. Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History compared with *his* continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphrey Clinker?

Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.

"A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined

enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sate bold upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards over a book.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.
A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.
A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.
Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blessed her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.
My sprightly neighbor! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

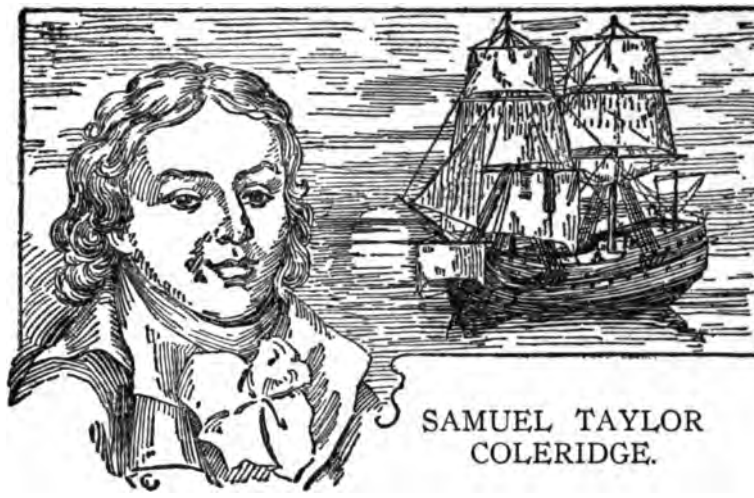
Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

THE FAMILY NAME.

WHAT reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch illusions of his fellow-swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorred
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took HIS meek title, in whose zeal he burned.
Whate'er the font whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EMINENT above most as poet, literary expounder, philosopher, and converser, Coleridge is greatest as an influence. It welled from everything he produced, and how potent and widespread that influence has been can only be understood after a thoughtful survey of the higher literature and oral teaching since his day. Born in 1772, he was a schoolmate of Charles Lamb in the Charterhouse, thence he went to Cambridge, to study everything, from the political pamphlets of Burke to the Greek classics. His adoption of Unitarian doctrine and sundry pecuniary worries led to college troubles which he solved by suddenly enlisting in the army. Bought out by some friends, he returned to the university, but left without graduating in 1794. Then it was that his friend Southey espoused his fantastic "pantisocracy" scheme, which was to found an earthly paradise on the banks of the Susquehanna, which was selected in blank ignorance of everything except the melodious charm of its name. When in a few months the fairy bubble burst, the pair of poet-souls married sisters, Southey keeping it secret until he returned from foreign travel, Coleridge settling down to domestic life near Bristol. He lectured, with scant success, published "Addresses to the People," on political topics, strongly radical in sentiment, and had hard work to earn a living. A chance meeting with Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy proved the beginning of a life-long friendship. Together they issued the famous volume of "Lyrical Ballads,"

1798, from which their own fame dates. Coleridge's sole, but sufficient contribution to this book was "The Ancient Mariner."

Coleridge had meantime become a Unitarian preacher, unappreciated by congregations, had issued "Juvenile Poems," and started a paper, *The Watchman,* which died in two months. The success of the "Ballads" and the annuity conferred on him by admiring friends enabled him to spend a year in Germany. On his return he published his translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" and took up his abode in the house of Southey. His revolutionary sentiments were exchanged for ardent loyalty, and his Unitarianism for the orthodox faith. Twenty-seven numbers of his new periodical, *The Friend,* were brought out at this time, and his lectures on Shakespeare and other subjects made a deep impression.

But Coleridge had succumbed to the charm of opium, and its terrible traces are seen in the "Ode to Dejection" and other poems and essays. Physically its influence was deplorable. Painful domestic troubles and alienations of friendship followed the rest of his life. Southey generously housed his family, from whom he was finally estranged. From 1816, till his death in 1834, he lived as the guest of Dr. Gillman at Highgate, London, where he was the high priest, if not the divinity, of a devoted band who gathered to hear his marvellous conversation. It was monologue rather than talk, as the anecdote indicates. Coleridge asked Lamb, "Have you ever heard me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else!" was Lamb's reply. In his later years Coleridge issued his best prose book, the "Aids to Reflection," with other philosophical writings of exceptional worth. In his lectures on Shakespeare he brought the full force and depth of the poet's genius before the public mind as no other English commentator had done. In short, Coleridge had become a mighty influence upon the most thoughtful of his countrymen.

As a critic of poetry he holds the sceptre by common consent, having fixed canons of appreciation which were not recognized until he codified them. His own work rises in its best examples to the criterion he established. Imagination soars to lofty heights as melodiously as the song flight of the lark "from sullen earth arising" to "sing hymns at heaven's

gate." Swinburne, gifted with rare powers of expression, unqualifiedly pronounces "The Ancient Mariner" "the most wonderful of all poems," as Wordsworth, and others in after years, declared Coleridge to be "the most wonderful man," in respect of thoughts conveyed in magical speech, they had ever met. The strange wild melody and uncanny fascination of this poem place it on a pedestal all its own in literature. "Christabel" is another incomparable monument of genius and art, meaningless but enthralling, only an incomplete beginning, yet sublimer for all that it leaves in the vague. The "Ode to France," an apostrophe to liberty, and "Ode to the New Year," rank with the better known odes of Dryden, Collins, and Gray. The unevenness of Coleridge's work and his small poetic output are explained by his long struggle with poverty, and a still sadder malady. Yet, mystic philosopher, though he was, he has contributed to lyric verse one of the purest love songs in the language, "Genevieve."

The Ancient Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound;

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist of cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, and sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burned green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;

But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.
The self-same moment I could pray:
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With down-cast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined, and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
    Nor rested day nor night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
    In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
    This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
    The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
    The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
    A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
    Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
    The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
    Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream
    I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
    She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up,
    And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
    The swelling of her heart.

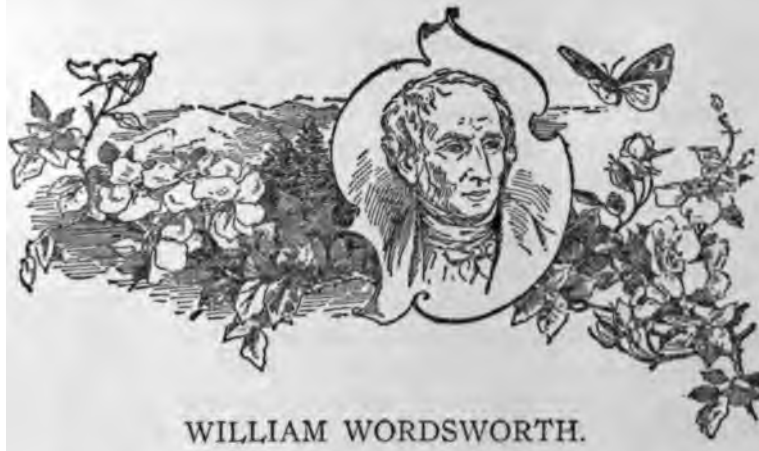
I calmed her fears; and she was calm;
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
    My bright and beauteous bride!

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
    When I was young!
When I was young? Ah woeful *when!*
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,

This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide,—
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woeful *ere!*
Which tells me Youth's no longer here!
Oh Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone;
Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd,
And thou wert aye a masquer bold;
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

In his outward placid life of eighty years Wordsworth experienced all the pangs of hope deferred, of cold criticism, and ridicule, that have beforetime soured when they failed to break the hearts of susceptible poets. For many years, he told a friend, his poetry did not bring in enough money to buy shoestrings. His first earnings were £100 for the "Lyrical Ballads," containing also Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." This was in 1800, when he was thirty, and his pen produced nothing for the next thirty-five years, when his copyrights were bought for £1,000. His literary success was little more cheering than the commercial. Even to-day, half a century after his death, his place among the immortals is discussed as an open question. Yet in this is proof of his sure title, for mediocrity never retains the enthusiastic devotion of able minds to the second generation. Wordsworth's evolution as a poet is traceable in three periods or phases: the first produced the "Lyrical Ballads" and other poems in his simpler vein; the second, from 1820 to 1830, his middle period, placed before the public his theory of poetry with examples for their verdict; and the third period, 1830 to 1840, gradually vindicated his stand and brought him honors. To judge particular poems without reference to their date and the phase through which the author's mind was passing, is to miss a rightful appreciation and probably do injustice to the poet.

Wordsworth was born in the Lake county of Northern

England in 1770, and was graduated at Cambridge. He shared the boyish enthusiasm of the French Revolution with his friends Coleridge and Southey. With a small patrimony, eked out by a legacy, he and his devoted sister Dorothy lived for eight uneventful years. He married in 1802, and when their family increased the poet was, in 1813, appointed stamp-distributor of his county at a salary of £500. Two years later he published "The White Doe of Rylstone," which he had written eight years before, and a collected edition of his poems. The *Edinburgh Review* poured contempt upon Wordsworth, calling "The White Doe" the worst poem ever written, in which apparently sweeping condemnation may be perceived the admission that a poem it was, for all its faults. He rashly challenged his critics by publishing two poems written in his earlier style and period, "Peter Bell," dating from 1798, and "The Wagoner," written in 1805. When made public in 1819, these received the same fierce ridicule as that which assailed his share of the "Lyrical Ballads." These trivialities were followed by several poems conceived in loftier spirit and penned to nobler measures. The "Laodamia," the "Vernal Ode," the "Intimations of Immortality," the lines on "Tintern Abbey," and the rest, have long taken a place of honor among the permanent triumphs of poetry. When the deaths of Scott and Byron freed the public from the spell they had bound it with, second thoughts asserted their right of revision, and Wordsworth's exalted and serene genius began to be perceived. Coleridge had cleared the air, not always to the advantage of his friend's crudities, but certainly to the gain of the reflective poems and their reflective readers. So sure, though slow, was the growth of his fame that when Southey died, the laureateship was conferred on Wordsworth, in 1844. He wrote but one official ode, three years before his death in 1850.

As the devotee and esoteric interpreter of nature, intent on uttering its inspirations in a language appropriately simple, Wordsworth brought to his task a profound sympathy and ample imagination. He deliberately set himself to defy the artificial poetic diction and affected style of eighteenth century verse. In his ardor for a return to the natural, he overdid his purpose, as seen in the badly prosaical ballads and some of the poems. This rigid attitude is abandoned, as if in proud

triumph over critics who doubted his powers, in the splendid cluster of the poems by which his fame will be borne. He wrote too much for his good; but even in the dreariest pieces, of which there are not a few, there are unexpected pearls of thought and memorable couplets. Among the sonnets which he composed too easily are some of the noblest in literature, and they embody the noblest thoughts. As a meditative poet Wordsworth has no superior in his calm vein, and from his descriptive passages can be culled examples of the greatest power and beauty. When admirers and detractors agree in a general estimate, which rises at its highest to Milton, and falls no lower than Cowper, the shade of Wordsworth may enjoy tranquil content.

A Portrait.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler 'twixt life and death;

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

LAODAMIA.

IN response to the prayers of Laodamia, the spirit of her husband Protesilaus was permitted to visit her. He was the first of the Achaians slain at the siege of Troy.

"PEACE!" he said.
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love: such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strifes to heal—
The Past unsighed for, and the Future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

"And while my youthful peers before my sight
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained—

"The wished-for wind was given. I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife:
On thee too fondly would my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life;
The paths which we had trod; these fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry—
'Behold, they tremble! haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die!'—
In soul I swept the indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below,
The Invisible World with thee hath sympathized:
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend,
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That Self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love!"

Aloud she shrieked; for Hermes re-appears,
  Round the dear Shade she would have clung--'tis vain!
The hours are passed—too brief had they been years;
  And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift towards the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way;
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
  Hath had elsewhere its setting,
    And cometh from afar:
  Not in entire forgetfulness,
    And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
  From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
  Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
  He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
  Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
  And by the vision splendid
  Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
  And no unworthy aim,
  The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
  Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes.
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art!
  A wedding or a festival,
  A mourning or a funeral,
  And this hath now his heart,
  And unto this he frames his song;
  Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
  But it will not be long
  Ere this be thrown aside,
  And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage,
  As if his whole vocation
  Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
  Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
  Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
  On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hopes still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

THE SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound:
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairyland
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet: whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

LONDON.

(Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802.)

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SOUTHEY was one of the Poets Laureate, but his title to remembrance is rather to be found in the rambling prose work which he never acknowledged publicly—"The Doctor." He was born in 1774. Though destined to be a book-man, he made but sorry progress in his college career at Oxford. The influence of Coleridge on his romantic temperament at the critical age of twenty-one, and his secret marriage at that time, were not calculated to steady his mind to practical aims. Their wild "pantisocracy" for establishing a second Eden on the banks of the Susquehanna river, served to bring the two apostles daily bread during their tour of lecturing. Then Southey settled down to domestic life, in 1803, in the house famed as Greta Hall, headquarters of the English Lake School of poets and poetry.

Southey's literary industry was unflagging and versatile; he tried every sort of writing, made a high average in prose, and a low one—measured by later poetic standards—in verse. It was his fatal facility with his pen which blinded him to the necessity of cultivating his art. His early epics and other poems ("Wat Tyler" was published in his twentieth year) have no properly constructed plot or form. His training and bias crystallized his new-fledged unreasoning Toryism which, while it prejudiced his work, brought him substantial profit, as he was made poet laureate in 1813. The remaining thirty years of his life were spent in his Keswick home, in which vicissitude and sorrow never ceased to lodge. With literary success came many literary woes, political quarrels, and trials of friendship. His first wife lost her reason, his children died. He lived the life of a solitary, with his much-loved books, of which he had gathered fourteen thousand, a vast library for those days. In 1839 he married the poetess Caroline Bowles,

but that same year saw the beginning of his own mental decay, which ended with his death in 1844.

His epics, "Joan of Arc," "Madoc," and "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," are now unread. Even the "Curse of Kehama," and "Thalaba, the Destroyer," hardly survive by virtue of occasional gleams of poetic fire in flights of brilliant fancy. These poems abound, as do his prose writings, in wealth of old-world lore and weird glimpses into the supernatural, but they lack the human interest, without which poetry is little else than mechanical form. His duties as laureate weighed heavily on Southey, exaggerating his faith in the divine right into something like deification of his sovereign master, George III. Allowance may, perhaps, be made for the incessant strain of domestic trouble upon weakening mental powers. Few prose authors, and no poet, before or since, have printed so many prose works as the industrious and inexhaustible Southey. His "Common-Place Book" has furnished learning, quaint fancies, and outlandish facts for an army of ambitious authors, who shine in borrowed plumage. The same may be said of his "Book of the Church," and that whimsical mine of true ore, "The Doctor." His "Life of Nelson" deserves its eminence as a model narrative, instinct with the spirit of patriotism. His biographies of John Wesley and William Cowper exhibit the same sterling qualities, though the subjects appeal to smaller audiences than find excitement in the adventures of the great sailor-warrior. Among Southey's biographies those of Bunyan and Cromwell have interest as studies from an unsympathetic point of view. His own unique character is best appreciated by a glance at his "Letters," posthumously published.

My Books.

My days among the dead are past:
  Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
  The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
  And seek relief in woe;
And, while I understand and feel
  How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
  I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
  Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
  My place with them will be;
And I with them shall travel on
  Through all futurity,
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

The Holly-Tree.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
    The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
    Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen,
    Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
    Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with serious eyes,
    And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
    Can emblems see

Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,—
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,—
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude,—
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth (as youth is apt, I know)
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,—
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?—

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem, among the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ONLY by his shorter poems is Campbell now remembered, though his "Pleasures of Hope" lingered long in general esteem. Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow in 1777, and was educated in the Universities of his native city and of Edinburgh. His "Pleasures of Hope" was published when he was but twenty-one years of age, and had an immediate success. In 1801 the poet visited Germany and witnessed the effects of the war then raging in Bavaria. One result was his best known poem, "Hohenlinden," which was composed immediately after the battle it depicts. In 1803 Campbell settled in London, devoting himself entirely to literature. Among his best poems are "The Battle of the Baltic," "Lochiel's Warning," "The Soldier's Dream," "The Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter." His longer and more sustained efforts such as "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Theodoric," and "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," are now seldom read. The force and fire of his lyrics are lost in the tedious narratives of his later years.

Campbell was for years editor of Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine,* and besides his poems he published "Specimens of the English Poets," and some biographical and critical works. He was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1827. He died in 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As you sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

Battle of the Baltic.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;

By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.—
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Like the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring:

But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light:
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou,
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE "Song of the Shirt" strikes the sympathetic chord the instant it is named. Its pathos fitted the poet himself as closely as the seamstress. Hood's short life was a stitching of literary fabrics "from wearisome morn till night," from his delicate youth to the deathbed on which he slaved for bread to the very last. Born in 1798 and trained for business, he took to literature for his living before his twenty-fifth year. His bent for drawing was not cultivated beyond what sufficed to make his illustrations of his text more comical by their badness in art. He came on the scene too early to reap the fortunes now showered on humorists, poets, and illustrators with one-tenth his genius. His health was worse than precarious, his whole life an unbroken struggle with poverty and suffering. Few literary toilers produced so much that was so uniquely good and so various. Among his least ambitious pieces are scattered many gems of poetic beauty, fairy fancies, and superabundant puns. As a poet Hood must always rank with the sweet singers whose tones kindle responsive strains of sympathy. He possessed art, and of no inferior kind, but his greatness was of the heart. Suffering as he was with consumptive coughs, yet compelled to keep grinding out the ludicrous "Whims and Oddities" that kept the outer public on the laugh, his true voice, where it got rare chances to speak in poetry, was always full of good cheer for fellow-sufferers. His daughter records that while all England was enjoying the wit and comicality of his "Annual," the pale wife and wistful children dreaded to look at the printed pages until the lapse of years had softened the sad recollections of their misery while he was producing these seemingly merry spontaneities. His versatility has not been duly appreciated. He is a poet of the

good, the true, and the beautiful, a genuine sentimentalist, a tragic poet, a gentle humorist, an effective wit, and a punster of absolute genius. Too much of his work was ephemeral, and part trivial, yet enough remains of solid artistic and moral worth to give him lasting fame. He died in 1845 of bodily but not mental exhaustion.

The Bridge of Sighs.

One more Unfortunate,
  Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
  Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
  Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
  Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
  Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
  One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
  Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
  Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home?

Who was her father?
  Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
  Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
  Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
  Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,

Thrown from its eminence:
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
  With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
  Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
  Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
  Or the black flowing river:

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
  Swift to be hurled—
Any where, any where
  Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
  The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
  Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
  Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
  Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
  Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
  Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
  Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
  Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
  Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,
  Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
  Her sins to her Saviour!

The Death-Bed.

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another morn than ours.

Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread,—
    Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
  And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
  And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
  Work!—work!—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
  Seam, and gusset, and band,

Band and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread,—and rags,—
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one sweet hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But, in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt."

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN PART VII

Castle of Chillon.

This old castle has been made famous by Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon:"

"There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp. . . .

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which 'round about the wave inthralls."

Van Dyck Room—Windsor Castle.

Van Dyck, it will be remembered, became court painter to Charles I., whose family he has immortalized on canvas. While in England, many nobles took advantage of an opportunity to be painted by the great master. Van Dyck loved to paint beautiful fabrics, resplendent jewels and aristocratic faces. He was particularly successful in painting laces. Into this room in Windsor has been gathered together as many of his pictures as possible.

Children of Charles I.—Van Dyck.

This is one of Van Dyck's most charming child pictures. The royal birth and breeding of these little ones is at once apparent. The spaniels add something to the pleasurable aspect of the whole. One hardly wishes to remember that the prince became the dissolute Charles II., while Baby Stuart is otherwise remembered as James II., whose misrule cost him his crown.

Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse—Reynolds.

When Mrs. Siddons was in the height of her popularity, Reynolds was in high favor as a portrait painter. Prolific in his capacity for work, he was eagerly sought by men and women of all classes, for this was before the days of photography and only by this means could one leave his likeness for posterity. Mrs. Siddons conceived this as a fitting pose, while regret and remorse are dimly seen in the background. Reynolds seldom put his name upon his paintings but in this instance brushed it along the

embroidery on her gown. When she noticed it he paid her the delicate compliment of saying he had chosen thus to go down to posterity on the hem of her garment.

Mrs. Siddons—Gainsborough.

Another celebrated artist has left us a portrait of Mrs. Siddons—one of the first women to adequately interpret Shakespeare's heroines. This time we see her in an afternoon toilette. She wears no jewel and simplicity characterizes her costume. Gainsborough was fond of painting these feathered hats; indeed they are known by his name on this account. The fine poise of the gifted woman is admirable.

Archbishop Warham—Holbein.

During the latter years of his life the German artist Holbein lived in England, court painter to Henry VIII. His portrait of this much married king is familiar. Holbein possessed the power of reproducing on canvas the human face just as he saw it. While Van Dyck at a later time often idealized his faces, Holbein painted them as they were without any modifications whatsoever. Thus, as we look at the Archbishop Warham, we see him as he appeared to his contemporaries. Holbein's portrait of Erasmus is also well known.

The Trossachs—Scotland.

Probably this part of Scotland attracts the traveler more than any other. Here nature has done much to please the eye and he who can escape from the busy cares of life and spend a vacation in this enchanting land, counts himself fortunate indeed.

Columbus' First Landing Place—Porto Rica.

It was while Henry VII. sat upon the English throne that Columbus made his successful voyage across the Atlantic and opened a new world to an astonished world. This is a picture of Aguadilla, his first landing place on the island of Porto Rica as it looks today.

The Shepherd's Chief Mourner—Landseer.

Landseer loved to paint animals—particularly horses and dogs. His dogs are beloved the world over. This touching scene of the dog who refuses to leave his dead master is beautiful indeed. All lovers of fine dogs find Landseer's portrayals most satisfactory.

Innocence—Millais.

Millais was happily successful, like Reynolds, in depicting child life. Of this sweet little maiden he himself said: "That little thing must be done swiftly, or not at all; it has to be blown upon the canvas, as it were." Everything about the picture bespeaks simplicity, yet its beauty cannot be surpassed.

SEA NYMPH—BURNE-JONES.

By some elasticity in the use of the term Pre-Raphaelism, Burne-Jones has sometimes been ranked with this school. In the strictest sense of the term, such classification is mistaken. Burne-Jones was a dreamer who never pretended to paint what he saw but rather what he dreamed. He was a poet-artist if such a term be permissible. In his own words he stated his idea of a picture: "I mean by a picture, a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember—only desire."

It was not always possible for the artist to explain what he meant by some of his paintings and surely another can not tell. They must be accepted in the spirit which produced them—dreams and visions—glimpses in a world of fancy; the world of the poet and idealist.